



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XVII. No. 5.

MAY, 1873.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE WORKS OF THACKERAY.*

THE pure humorist is one of the rarest of literary characters. His nature is not content with detecting foibles, nor his pen with pointing them out for derision; his purpose is infinitely higher and nobler. The humorist must have emotions, nerves, sensibilities, and that marvellous sympathy with human nature which enables him to change places at will with other members of his species. Humor does not produce the sneer of Voltaire; it rather smiles through the tear of Montaigne. "True humor," it has been wisely said, "springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting as it were into our affections what is below us, while

sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature." Without humor, society would exist in Icelandic snows: wit, like the winter sun, might glint upon the icebergs, but they would not be plastic in his glance—calm, lofty, and cold they must remain. But humor is the summer heat that generates while it smiles—the power which touches dead things and revivifies them with its generous warmth and geniality. Wit engages and amuses the individual intellect; humor knits hearts together; is, in truth, in a broad sense, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Now the world may be regarded as being composed of three classes, viz., those of us who laugh, those *with* whom we laugh, and those *at* whom we laugh; and the tenderest solicitude is experienced by each unit of humanity lest, through some fortuitous circumstances, he should irretrievably find himself a denizen of the last-named class.

* 1. *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.* In twelve volumes (Popular Edition). London: 1871-72.

2. *Illustrated Library Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray.* In twenty-two volumes. London.

To some of the first class is given the power of directing the laughter of others, and this power is current as wit; when to the faculty of originating ridicule is added the power of concentrating pity or pathos upon the subject, this may be styled humor. But the irony must be subjugated to the feeling. The heart must love while the countenance may smile. It will, then, be perceived, in view of these distinctions, how the humorist may assert a claim in all great and essential things superior to that which can be advanced by the wit. Humorists are the salt of the national intellectual life. England, which occasionally claims a questionable superiority in some respects over other nations, may, in the growth of genuine humor, be allowed the pre-eminence, Germany approaching her perhaps in the nearest degree. What other literature, since the days of Elizabeth, can show such a roll of humorists as that which is inscribed with the names (among others) of Richardson, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith? Yet after the closing names of this galaxy a dearth was witnessed like that which immediately preceded their advent. It appears as though the soil of literature, having grown to its utmost capacity the product of humor, demanded time for recuperating its powers. During the past thirty or forty years another growth sprang up, and Hood, Lamb, and other inheritors of the marvellous gift have enriched the world with the perfume of their lives and works. Amongst the latest band of humorists, however, there is no name more remarkable or more justly distinguished than that which is now under consideration.

From the operation of various causes, the works of Thackeray have not hitherto enjoyed a circulation commensurate with their intrinsic merits. The sale of the best of his writings in his lifetime fell far short of the popular demand for the works of Scott or Dickens. But their hold on society, and the recognition of their permanent value and excellence, have gone on steadily increasing with each succeeding year, and very recently a new and complete edition of them has been issued which is within the reach of all readers. At this period, then, it may be fitting to consider the life's work of this deepest and purest of modern English satirists.

It was in these pages that the first substantial recognition of the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" appeared: a quarter of a century has elapsed since then; but in the short period between that epoch in his career and his death, a rapid succession of brilliant works issued from his pen—a pen facile to charm, to instruct, and to reprove. These works have fully justified the terms of praise in which we referred to his first great fiction. Yet it would be difficult to name a writer of fiction of equal excellence who had so little of the inventive and imaginative faculty. Keeness of observation and a nice appreciation of character supplied him with all the materials of his creations. He wrote from the experience of life, and the foibles of mankind which he satirized were those that had fallen under his notice in the vicissitudes of his own career, or might sometimes be traced in the recesses of his own disposition. The key, therefore, to Thackeray's works is to be found in his life; and few literary biographies would be more interesting, if it were written with a just and discriminating pen. We would venture to suggest to his accomplished daughter, who has shown by her own writings that some at least of his gifts have descended to her by inheritance, that she should undertake a task which no one else can fulfil with so natural and delicate a feeling of her father's genius. Probably it might already have been attempted, but for the extreme repugnance of Thackeray himself to allow his own person to be brought before the world, or to suffer the sanctity of private correspondence to be invaded. Nobody wrote more amusing letters; but he wrote them not for the public. As it is, even his birth and descent have not been correctly stated in the current works of the day. His great grandfather was in the Church, once Master of Harrow, and afterwards an Archdeacon. He had seven sons, one of whom, also named William Makepeace Thackeray, entered the Civil Service of India, became a Member of Council, and sat at the Board with Warren Hastings, some of whose minutes he signed. The son of this gentleman, and the father of our novelist, was Richmond Thackeray, also a Civil servant, who died in 1816 at the early age of thirty. Thackeray himself was born at Calcutta, in 1811, and was sent to England when he was seven

years old. On the voyage home the vessel touched at St. Helena, where the child saw Napoleon Bonaparte. The black servant who attended him attributed to the ex-Emperor the most ravenous propensities. "He eats," said the sable exaggerator, "three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on." The joke figured years afterwards in one of Thackeray's sketches. This early connexion with India left its mark in his memory, and the pleasant allusions to the great Ramchunder and the Bundelcund bank were suggested by the traditions of his own infancy. He inherited from his father (who died when he was five years old) a considerable fortune, part of which had fortunately been settled on his mother, who was re-married to Major Carmichael Smyth. The remainder was left at his own disposal, and rendered him an object of envy and admiration to his less fortunate contemporaries. The boy was sent to the Charterhouse, where he remained for some years; and here again the reader familiar with his works may trace a multitude of allusions to his school-days under Dr. Russel, then the master of that school. About the year 1828 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend and contemporary of Tennyson, Venables, John Mitchell Kemble, Charles and Arthur Buller, John Sterling, R. Monckton Milnes, and of that distinguished set of men, some of whom had preceded him by a year or two, who formed what was called the Society of the Apostles, though he was not himself a member of that society. It must be confessed that at Cambridge Thackeray gave no signs of distinguished ability. He was chiefly known for his inexhaustible drollery, his love of repartee, and for his humorous command of the pencil. But his habits were too desultory for him to enter the lists of academic competition, and, like Arthur Pendennis, he left the University without taking a degree. At the age of twenty-one he entered upon London life; he visited Weimar, which he afterwards portrayed as the Court of Pumpernickel; and he was frequently in Paris, where his mother resided since her second marriage. His fortune and position in society seemed to permit him to indulge his tastes and to live as a gentleman at large. But the dream was of short duration. Within a few months he contracted a sleeping partnership which placed his

property in the hands of a man who turned out to be insolvent, and the fortune he relied on was lost before he had enjoyed it. The act was one of gross imprudence, no doubt, and he suffered bitterly for it; but it is not true, as has sometimes been supposed, from his lively description of scenes of folly and vice, that he lost his money by his own personal extravagance. Thus then he found himself, at two or three and twenty, with very reduced means, for he had nothing to live on but the allowance his mother and grandmother were able to make him; with no profession, with desultory tastes and habits, and with no definite prospects in life before him. His first scheme was to turn artist and to cultivate painting in the Louvre, for he now resided chiefly with his relations in Paris. But in the art of design he was, in truth, no more than an accomplished amateur. The drawings with which he afterwards illustrated his own books are full of expression, humor, grace and feeling; but they want the correctness and mastery of the well-trained artist. He turned then, with more hope, at the age of thirty, to the resources of the pen. But it is remarkable that all his literary productions of this, his earlier period, were anonymous; and his literary efforts, though not wanting in pungency and an admirable style, were scattered in multifarious publications, and procured for him but small profit and no fame. These years from thirty to seven-and-thirty, which ought to have been the brightest, were the most cheerless of his existence. He wrote letters in the "Times" under the signature of Manlius Pennialinus. He wrote an article on Lord Brougham in the "British and Foreign Review," which excited attention. But political writing — even political sarcasm — was not his forte; and when politics ceased to be a joke, they became to him a bore. Amongst other experiments he accepted the editorship of a London daily newspaper called "The Constitutional and Public Ledger," but — like its namesake, which had been started and edited, a few years before, by another man of great literary genius, destined to achieve in after-life a more illustrious career — this journal lingered for ten months and then expired. The foundation of "Punch" was a work after Thackeray's own heart, and he contributed largely to the earlier num-

bers. But it was not till 1841 that he really began to make his mark in literature, under the well-known pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, a name in which the dream of the artist still haunted the fancy of the humorist. In the midst of these perplexities, with that genuine tenderness of feeling which lay at the bottom of all his sarcasms, Thackeray fell in love, and married a young lady who might have sat for the portrait of his own Amelia, but who was not better endowed than himself with this world's goods, and much less able than himself to battle with adverse fortune. But his domestic life was overclouded by a greater calamity than these, and the malady of his wife threw a permanent cloud over the best affections of his heart, which were thenceforward devoted to his children alone. Such was the school in which the genius of Thackeray was educated. It was not imaginative; it was not spontaneous; it was the result of a hard and varied experience of life and the world. It left him somewhat prone to exaggerate the follies and baseness of mankind, but it never froze or extinguished his love and sympathy for justice, tenderness and truth. In 1847, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, he braced himself up, for the first time, for a great and continuous literary effort, and he came before the world, which hitherto had known him only as a writer of jests and magazine articles, as the author of "Vanity Fair." His style, which was the result of the most careful and fastidious study, had now attained a high degree of perfection. In the comparison which was naturally drawn between himself and Dickens, then in the heyday of popularity, it was obvious that in the command of the English language Thackeray was incomparably the master. His style was to the style of Dickens what marble is to clay; and although he never attained to the successful vogue of his contemporary, in his lifetime, it was evident to the critical eye that the writings of Thackeray had in them that which no time could dim or obliterate.

With this novel, then, so surprising in its frankness and in its knowledge of human nature, commenced a career which could know no repression. A mine of gold had been struck, and the nuggets were cast up freely by the hands of the hard and honest worker. In the writing of books admired

by every hater of pretence, and the delivery of lectures which were as new in their style and treatment as his novels, the rest of the life of Thackeray passed away. The last fifteen years of it were years of success, celebrity, and comparative affluence. He had attained a commanding position in literature and in society, though it must be acknowledged that except in a very small circle of intimate friends, he rarely put forth any brilliant social qualities. How he impaled snobbery in "Punch" and gave a new impetus to serial literature by his editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine," are facts too widely disseminated to be dilated upon. A most good-natured editor, conscientious as well as kind, was Thackeray; but the work was not to his taste, and after a short period he relinquished it at a large pecuniary sacrifice. To that terrible person, the owner of a "rejected contribution," he was frequently most generous, breaking the literary disappointment with the solace of a bank-note in many instances. But he found it painfully difficult to say "No" when it became imperative to reject would-be contributors, and fled from the field in despair accordingly. To a friend he said on one occasion, "How can I go into society with comfort? I dined the other day at —'s, and at the table were four gentlemen whose masterpieces of literary art I had been compelled to decline with thanks." So he informed his readers for the last time that he would "not be responsible for rejected communications." On Christmas Eve, 1863, came the event which touched the heart of Britain with a genuine grief. The not altogether uneventful career of one of the truest and best of men was closed. When it was known that the author of "Vanity Fair" would charm the world no longer by his truthful pictures of English life, the grief was what we would always have it be when a leader of the people in war, arts, or letters is stricken down in battle—deep, general, and sincere.

Postponing for the moment a consideration of what we conceive to be the leading characteristics of Thackeray's genius, a certain measure of insight into the author's mind may be gained by a glance at his works—premising that they are not taken in strict chronological order. First, with regard to his more important novels. The key with which he opened the door of fame was undoubtedly "Vanity Fair."

Though other writings of a less ambitious nature had previously come from his pen, until the production of this book there was no evidence that Thackeray would ever assume the high position in letters now unanimously awarded to him. But here, at any rate, was demonstrative proof that a new star had arisen. And yet, general as was this belief, no intelligible grounds were for a time assigned for it. The novelist himself always regarded his first work as his best; though we think that in this respect he has followed the example of Milton and other celebrated authors, and chosen as his favorite that which is not absolutely the best, though it may be equal to any which succeeded it. Probably the book was one round whose pages a halo had been thrown by various personal circumstances. But the famous yellow covers in which the "Novel without a Hero" originally appeared were not at first sought after with much avidity. Soon, however, it became known that a new delineator of life was at work in society, and one whose pen was as keen as the dissecting knife of the surgeon. An author had sprung up who dared to shame society by a strong and manly scorn, and by proclaiming that it ought to loathe itself in dust and ashes. The world was not unwilling to read the reflection of its foibles and its vices mirrored with so much wit, originality, and genius. How account otherwise for the favor which the work subsequently attained, when it lacked as a novel many of those characteristics for which novels are most eagerly read? To the initial difficulty of a story without a hero, the writer had voluntarily added that of a lack of consecutiveness and completeness. It was probably begun by the author not only without a hero, but without a plot. We doubt whether any of his novels were written on a plan. Some of them evidently turned under his pen into something quite different from what he had originally intended. His mode of narrative consists in a series of pictures after the manner of Hogarth, but their popularity sufficiently attested their accuracy. There is no one character in "Vanity Fair" which can be deemed perfectly satisfactory—not that the public always cares for that, preferring sometimes the most thoroughpaced villany (viewing authorship as a question of art) to the most superlative virtue. Becky Sharp, the un-

principled governess, has been as unduly detested as Amelia Sedley has been too lavishly praised. There is nothing in the earlier chapters to prove that Becky Sharp was naturally and entirely unprincipled and unscrupulous, and it was evidently the intention of the author to show that society might justly assume a great portion of the responsibility for the after-development of those qualities. With certain ground to work upon, and given conditions as adjuncts, the influence of society on natures like Becky Sharp's would be to encrust them with selfishness and superinduce complete hypocrisy. If heroine there be in the novel, it is this clever adventuress, and except on some half-dozen occasions it is scarcely possible to avoid a pity approaching to contempt for the character of Amelia Sedley, who is intended to personify the good element an author generally casts about to discover in concocting a story. Captain Dobbin is overdrawn, and one is well-nigh tempted to wish that he had a little less virtue and a little more selfishness. While we love him, he has a tendency to make us angry. The most masterly touches in the volume are those in which the portraits of the Marquis of Steyne and of Sir Pitt Crawley are sketched. The aristocracy furnish the villains and the most contemptible specimens of the race, whilst the excellent persons come from the ranks of the middle class and the poor—their namby-pambyism, however, now and then reducing their claims to our regard. The author speaks for the most part in his own person, and herein lies one of the principal reasons for the success of the book. We feel the satirist at our elbow; he is not enveloped in thick folds in the distance; as we read his trenchant observations and withering sarcasms we can almost see the glances of scorn or of pity which he would assume when engaged in his task. Well might the world exclaim that this was no novice who thus wrote of its meannesses and its glory, its virtues and its vices. This novel lifted him at once, and justly, into the position of one of the ablest writers of subjective fiction. It is especially remarkable in connexion with "Vanity Fair" to note the extremely little conversational matter in a tale of this great length; another proof that the strength of the author lay not in the conventional groove of the novelist, but in those other powers of

Thackeray—rare observation, an acute penetration of motives, an abhorrence of sham or pretence, and an entirely new and genuine humor.

In "Pendennis," the next great work by Thackeray, there is not only some approach to a consecutive plot, but we are inclined to think finer drawing of individual character than in its predecessor. There is not so much brilliancy of writing, but there is a considerable advance in the art of the novelist. With all the graphic touches which took form in the features of Becky Sharpe, Amelia Sedley, and Captain Dobbin, there is nothing in the earlier work to compare with the portraits of George Warrington, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. The hero Arthur is one who succumbs to the ordinary temptations of life, and has very little attaching to him of that romance in which a hero is generally expected to be enshrined. Because it was so natural the book was not regarded at first as very successful: nothing could be truer to the original than the manner in which Arthur Pendennis is sketched, and his love passages with Miss Fotheringay, the actress, are naïvely related; but it was of course impossible to become inspired with the same feelings towards him as were excited by the chivalric heroes of Scott. A man who resorts in the morning to a bottle of soda water to correct the exuberant spirits of the night before is not calculated to awaken much personal adoration. He is too fallible, and the novel-reading community demands sinless heroes and heroines ere it consents to raise them to the lofty pedestal accorded to its greatest favorites. There is no exaggeration in a single portrait to be found in "Pendennis;" all are true; are true to the minutest detail, and the author has simply acted as the photographer to his clients—he "nothing extenuates or sets down aught in malice." The early follies of Pendennis and his university career—which was chiefly noticeable for splendid suppers and dealings with money-lenders at a hundred per cent—are described with no sparing pen. The case is typical of thousands now, and is no credit to the youth of the universities. "Only wild oats," the apologists for undergraduate extravagance remind us; but there is no natural necessity that this particular university crop should be sown; many men, worthy men too, are compelled to go through life without the satisfaction

of having ruined their friends by their follies. The result overtook Pendennis which righteously succeeds, we suppose, to dissipation and neglect of study. When the degree examinations came, "many of his own set, who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high places in the honors or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator? Ah, where was Pen the widow's darling and sole pride? Let us hide our heads and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumor rushed through the University that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked." Yet though he fled from the University, the widow went on loving him still, just the same, and little Laura hugged to her heart with a secret passion the image of the young scapegrace. So inexplicable and so devoted is the character of woman! The little orphan paid the debts of the dashing, clever hero. More sketches of society with its hollowness and pretence follow this revelation, and then we find Arthur in the modern Babylon soon to become the friend of George Warrington, who was destined to be his guide, philosopher, and friend. The brains of our hero now became of service, and in dwelling on his intellectual labor Thackeray details the secret history of a literary hack, together with the story of the establishment of a newspaper for "the gentlemen of England," the prospectus of which was written by Captain Shandon in Fleet Prison. Brilliant indeed were the intellectual Bohemians who wrote for that witty and critical journal. There are no more interesting or amusing sketches in the whole of the author's novels than those relating to this paper, and the intimate knowledge displayed in the details of the schemes of rival printers and publishers was a part of the author's own dearly bought experience. Arthur is strangely consoled in his endeavors to live by the aid of literature by his uncle Major Pendennis, who assures him that "poetry and genius, and that sort of thing, were devilishly disreputable" in his time. But success waits on him, and he can afford to smile at the eccentric officer. Were it not for the closing pages of "Pendennis" we could almost feel angry with Thackeray for challenging our interest in Arthur. But the lesson he had to teach compensates for all disappointments. No

stones are to be unnecessarily thrown at the erring, and the shadows in Pendennis's life are to teach others how to avoid similar errors. The unworthy often run away with the honors. The history of Pendennis closes with fruition for the hero, while the nobler character, George Warrington, suffers disappointment. But then the novelist justly observes:—

"If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know that it has been so ordained by the Ordainer of the lottery; we own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of right and wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail; we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as in the most lofty and splendid fortunes flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil, and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

Passing by temporarily the lectures on the Humorists in order to preserve the chain of novels unbroken, we come to a work which is perhaps the most satisfactory of all Thackeray's writings, regarding them purely in the light of literary art. There are few productions in the world of fiction which exhibit the finish of "Esmond," for the author has not only drawn his characters with unusual skill, but delighted the reader with repeated bursts of natural, unaffected eloquence, in language sedulously borrowed from the age of Steele and Addison. As regards style, indeed, "Esmond" is an incredible *tour-de-force*, and is by far the most original of all his books. For the first time the author transplants us to that age which afterwards became of such absorbing interest to him that he could not tear himself away from it; so imbued was he altogether with the literature of the time of Queen Anne and George I. that at last he seemed to live in it. At his death he had another work in contemplation whose period was fixed in the eighteenth century. It is easy even to the uninitiated to discover that Thackeray wrote this history of Esmond, a colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne, thoroughly *con amore*. He revelled in his theme and in the associations it brought with it. Genial, witty Dick Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison are introduced to us, and we see them, along with Esmond, drinking the Burgundy, which, says Addison, "my Lord

Halifax sent me." We are carried through portions of Marlborough's campaigns, and the spirit blazes with enthusiasm at the pluck which wrought such valiant deeds and brought undying honor on the British arms. The avarice and ambitions of the brilliant Churchill are forgotten as the plans of his consummate genius are unravelled. Esmond's career with General Webb is traced with intense interest, and the scenes become as real to us as they undoubtedly seemed to the author. The plot of the book is not of the happiest description, the machinations of the Jacobites being interwoven largely with the thread of the narrative. The hero loves in the outset Beatrix Esmond, daughter of a viscount, and the devotion he exhibits to the idol of his heart and his imagination is something extraordinary even in comparison with the loves of other heroes. Beatrix, however, was unworthy of it: homage she would receive, true passion she seemed incapable of returning. Self-willed to a degree, the noble nature of such a man as Esmond was a sealed book to her. His gravest feelings she treated with levity, and at length her conduct with the Pretender broke the spell, and threw down from its lofty pedestal, once and forever, the idol he had set up. Like the marble it was beautiful to the eye; like the marble it was cold and insensible to the touch. Finally Esmond contracts a union with Beatrix's mother, Lady Castlewood, still handsome and comparatively young, and who had always cherished the memory of Esmond as one whom she dearly loved in his youth. Her affection for him had never waned. The volume closes with their settlement on the banks of the Potomac, in a calm and serene happiness. The autobiographer, in describing their Virginian estate and Transatlantic life, says:—"Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations, and into negroes, the happiest and merriest, I think, in all this country; and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world." In reading "Esmond," so cleverly is the story told, and with such ease and truthfulness, that the reader does not stay to note what a difficult task the novelist had set himself in venturing to deal with a

plot more than commonly unattractive. Thackeray, however, is nowhere the slave of a plot; and in sometimes deliberately fighting against conventional construction and probability, he has proved by his success in enlisting interest and sympathy that he wielded the pen of a master. The world can forgive its hero for not doing what ninety-nine heroes in a hundred perform, when his history is related with the fidelity and ability which distinguish "Esmond." There are more characters carefully and vividly drawn in this book than are to be found in the entire novels of many popular writers; and that pungency of Thackeray's pen which cuts through individualities as sharply and clearly as the diamond cuts through the glass, is here in full operation. It was as superior to its predecessor as the latter was to almost all the novels of the time. In regard to historical portraiture it has never been excelled; to read it once is to be struck with its eloquence and power; to read it a second time it is to be impressed with its fidelity and photographic accuracy.

Thackeray rose to the perfection of his art in fiction in "The Newcomes;" and it is such books as this which show us what a fine teacher and instructor the novel may become in the hands of genius. In the representation of human nature this story is worthy of Richardson or Fielding. It is the *chef d'œuvre*, in our opinion, of its author. There is not lacking that infinite sarcasm observable in previous works, but the writer has touched more deeply the springs of human sympathy. Within the whole scope of fiction there is no single character which stands out more nobly for the admiration of readers to all time than that of Colonel Newcome. The painter of that portrait alone might well lay claim to an undying canvas. As faithfully and as naturally as though limned by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself the features of the old soldier appear before us. Having written "The Newcomes," Thackeray may be said to have shaken hands as an equal with the two or three great masters of fiction. If it be the province of the novelist to depict human nature as it is, it must be conceded, at any rate, that there was nothing else left for the author to do to entitle him to the highest honors of his class. Nor is it a little singular too that in the story just mentioned Thackeray has given us the best female character which

has proceeded from his fertile brain, — Ethel Newcome. She comes to us as the sweet teacher of more goodness and religion than a whole company of preachers. We are inclined to agree with her cousin Clive Newcome that to look into her eyes would be almost too much for such unworthy imperfect creatures as men, and that she is one of that rare class of beings sent into the world occasionally to tell us that Heaven has not altogether forgotten us. What a story of society "The Newcomes" is! First we have the Newcome family, with Sophia Alethea, whose mission and self-imposed duty it was "to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen," — all which she did "womanfully" for nigh fourscore years. Then we have the Honeymans, with the singular story of the Rev. Charles. Clive Newcome's uncles occupy a large portion of the narrative, and Sir Barnes Newcome appears and contrives to earn our unmitigated contempt. Grey Friars looms into view, with the hero Clive at school within its precincts. Good James Binnie is introduced, and honest J. J. Ridley. Electioneering contests, with all their humor, are portrayed, while the scheming members of society are also flayed for their snobbery. From the heartlessness of vampires and fools — the Floracs, the Kews, &c., — we are pleased to hurry away and to light upon such passages of sweetness and beauty as this, where the Colonel on his arrival in England from India is welcomed by his little niece Ethel: —

"He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the grizzled moustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards as though they looked at him out of heaven) seemed to shine upon him after five and thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending

neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own—and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. . . . Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or weeping in a post-chaise; it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side,—yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora."

The book has its love passages—in some cases sad and miserable. Chapters of pathetic interest abound, where the world is exhibited at its old tricks of topsy-turvy—Lady Clara loving Jack Belsize and being beloved madly in return, while her hand is sold to Sir Barnes Newcome, "society," forsooth, blessing the bargain. Clive married to Rosey Mackenzie, whom he loves in a way, though his real devotion belongs to his cousin, who is put into the matrimonial auction and knocked down to an idiotic member of the peerage. As for the marriages which "have been arranged," who has not heard uttered, as our satirist asks, "the ancient words, 'I promise to take thee,' &c., knowing them to be untrue; and is there a bishop on the bench that has not Amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?" Hypocrisy and humbug are succeeded by disaster in the novel. The grand old Colonel is ruined by the failure of the celebrated Bundelcund Bank, but when there comes in his need a cheque from one whom he had helped in days gone by, the bankrupt Colonel only exclaims, "I thank my God Almighty for this!" and passes on the cheque immediately to another sufferer. The story rapidly progresses. The death of Colonel Newcome is told with a pathos almost unequalled, and dear old Grey Friars becomes once more the witness of a scene to be ever held in remembrance. After this sad incident the novel speedily ends, with the united happiness of the two children whom the Colonel had most dearly loved. It is one of the few books which we close with regret when we have finished them. Genial, generous, and noble in its sentiments, we seem almost to touch the mind of Thackeray while perusing it. It gives us full assurance that his mission was of far wider import than that of a mere

scourger of society. It is evidently written by a man who loves the world, though he hates its follies. He has scorn for its dissimulation, indignation for its oppression, smiles for its happiness, and tears for its woes.

In continuation of his previous novel "Esmond," Thackeray returned to the historical vein in "The Virginians," which follows the fortunes of the Esmond family after its migration to America. It was one of his characteristics that the creations of his art acquired so complete a reality that he could not part from them, and they continued, as it were, to live on, and reappeared in his later works long after the fiction which had given birth to them had come to a close. Thus his "Virginians" grew out of "Esmond," and it is one of the pleasantest of his works. The course of true love pursues a devious way, and the follies of one character serve to set in bold relief the heroism of others. The fairer sex have no reason to complain of the treatment they receive at the hands of our author, and in this story two of their species are immortalized in a setting for which we shall be for ever grateful. But while we are interested in much love we are also admonished by much morality, though the moralizing of Thackeray on all occasions is anything but offensive. He has the gift of so exhibiting foibles and weaknesses that there is no need for him to lash himself into a furious state of indignation, as the manner of some is; that calm, sneering smile is sufficiently effectual; heavy, clumsy weapons or bludgeons may make much demonstration, but it is the light, piercing touch of the pointed steel which is the most dangerous. Thackeray manages to find the one vulnerable point in our armor; he introduces the rapier of his sarcasm, and we are slain. There is no withstanding his weapon. Surely the world should be the better for the fearless work which this man accomplished! Honestly has he besought it to discard its deceit and selfishness, and who knows but vast results have followed the teaching of the life-long lesson. Does he not ask us, brother man, to be more true to ourselves, to our own nature; to drop the cloak which we perpetually wear when we step forth into the world? He would have man walk abroad upright, strong in his own virtue, and not ashamed to meet his fellows, as though in the great game of life

he was determined to revoke through every trick in order to seize upon the stakes. And is it so very inhuman to help a friend or brother that it has become so uncommon? Are the heavens always to appear as brass when the cry for help is raised? Harry Esmond Warrington "in his distress asked help from his relations; his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. . . . My Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them and then remain together and talk nose to nose—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among thieves and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?" Brave writer! these are manly words, but the world in great part still practises the selfish principle. It takes a long time to make it understand that a religious tract, though possibly very cheap, is not very filling to the hungry stomach, nor does it go far in clothing the shivering limbs. Cropping up here and there in his sparkling leaves, such are the lessons Thackeray would teach. In novels like "The Virginians" they are subordinate to the more leading purposes of the story, but human nature has changed little since the period when its scenes were fixed. Graphic pictures of American scenery abound in its pages, and celebrated characters of the reign of George II. appear on the stage. The philosophy of the novel may not be profound, but it is always plain and unmistakable. If there be any failure perceptible, it is a failure possessed in common with the greatest writers and dramatists, who, in attempting to depict the men, the morals, and the manners of a preceding age, have never been able entirely to get rid of their own.

The remaining works of fiction produced subsequently to "The Virginians" are somewhat slight in their construction (with the exception of one to be named), but generally exhibit great power. The exception, as regards length and plot, is "The Adventures of Philip," a work worthy almost to take rank with any of

those which are more widely known, on account of its extremely realistic pictures of life, and its depth of human interest. In the sketches of those "who robbed Philip, those who helped him, and those who passed him by," we come upon varieties of love, passion, and duplicity drawn with wondrous skill. The sad parts of the story are written with indelible ink, and all through that fine nervous sensibility which should distinguish the highest novelists is strikingly apparent. The same remark applies to that beautiful story of the "Hoggarty Diamond." Of the memoirs of that extraordinary youth Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that they are told with no diminution of vigor; all the later short stories of Thackeray, in fact, are written in English noticeable for its simplicity and purity. The wine is not so tart, does not sparkle quite so much, but it is mellowed and there is greater body in it. What could more conclusively exhibit this than the story the author left unfinished, "Denis Duval"? Here we have the last lines he ever wrote—lines which triumphantly dispose of the taunt that Thackeray was writing himself out. Of few can it be said that their later works exhibit a strength and genius undimmed by time. Yet Thackeray was one of these. The period of decadence had not set in with him. He had only just reached the top of the hill, he had taken no steps on his descent. To his powers of perception, and his possession of the critical faculty in no small degree, "The Roundabout Papers," the inimitable Paris, Irish, and Eastern Sketches, and his imitations of contemporary authors bear ample testimony; while "The Snob Papers," burlesques and ballads, overflow with comic humor. As regards the authorship of ballads alone, we have no writer of *vers de société* at the present time who could be put into competition with him. "Pleasantman X." is famous; yet even Praed or Father Prout can show nothing better than "Peg of Limavaddy," "At the Church Gate," and "Little Billee." Novel, sketch, ballad, or essay, Thackeray has summed up in great part the lessons he would inculcate in verses which will be within recollection:—

"O, Vanity of Vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

"Though thrice a thousand years are past,
Since David's son the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale,
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

In noticing the various works of Thackeray thus briefly, we have purposely left the lectures on the Four Georges and the English Humorists till the close, as they belong to a new and entirely distinct class of effort. Probably this was the first occasion on which a writer assumed the lecturer and the critic in one. Those who were privileged to hear the author deliver his lectures in person will remember how he took the town by storm, and the same enthusiasm was manifested when Thackeray came to Edinburgh and visited the principal towns in England and America, where the whole of the intellectual classes of the population flocked to hear him. To hear the opinions of a well-known literary man on his distinguished predecessors delivered *vivâ voce* was naturally attractive, and the imposing form of Titmarsh with his snowy hair has not yet passed out of the recollection of his auditors. We heard him on the age in which he was thoroughly at home. He had made that period in a manner his own by an intimate knowledge of all its leading spirits, and he appeared to strike a chord of self-satisfaction when he said, "I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I." This immediately takes him to the time of Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Pope, and Swift, and he is happy. He then goes on to talk pleasantly of the times and manners of the Four Georges, not sparing the gall of satire, however, when he deems it necessary to mix it with his ink. As a citizen of the time he thus describes the advent of the First George, and the facts of history but too fully justify the sweeping condemnation.

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling, too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William—betrayed King James I.—betrayed Queen Anne—betrayed England to the

French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; there are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster."

But foolish as the foreign gentleman was, he was astute enough to see through loyalty of this description. The bargain with England was that she wanted a Protestant puppet, and as George was not unwilling, for a consideration, matters were arranged. Though not without his faults, George I. had, as Thackeray points out, the countervailing virtues of justice, courage, and moderation. In introducing his immediate successor, the essayist sketches a memorable scene. An eager messenger in jack boots, who had ridden from London, forced his way into a bed-room in Richmond Lodge, where the master was taking a nap after dinner. With a strong German accent and many oaths, the man on the bed, starting up, asked who dared to disturb him? "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert. "I have the honor to announce to your Majesty, that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II., but that was how he came to be monarch nevertheless. The Second George was more wrongheaded than his father, and England was saved during many years of his reign by the strong will of that strange mixture of courage, dissoluteness, statesmanship, and meanness, Sir Robert Walpole, and by the good sense and tact of Queen Caroline. Brave the King undoubtedly was, but in and round his court there was the old sickly air of corruption, fed rather than suppressed by a sycophant clergy. The trenchant words of the great satirist are not a whit too strong in which to describe the godlessness and hypocrisy of the period. And when the sovereign died, some of the divines carried their cant behind the grave, and referred to their master as one too good for earth. They had crawled in the dust before his mistresses for preferment, and having got it, must of course pay for it somehow. Diving beneath the surface of society, Thackeray wisely says, "It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England; the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not

corrupted into parasites by the hope of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age." With these classes pure and sound, kings and puppets may sport with impunity; the kingdom is safe; it is when the middle classes are corrupt and worthless that the foundations of society begin to break up. Pleasant gossip of the good but obstinate King George, the third of his name, is vouchsafed to us, with glimpses of his pure court—would it had always been so—within whose precincts many a battle was won over his opponents by the dogged monarch. Then we come to the period of his terrible malady, and in describing the closing scene of all, the essayist breaks out into a passage of touching eloquence, which we transcribe here as being in his most successful vein:—

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O, brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same mother tongue—O comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain.' Driven off the throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries: 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave!
Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

The lectures on the English Humorists, a subject peculiarly adapted to the bent of Thackeray, commence with Swift, the genius who had a life-hunt for a bishopric and missed it. The bitterness of a generation of mankind seemed to be concentrated in that one spirit. We scarcely understand him now, or if we do, then genius is miserably weak and vulnerable in some points if strong as adamant in others. He did not succeed, and it was his constant habit, we are as-

sured, to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. Yet there are some aspects in which we like to regard him. We like his utter scorn at times, his contempt for the tinsel, and the power of his eagle eye to pierce to the heart of things. He could also crush pretence, at once and effectually. A bumptious young wit said to him in company, "You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!" "Do you so?" said the Dean. "Take my advice and sit down again." Thackeray mistrusts the religion of Swift, and mentions as one of the strongest reasons for doing so, the fact of his recommending the dissolute author of "The Beggar's Opera" to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the bench. But this master of irony varied so in his moods, that it is impossible to know whether this advice was not simply the result of that intense chagrin which possessed him, rather than of a deliberate recklessness of the good. That Swift suffered, mentally, more than almost any man history takes note of may be accepted, but it was partly due to the workings of an "evil spirit." It is justly said of him that "he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed of a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God! it was, what a lonely rage of long agony, what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such pain." And this pain went through life—in darkness, rage, and misery he spent his days; no light broke through the starless night. The end came, and terrible is the story,—the witty, the eloquent, the gifted, the god-like in intellect, the devilish in heart, Swift passed away in a state not unlike that against which he had prayed in a letter to Bolingbroke, when he said, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Pleasant gossip follows this sketch,—gossip of Congreve and Addison, with wise critical remarks interspersed by the

author, who may be said to have established a prescriptive right to the age of which he wrote. Somewhat too much, we are inclined to think, Thackeray made of Pope, though the executive ability of the young poet was of the most marvellous description. Poor Dick Steele, that bundle of failings and weaknesses, has a paper all to himself, and we rise from its perusal with our love for the kindly miserable sinner intensified. It was surface wickedness with Steele entirely: his heart was tender, and his character simple as a child's. For the genius and character of Fielding, Thackeray had of course the highest admiration. Very few lines need be read before it is apparent that the modern novelist had studied his predecessor minutely. He quotes Gibbon's famous saying about Fielding with intense relish. "The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren (the Fieldings) of England: but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." But here our pleasant reminiscences of the English humorists must end, and some observations of a general nature be made upon the genius of him who has bequeathed to us his thoughts and judgments on his illustrious predecessors.

The first characteristic which strikes the reader of Thackeray is unquestionably his humor. It does not gleam forth as flashes of lightning, rare and vivid, but is more like the ever-bubbling fountain, the perennial spring. It is a kind of permeating force throughout all his works, now lashed into sarcasm and anon dissolved in pathos. It is one of the great mistakes regarding this author that he is satirical and nothing else. No critic who thus represents him can have either studied his works or caught the spirit and purpose of the man. He is one of the best of English humorists simply because his nature is sensitive at all points. What Carlyle has said of Jean Paul may be said of him. "In his smile itself a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears. He is a man of feeling, in the noblest sense of that word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth, in sympathy with gladness and sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation. Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness, awakens

in his bosom a response; nay, strikes his spirit into harmony." It must ever be so. But when the first satirical papers of Thackeray were published the world had only seen one side of his humor. The Snob papers and burlesques, and the memoirs of Mr. Yellowplush, gave place in due time to a richer vein in more important works. The sparkling Champagne was followed, as it were, by the deep rich Burgundy. As Dickens was his superior in the faculty of invention, so was the former eclipsed by the greater depth of Thackeray's penetration. Truth to life distinguishes nearly all the characters of Dickens, those at least which belong to the lower classes; but this truth is the surface truth of caricature rather than of reality: Thackeray takes us below the surface; we travel through the dark scenes of the human comedy with him, he makes his notes and comments without flattery and with astounding realism, and when we part company from his side we wish human nature was somewhat nobler than it is. But his wit does not preclude him from being fair and just. He is ever scrupulously so, and to the erring kind and tender. It used to be said occasionally of his works as they appeared, "Ah, there's the same old sneer"—so ready is the world to follow the course in which its attention is directed. Speaking of the maligners of Society, he says, "You who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman treading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business;—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him." Surely these are noble words to come from one whose intellectual current was set in the direction of contempt! With all his keen sense of the ridiculous and his scathing powers of invective, there is no one instance where for the sake of the brilliance of his satire he ever cast a slur upon truly philanthropic labor, or periled his reputation for the worship of the pure and the good. If ever man's humor were useful to instruct as well as to delight, it is that of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. When he laughs we know he will do it fairly—his eye wanders round all, and neither friend nor foe, if vulnerable, can keep out the arrows of his wit. His position, as a

humorist, is certainly that of the equal of most of the wits of whom he has written, and one scarcely inferior to even Swift or Sterne.

A second quality that is observable in him is his fidelity. And to this we do not attach the restricted meaning that the persons of his novels are faithful to nature—though that they incontestably are—but the wide import of being true to the results of life as we see them daily. He does not allow the development of a story to destroy the unities of character, and in this respect he resembles the greatest of all writers. Take an example. At the close of "The Newcomes," instead of preserving alive the noble Colonel to witness the happiness of the family in its resuscitated fortunes, Thackeray causes him to die, and that in the humblest manner. With most novelists we could predict a very different ending, but one not so true as Thackeray has had the courage to adopt. Sorrow we may indulge that the death should thus occur, but we must acknowledge that it is more consonant with our daily experience than any other conclusion would have been, however pleasant as matter of fiction. The same thing is noticed in the character of Beatrix Esmond; we are first interested in her; then our faith is gradually shattered; and, finally, we are thoroughly disappointed by the catastrophe. The result is contrary to that which we expected; it is other than would have been given by most writers, but it is none the less true. Take the whole of his creations, let the test of fidelity be applied to each, and it will be found that the writers are very few indeed who have been so thoroughly able to disentangle themselves from the common method of adapting character to plot, or who have made their individualities so distinct, and kept them so to the end. To place him in comparison with other authors who are distinguished for their delineation of character as character—as witnessed at certain points or stages—is unfair both to him and to them. Conversations, with one, stamp individualities, and the test of their fidelity is the absence of contradiction in the outward forms of speech and action whenever the individuals are introduced: this was the life-painting of Dickens, for instance. With Thackeray the case is different. He does not depend so much on the conversational or descriptive recognition of character. He gives us more of

their mind or heart than of their person. He does not tell us what they look like, but what they are; and through all his novels they answer to the bent and the natural instincts we have been led to associate with them. It is this elevated form of fidelity that we would insist upon as pre-eminently to be noticed in Thackeray; and were it on this ground alone we should not hesitate to place him in the very first rank of novelists. In this essential particular, in truth, he has no rival. Others may excel him in various arts of fiction, but with this passport, even his superiors in minor detail will accord to him a perfect equality, if not a superiority, in the manifestation of the cardinal principle of novel-writing.

The subjectiveness of Thackeray is another quality which has greatly enhanced the value of his works. It is generally admitted that subjective writers have a more powerful influence over humanity than those of the class styled objective. It is natural, perhaps, that the external descriptions of circumstances or scenery should not move us nearly so much as the life-record of a breathing, suffering, rejoicing human being. Be his station what it may, we are interested in every individual of the species whose career is faithfully pictured. The author of "Vanity Fair" is one of the few men who have been able to endure their characters with being and motion. When there were few writers who had either the courage or the gifts to be natural, Thackeray gave a new impetus to the world of fiction. So eminently subjective are his works that those of his friends who knew him well are able to trace in them the successive stages of his personal career, and to show in what manner the incidents of his own life operated upon his novels. There are but few incidents in the whole series that were not drawn either from his personal history or the history of some one of his friends or acquaintances. This is, doubtless, one of the most influential causes of the reality of his stories. No stiff, formal record of events, dispassionately told, is to be witnessed. If the reader reads at all, he must perforce become interested in his work. There probably never were novels written in which there was so little exaggeration of coloring. His dear Harry Fielding has been his guide, but the author of "Tom Jones" has been almost outstripped by his pupil. The lat-

ter has been able to throw away more effectually the fold of drapery in which character has generally been presented to us. In his model he was happy, for, previous to Thackeray, Fielding was the most subjective writer in the annals of fiction. One can understand the charm which those writings exercised over his successor, and the desire which he felt to construct his novels after the fashion of which he had become so greatly enamoured. But the pupil has the greater claim to our regard in the fact that his work is such that not a line of it need be excised in public reading. He is Fielding purified. All the vivacity and the life-giving strokes which belonged to the pencil of the earlier master are reproduced in the younger, and the interest is also preserved intact. But with the later age has come the purer language, and Thackeray may be said to stand in precisely the same relation to the nineteenth century as Fielding stood to the eighteenth. The absence of exaggeration in Thackeray's drawing of character is very remarkable. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his personages, there are not two which in any sense resemble each other. The faculty is very rare of being able to transfer the lineaments of commonplace people in such a manner as that others will care to study them. Yet this is the result which Thackeray achieves, and without labor. Nothing transcendental, or that which is beyond human nature, is thrown in as a means of bribing the reader into closer acquaintanceship. As men passed Thackeray he observed them; as they interested him he drew them; but in doing so he felt that to add to the original would destroy the identity, and the consequence of his consummate art is that throughout the whole of his varied picture-gallery there is no portrait which bears the impress of falsity or distortion. To say the truth, and to describe what he saw before him, was always the novelist's own boast. There could be no nobler ambition for any writer, but there are few who have attained as near the perfect height of the standard as he did.

Leading out of his subjectiveness, or rather being a broader and grander development of it, we come to the fourth great characteristic of Thackeray,—his humanity. That is the crown and glory of his work. And yet this man, who was sensitive almost beyond parallel, was charged

with having no heart! Shallow critics, who gave a surface reading to "Vanity Fair," imagined they had gauged the author, and in an off-hand manner described him as a man of no feeling—the cold simple cynic. It will be remembered that the same charge of having no heart was made against Macaulay; but its baselessness was discovered on his death, when it became known that "the heartless" one had for years pursued a career of almost unexampled benevolence. So superficial are the judgments of the world! Against Thackeray the charge was doubly cruel; he was one of those men who are naturally full of sensibility to a degree. Those who understood him best know that it cost him an effort to subdue that part of his nature which hastened to sympathize with others. Selfishness was as foreign to him as insincerity. The man was true as the light of heaven to the generous instincts of his nature. To veil at times this side of his character was essential in order to give play to that satire which kills. If his mission was to exalt the good and the pure, it was also as decidedly his mission to abase the false. To do this he must necessarily appear severe. But who that reads him well can fail to perceive that the eye accustomed to blaze with scorn could also moisten with sympathy and affection? What man without heart could have written such passages as that episode in the "Hoggarty Diamond"? Titmarsh is describing his journey to the Fleet Prison, accompanied by his wife:—

"There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it, and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face—ay, and took heaven too into the Fleet Prison with me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be *unhappy*, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman! I declare before heaven, that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride, with my wife's cheek on my shoulder down Holborn to the prison! Do you think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite? No, by the Lord! I kissed her and hugged her—yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over our eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison door, as if she were a princess going to the Queen's drawing-room."

Or is there to be found in all fiction a scene more pathetic than the one describ-

ing the death of Colonel Newcome? To have written that alone would have deservedly made any name great. Though it is doubtless familiar to every reader, it will be impossible to illustrate fully the human tenderness of the author without quoting some portion of it here. The scene is at Grey Friars:—

“Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. ‘He is calling for you again, dear lady,’ she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; ‘and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.’ She hid her tears as she spoke. She went into the room where Clive was at the bed’s foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly: ‘Take care of him when I’m in India;’ and then with a heartrending voice he called out, ‘Léonore, Léonore!’ She was kneeling by his side now. The patient’s voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep. At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome’s hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, ‘Adsum!’ and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master.”

The principal defect alleged against Thackeray is that he is a mannerist. But when it is considered that the same charge could be laid against every writer in the roll of literature with the exception of the few imperial intellects of the universe, it must be conceded that the charge is of little moment. All men save the Homers, Shakespeares, and Goethes of the world, are mannerists. There is not a writer of

eminence living at the present day who is not a mannerist. Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle are all mannerists. It is impossible to quarrel with that which sets the stamp of individuality and originality on the literary productions of the intellect.

To assign Thackeray’s ultimate position in literature is a difficult task, for nothing is less certain than the permanence of literary attractiveness and fame; but we think that his works will be read and as keenly enjoyed after the lapse of a century as they are now. Fielding has survived longer than that period, and weightier reasons for immortality than could be advanced in his case might be advanced in favor of Thackeray. If his works ceased to be read as pictures of society and delineations of character, they would still retain no inglorious place in English literature from the singular purity and beauty of their style. It is style even more than matter which embalms a literary reputation. To the faithfulness with which he spake the English tongue we believe future generations will testify. Whatsoever was good, honest, and true found in him a defender; whatsoever was base, unmanly, or false shrank abashed in his presence. A man with less pretence, less assumption, less sham, never existed: he revolted from appearing that which he was not. His works were the reflex of the man, and like a shaft of light, which, while it pierces into the deepest recesses of dissimulation and vice, smiles benignantly upon those aspirations and feelings which are the noblest glory of humanity.—*From the Edinburgh Review.*

LORD LYTTON.

THIS has been a mournful winter, full of the sombre excitement of public loss—an excitement which, though very different from the penetrating anguish of personal bereavement, affects us with an abstract sadness almost more heavy. Those symptoms of the ending of a generation—those breakings-up of dynasties, of sovereignties more extended than any royal house possesses—those periodical heavings of the volcano of time, in which so much is carried away from us—do they not impress us almost more strongly, though more

vaguely, than individual loss? Another wave has beaten upon the eternal shore, strewing the beach with mournful relics,—and another is coming, and another—that which carries ourselves, perhaps, the next; and so the long cadence goes on for ever. We who were the children a little while ago, are now the fathers and the mothers, honored, respected, smiled at, made allowance for, as is the lot of the older generation; and by-and-by a great hush will come, and standing over us, as we now stand over our predecessors, calm

voices will record what we have done. How different is that record with the oldest, with the loftiest, to-day while life lasts, to-morrow when it is over! No uncertainty now is in the tone, no fear to offend, no delicacy lest some chance touch should cause a wound, no flattery to win a smile. In one day, in one hour, criticism changes into history—the career rounds off before our eyes, a perfect thing, to be judged now as a whole, never before but in parts. It is past; it is ended; it is perfect. This is the first rule of the mournful yet splendid grammar of life.

And with few lives is this so emphatically the case as with that of the great writer whom, a few days ago, we laid with his peers, in sorrow and in honor, under the noble arches of Westminster; the highest and last acknowledgment which England can give to a completed fame. During the very last years of his life he was making new reputations carelessly, as a child makes garlands, not even taking the trouble to put upon his head the wreaths so lightly, so easily woven. None of us could have predicted, even then, what further development his mind might take, or whether it was reserved for the Bulwer of our youth to become not only the accomplished and wise historian of the splendor of mature manhood, but the expositor of a new romance of Age, soft with all the silvery lights of the long-extended evening, the mixture of earthly wisdom and visionary insight which belongs to Genius grown old. This possibility is now, however, ended. He who won so many laurels will win no more: there is no new chapter to be added to the record which we know so well; unless, indeed, it be written in the last work, which will be given to the public almost as soon as this page—and in which the last thoughts of the man who has taught us and charmed us for nearly half a century, will be read with a certain sentiment of affectionate sadness too warm to admit, for the moment, of anything like criticism.

Nearly half a century!—for the preface of the young Bulwer's first work is dated 1828; and during the whole of that long period his mind has more or less been in constant communication with the mind of his country. He has in this very fact a curious advantage which few writers share with him. His great contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray, altogether lacked

the thread of sympathy, of common growth and development, with his audience, which so long a career naturally produced. Dickens did not develop—his first works are his best—there is no fulness of youth in them, and no ripening of maturity in those that followed. Thackeray, on the other hand, was scarcely known as a writer until his mind was fully matured: no young man could have written 'Vanity Fair.' But Bulwer, who was the magician of our youth, grew with us as we grew, gained maturity as we gained it, and has had a longer and closer influence upon us, a spiritual intimacy more complete and extended, than almost any other mind of the age. People who have been young will remember with tender delight and gratitude those pages (alas! so much less readable by us now) full of sentiment, full of youthful exuberance, enthusiasm, magnificence, which are always dear and sublime to youth. When Bulwer gave forth the lofty splendor of those high-flown passions and sorrows, we too were high-flown, and revelled in the lofty diction and elevation of sentiment in which there was more than genius—which embodied in its first fervor and reality that Youth which he always looked back upon with such warmth of regretful admiration. And yet no man had less occasion to regret his youth. From the exuberance of that period of poetry, the "years that bring the philosophic mind" matured and developed his rare gifts into something greater and broader than the most enthusiastic admirer of his early genius could have hoped. The author of the 'Caxtons,' and of the cycle of noble works which followed—first produced, we are proud to remember, in the pages of this Magazine—made proof of something more than genius,—of that large knowledge of things and men which only experience of the world, and the facilities for observing it possessed by a man to whom all circles are open, could have given. Men to whom the thoughts and projects of a statesman are familiar as those of a poet, who are deeply acquainted with the laws that act upon society as well as of those that influence the individual mind, are, by the nature of things, of very rare occurrence among us. But Lord Lytton added to the inspiration of nature almost everything that experience could give him. It was equally easy to him to place upon his canvas the Nestor of so-

ciety, the wise man of the world, learned and skilful in all emergencies, and the noble vagabond incapable of any wisdom at all but that taught by generosity and love; the statesman, heavily weighted, and full of the responsibilities of Government, and the light-hearted youth of fashion, acknowledging no responsibility; the duke and the cobbler; the bookworm and the rural squire. This wide range gave him an extent of power which we think no other writer of the day has reached. He is the most brilliant of story-tellers, the most comprehensive of social philosophers. His glance takes in all society, not to find out its defects, not to represent its humors only, with no specialty of class or purpose, but with a large and extended vision, less intense, perhaps, than that of some writers in a more limited circle, but broader and fuller than any. His was not the faculty which preaches or criticises, which takes public grievances or individual hardships as a foundation for fiction, or works in illustration of a principle. Lord Lytton's art was of a broader, older, more primitive description—it was the art which represents. Human creatures acting upon no given standard, working out no foregone conclusion, appear to us in his brilliant pages. He neither selects the odd and eccentric, like one of his great rivals, nor sets himself forth as an anatomist of human motive, like another; but, while giving its corner to eccentricity and a due importance to the unseen workings of the mind, lays in the lines of his broader landscape, his larger outlines of form, with a humanity which outreaches and transcends the specialties of purpose. It is characteristic of this breadth and humanness of his mind, that there should be so strong a distinction between his earlier and his later works; for in his youth he was young, as other men are young, with all the defects of his age—and in his maturity he was mature, with all the widened views, the deeper conceptions, that belong to advancing life—more serious, more tolerant, more understanding of all difficulties and heartaches, more humorous in kindly, keen appreciation of mental peculiarities and freaks, more tenderly sorrowful, more softly gay.

No man could possess this varied and sympathetic reputation who had been prudent enough to act upon the famous rule which enjoins an author to keep a work

by him so many years before he prints it. Had Bulwer done this, 'Pelham' and his earlier works would never have appeared at all; and though probably, in that case, his reputation in the abstract would have been higher, it would have been of a totally different kind. As it was, he was rash enough to pour his early utterances into the world warm and swift as they came from his lips, and he had his recompense accordingly. To many critics he has been the object of unsparing attack; he has represented the sentimental, the high-flown, the sham-magnificent, in many a popular diatribe; and some voices usually worth listening to have denied him genius altogether, moved no doubt by the promptings of a more mature taste and graver judgment than that which revels in the fine distresses of Godolphin and Maltravers. But with all these drawbacks his reward has been in proportion to the generous rashness with which he gave all that was in him to the world. There was a day in which Godolphin and Maltravers were splendid to us also. We have outgrown that day, and so did their author; but we like him the better for having been young with us, foolish with us. No splendor of maturity could quite replace this sympathetic bond. Goethe's 'Meister,' saved up till the man was old, and meaning had gone out of it, is a cold and dreary puzzle even to those who love Goethe best; but Bulwer's Meisters, sent forth red-hot out of the glowing youth that produced them, woke other youths to an enthusiasm which men smile at, but do not forget. There is thus a compensation to the hasty, to the bold, to those writers who cannot always be thinking of their reputation, and who give out what is in them with prodigality, as the fountain flows. They may not win the crown of perennial excellence; but it is something to lay hold of the sympathy of your contemporaries, to be young and to grow old with them, and to feel thus a silent multitude by your side as you go forward in the inevitable race.

Lord Lytton's books divide themselves naturally into various classes, all exhibiting distinct phases and developments of his mind. He has himself so arranged them, indeed, in the later editions issued under his supervision, and we will consider them according to their classification. There are stories of life and manners; historical ro-

mances ; tales of magic and mystery ; and what for want of a better title we may call romances of crime. The last and greatest group of his mature works—or perhaps it would be now right to say, the last group but one, since there yet remains, beyond the ground of criticism which we have chosen, another mystic Three, the almost posthumous children of his genius—belongs emphatically to the first class : but yet is so clearly distinct from all his earlier productions, that we reserve it for discussion by itself. Among the novels of society published in his earlier years, ‘Pelham’ is the greatest as well as the first. It was followed by ‘Godolphin,’ the ‘Disowned,’ the two novels which embody the fortunes of Maltravers, and the exaggerated but admirably-constructed and powerful story of ‘Night and Morning.’ All these works profess to afford us a picture of society, and the manner in which certain characters make their way through it. The ‘Disowned,’ it is true, belongs to a somewhat earlier age than our own ; but as it is not treated with any attempt at archaeological correctness, it may fairly be considered among the novels of contemporary life. These, then, compose the first class of their author’s productions. We have said that Bulwer’s Meisters came forth red-hot and glowing out of the delightful foolishness of his youth ; but we confess that there may be many readers who will fail to see any resemblance between the young heroes whom he conducts through so many lively and stormy scenes, and the dreamy being to whose apprenticeship and journeyman experience of life the great German gave so much toil and trouble. A closer glance, however, will show the resemblance to which—in, we think, the preface to ‘Maltravers’—our author himself refers. His invariable aim is, through many diversities of circumstances, to exhibit to us an Apprenticeship—a training in the school of Life, with the results naturally arising from it. Love, it may be said, is the paramount inspiration and interest of each ; but yet love itself is but one of the educational processes through which the subject of the story is perfected. And in every case success and reputation are the rewards which the author allots to his creations. The alternative of failure never seems to have occurred to him. As he endows them with every gift to begin with—personal beauty, genius, culture, courage, readiness and

determination—so he makes their progress triumphant through a subjugated world. Success is the very condition of their existence ; even the poetical trifler who does nothing, manages by mere doing of nothing to attract to himself the eyes of the world, and acquires a reputation for which there is no cause that we can see except the young author’s delightful certainty of success—the tradition of fame and glory which has become inevitable in his mind. We do not say that success is his god, for this would be to give but a weak and ineffectual description of his prevailing sentiment. Success is his atmosphere—he understands nothing else, believes in nothing else. That all those paths by which his young heroes—shadows of his own buoyant and intense self-consciousness—set out over the earth, must lead one way or another to glory, is a simple necessity of nature to him. He is not even influenced by the fact that the reader wills it so, and that—howsoever the true lover of art or the true student of human nature may prefer that fiction should accommodate itself to the more ordinary rules of actual life—the public loves above everything else “a happy ending.” No such secondary cause affects the young Bulwer. He too, like the public, abominates failure—nay, he is incapable of it ; it does not come within the limit of misfortunes possible to his nature. His young men succeed as he does, as they breathe, by sheer necessity of being. In this point he differs from all other modern writers, most of whom, bound by the timidity of less daring natures, or disabled by the sneers of criticism, allow in general that heroes, like other men, must content themselves with a modest level of good fortune, and cannot all hope to reach the very empyrean of success. But Bulwer allows no such limitation. He will have the highest round on the ladder, the brightest crown within reach. His diplomatist must subdue all opposition ; his author must fill the world with his renown ; his adventurer must conquer fame and fortune ; his very dreamer, as we have said, must attract to himself the universal attention, wonder, curiosity, and admiring envy of the world.

‘Pelham,’ which is the best of his early works, is the most striking instance of this characteristic. It is not necessary that we should reintroduce to the reader the most delightful of coxcombs, the most trium-

phant of dandies—that *fine fleur* of social humbug and falsity, who, notwithstanding his Chesterfieldian training and universal irresistibility, is yet a true friend and a true lover, and altogether worthy of his good fortune. The consummate skill with which so young a writer managed to mingle these most different attributes—to make us perfectly aware of the illimitable powers of management, flattery, and even polite lying, so gaily exercised by his hero, and yet to retain our respect for his real virtue, is one of the greatest triumphs ever won in literature. We do not remember any other leading character in fiction so entirely artificial, yet so true. Pelham's faithlessnesses, his astounding fibs, his self-adaptation to every sort of man—not to say woman; his perfect toleration of any code of morals, or rather no morals; his clear realisation that politics are a craft to live by, and the world in general an oyster to be opened—which almost in any other hands would disgust and repel the reader, are here so skilfully interwoven with the real honor of the man, his disinterestedness, his readiness to serve and help, his power of just reflection and courageous action, that all our moralities are silenced on our lips. If any of Sir Walter's virtuous heroes had committed himself by one-tenth part of the adventures through which Pelham moves so lightly, what depths of ignominy and remorse would he have dropped into! Even Mr. Thackeray's careless young man, whom he laughs at and quizzes through three volumes, could not venture upon half the humbug resorted to by Pelham without losing the little hold he has upon our regard. But so judicious is the combination, so spirited the embodiment of this typical man of the world, that we accept him as we would have accepted him had we known him in person, acknowledging all his artificiality, his insincerity, his dauntless determination to make himself agreeable at any cost, without letting these peccadilloes at all affect our admiration of himself and of the real fund of merit in his character. This is almost a contradiction to what we have said above of the youthfulness of Bulwer's earliest works; for such a mingling of good and evil is the last thing which youth recognises as possible in most cases. That he had even in his earliest beginning so much of a higher insight as enabled him to realise this profoundest truth of human nature, is perhaps

as great a testimony to his power as anything that could be said.

But to return to the consideration with which we started—Pelham is the very impersonation of success. Over the whole book there is diffused a subdued radiance of continual triumph. Be it the scholar's shrewish wife or the *grande dame* in a Parisian *salon*, be it the clever rogue or the philosophical and titled voluptuary, wherever Mr. Pelham tries his inimitable powers he *must* overcome all obstacles. With a whisper, with a look, with a well-timed compliment he subdues every one whom he encounters. Nothing comes amiss to him; and the certainty of inevitable triumph is so strong in his mind that he hesitates at no exertion of his skill, whether great or small, whether arduous or easy. This unbounded confidence in himself makes him enter unknown and with few introductions the most brilliant circles in Paris, calmly certain to win all the laurels possible—and leads him secure through the labyrinth of the thieves' den in London. Probably, with the mixture of daring and coolness peculiar to him, he would consider the perils of the last the least alarming of the two. A vulgar-minded observer might call Pelham's confidence impudence, but it is not impudence: it is the delightful sense of a good fortune which has never failed him; which he indeed deserves, but which no man ever secures by merely deserving it. His luck is simply unbounded. If at any time it may happen to him to be disconcerted or even discomfited for a moment, out of that very discomfiture will come the means of Success. Success—always Success! He is one of those born to rule the world, and to turn every stream into the channel that suits him; and perhaps this very consciousness is the one that most powerfully influences us in our admiration for him. We go forth with him in the fullest confidence, knowing that however discouraging the circumstances may appear, they will but whet the courage and make more conspicuous the triumph of our hero. How dexterously he manages Lord Guloaseton—how he humors Job Jonson!—how he wins over even Mrs. Clutterbuck! He is gaily invincible, without effort, without overstrain. He cannot be beaten—his own pride and his author's alike forbid it. Pelham was born but to conquer.

The same thing is true, though in a less degree, with the followers of this first

triumphant hero. The disowned son, Clarence Linden, makes for himself a position in the world which his elder and undistinguished brother, heir to all the family honors, might well envy. Maltravers acquires a European fame. Godolphin wins his countess, wealth, honor, everything that heart can aspire to; and even Philip Morton, after the wild and theatrical heroics of his youth, reaps such a harvest of honors as fall to the lot of few. The author cannot bear to offer to his children any reward less perfect—it is their birthright. The very fact of so many men and women of genius all appearing together about the same period of the world's history—all fluttering the doves of social quiet, and winning wondrous honors, above all and everywhere success, is the strangest thing to realise. The critic, if he had the heart, would demand some counterpoise to all this brightness; and here and there such a counterpoise is, indeed, afforded to us in the blighted splendor of Glanville, and the melodramatic misfortunes of Mordaunt. But with these fine personages we have not sympathy enough to accept them as shadows in the picture—they are not half so lifelike, nay, they are dead as mummies beside our inimitable dandy, our knight of universal conquest. This is the great fundamental distinction of the young Bulwer's heroes. They are all successful men. Sometimes they are practical and enjoy their success; sometimes they are sentimental and despise it: but at least they come out inviolable winners out of every struggle. It is the condition of their existence that they succeed.

And by the side of these accomplished heroes, so fertile in resource, so fortunate in friends, so gifted in conversation, what a curious apparition is that of the old man of the world, whom the author loves to introduce, not by way of obvious moral, yet surely with a certain sense of the obverse of the picture, and consciousness that the darker side of worldliness should somehow be brought into evidence! The sketch of Savile in "Godolphin," for instance, is one of singular vividness and force. He is not an old villain like Lord Lilburn in "Night and Morning," but only a perfectly suave, irreproachable Epicurean, occupied about his personal comfort as the younger men are about their progress and reputation, and following that grand aim with a steadfastness which becomes respectable by dint

of mere continuance, and grows into something like a moral quality in its perfect seriousness and good faith. Savile's death, which is accomplished with perfect calm and coolness—the philosopher being determined to retain his comfort to the last moment, and dying quite undisturbed by any invasions of the emotional or spiritual—is a curious conception to have occurred to a young man. It has, we believe, a deeper truth to nature than the more amiable dreams with which the imagination of mankind, always pitiful of the last scene in a tragedy, has surrounded the conventional deathbed. That the approach of death must awaken emotions of a profound and penetrating character is one of the delusions which nothing but experience will banish from the general mind: and it will always seem incredible that a man should be able to die without thinking of God and of the judgment to come. For this reason the picture of the deathbed of the philosophical man of the world, so strictly in accordance with his life, is not only a very original and striking sketch, but manifests the existence in the young writer, even at this early period, of that profound and searching curiosity (to call it by no higher name) into the last issues and mysteries of life and death which afterwards tempted him into the realms of Magic and Mystery, and seems during his whole life to have existed with unusual strength and persistency within him. When we find him at so early a period tracking the steps of his worldly sage down into the last darkness, we can understand better his fanciful investigations into the mystery of the life elixir in later days; and the strange and weird impersonation of that thirst for mere existence which could buy life even by the sacrifice of soul, with which he astonished and troubled many readers further on in his career. Already, amid all the glow and exuberance of youth, amid the throng of the young heroes, victorious in love, in war, in diplomacy, and in song, with whom the young author sweeps along triumphant, had this wonder seized him. Not the wonder and curiosity so common to men, as to what must occur when the last boundary line is passed, and we ourselves have entered upon the new existence beyond death with all its incomprehensible changes. Bulwer's curiosity takes a different form. His mind instinctively selects that type of being which it is most difficult to translate in imagina-

tion either into the beatitudes of heaven or the torments of a conventional hell. That wise, keen, cultivated, unloving intelligence, which up to its last moment of mortal breath is visibly as individual, as potent in its self-concentration, as clear-sighted and as dauntless as in its prime, what an amazing mystery is its disappearance beyond our ken and vision! This, we feel, is not such stuff as either angels or devils are made of—and what then? It is curious in the very first rejoicing outburst of romance to catch this first tone of the wonder which seems to have haunted his life, and beguiled him into much study, and perhaps some credulity, in his later days.

Bulwer, however, always retained a fondness for the character which no other hand has drawn so well,—that of the accomplished, polished, able, experienced, clear-sighted, and selfish man of the world; with amiability but without heart; possessing no moral code save that which enjoins upon members of society the necessity of not being found out, and no spiritual consciousness of any kind. He grew more merciful as he grew older, ripening this same impersonation into warmer and kinder and more human shape, replacing the Savile of his remorseless youth with the Alban Morley of mellowed days; but it always remained one of his favorite characters, and it seems to us unquestionably one of his best. It is our natural standard, the ideal upon which we fall back when we wish to identify the philosopher of society; just as Pelham has been, for more than one generation, consciously or unconsciously, the model of the brilliant young diplomatist, the splendid neophyte of a school of politicians which we fear is dying out among us—a class of men educated not only at school and college, but by constant and much diversified studies in life, and inheriting the worldly wisdom and knowledge of men acquired by their fathers, the training of a race.

Something of the moral curiosity which we have attributed to Bulwer in respect to the last mystery of existence, no doubt moved him to the composition of those stories which we have called *Romances of Crime*. To trace out, through the dismal tragedy of Eugene Aram, how the mind of a scholar could be moved to the meanness of robbery and brutality of murder, is a morbid exercise of this great sentiment,

and the effect to ourselves is a most disagreeable one, characterised by all the faults and few of the merits of the author's peculiar genius; but yet it is a searching and anxious investigation into a moral problem. The still earlier romance of 'Paul Clifford' is neither so dismal nor so tedious. It is an attempt to show how the evil influences of education could corrupt a young spirit naturally honorable and pure. And no doubt the attempt is thoroughly successful; and no one who reads the narrative of the young highwayman's early days will be at any loss to perceive how and why it was that he came to take up with that perilous profession. It is, however, very much more difficult to find out how a true brother of the school of Pelham and Linden, a gay, noble, generous, chivalric, and commanding hero, finding his place naturally among gentlemen, and possessed not only of the instincts but the manners of the best society, should have been brought up among the thieves and rascals of the lowest dens of London, without even the consciousness to elevate him, that he himself was of better blood. This is the great error of the conception; but it is a weakness of a generous kind, and one which naturally belongs to the romantic age and spirit. It is far less easy to account for the much more elaborate effort made by our author in 'Lucretia,' to trace the full development of crime, out of mere heartlessness and ambitious longing for the possession of an old man's fortune, to the darkest deliberation of guilt, long premeditated and often-repeated murder. He himself tells us with indignation that the book in which he embodied this dark history was attacked by the critics as a book of immoral tendency; and it is evident that this reproach struck him to the heart. So deep was the blow that he did what no writer should allow himself to be tempted to do: he published a reply to the remarks of his assailants and a defence of the attacked novel. Such defences are always futile. It is true, indeed, that the horrible crimes of Lucretia are followed by such tremendous justice, and are throughout presented to us in such a gloomy and revolting light, that even in her softest moments we are never allowed to pity or take part with the guilty woman; and in this point of view the book is infinitely more moral than *Maltravers*, for instance, in which something very like vice is made

to look like a more than ordinarily ethereal virtue. Nobody can say that crime is recommended or excused in the gloomy pages of 'Lucretia'; but the curiosity which investigates the workings of such a mind, and endeavors to trace its crimes to their origin, is not of a kind which could ever gain the sympathy of humanity. We shrink from the investigation of such dread events. We prefer not to know how by one tortuous way after another the murderer is led from blood to blood. It is the least seductive of all kinds of guilt, and we believe may be safely trusted to lead no one into imitation; but perhaps for that very reason it is the least popular. There are readers enough who love to be stimulated and excited by descriptions of the rise and development of another kind of passion—descriptions really much more dangerous and much more likely to tempt and lead astray than all the spiritual anatomy of 'Lucretia'; but while we admit the latter to be less pernicious, it is more inhuman. Lord Lytton himself, who seems to have considered this investigation of moral mysteries as one of the rights of his office, was evidently somewhat bewildered and disconcerted by the storm of opposition which rose against this work. Almost sternly, as well as indignantly, he repels the accusation of having lent the "weight of his name and authority to the defence and encouragement of crime;" and with very good reason; for, certainly, of all works of fiction ever composed, 'Lucretia' is the least adapted to "encourage" crime. But he misses, we think, the real point in the charges against him when he attributes this universal disapprobation to the public dislike of painful impressions. The cause is deeper. Men and women are almost all subject to movements of the passion of love, the passion most discussed in books, and accordingly follow with a certain inevitable interest even its darkest and guiltiest developments. But few of us are moved with homicidal impulses, and, therefore, human sympathy totally fails in their analysis. The first may do us harm—they are distinctly immoral and evil in their tendency; yet even the sternest moralist can scarcely shut his ears entirely to them unless they stoop to the lowest and coarsest depths. But our interest fails in the other, however finely and tragically drawn. Human nature has no sympathy with the

murderer as it has with the lover, however guilty.

On this point, accordingly, the author, carried away by his art and by his inclination to investigate the secrets which he saw before him, parted company with his audience to his evident astonishment. It is clear that this was not only a surprise, but something of a shock to him; and consequently here his anatomy of crime ended abruptly—a fact which every true admirer of Lord Lytton hailed with pleasure. We do not suppose that in the other still wilder and stranger field of occult investigation to which he more than once recurred there was so complete a separation and failure of sympathy between his readers and himself; yet it is certain that the class to whose interest he appeals in the weird romance of 'Zanoni,' and in the still more weird adventures of the 'Strange Story,' is a different class from that which applauded 'Pelham,' or which gave a new, nobler, and wider reputation than any he had gained in his youth to the author of the 'Caxtons.' Yet the mysterious unseen world which surrounds us, of which we know so little by our reason, and so much by our fancy, about which every one believes much which his mind rejects, and feels much which his senses are unconscious of, must ever have a charm, not only for the fanciful and visionary, but for all to whom facts and certainty do not sum up the possibilities of existence.

We have said that the germ of that spiritual curiosity which led to such conceptions as those of Zanoni, Mejnour, and Margrave, appears to us to show itself in the singular picture of the worldly philosopher's death-bed, above referred to. The idea of that calm and unimpassioned, yet intense love of life which makes the sage of society decline to lose in sleep the hour or two of existence which remained to him, might well develop into the acceptance of any ordeal which would prolong that life, whether it was the mysterious spiritual struggle with the powers of darkness embodied in one romance, or the wild magical concoction of the material Elixir in the other. There is something wildly attractive to the imagination in such a thought, as is evident by its constant reappearance in poetic literature. There is, we suppose, no more widely-spread superstition than that which con-

tures up the figure of the everlasting wanderer—the *Fuif errant* of Christendom; and it is touchingly characteristic of humanity that this strange figure should be always to the popular imagination the victim of a curse, a creature doomed and miserable, not a superior being, honored and elevated above men. What an affecting revelation of the humility of human nature and loyal reception of its great law and condition of mortality lies in this widespread and universal myth! Not such, however, was the idea of the mystic philosophers, of the old professors of occult arts, who refused to be bound by mortal conditions, and set all their faculties to work at the inconceivable task of extorting a kind of eternity from nature. To mankind in general any such attempt to interfere with the common fate and constitution of the race has always seemed unhallowed work; but it has undoubtedly exercised a strong fascination over many individual men.

It is this idea which Lord Lytton has endeavored to embody in Zanoni. He has attempted to place before us two human beings who have achieved Immortality—one being the representative of Everlasting Age, beyond passion, beyond personal feeling—calm, benignant, bloodless, an intellect rather than a man; but yet an intellect with all the moral sentiments intensified and strengthened, spotless in integrity and goodness, though dead to human affections. The other possesses an immortality of Youth, full of the capacity to enjoy, and alas! also to love, and as a necessity of that love to sorrow and despair; to be subject to all the penalties which make length of life a punishment rather than a blessing. We need not remind the reader how Zanoni loves, how his everlasting calm is broken, how simple manhood, with all its cares and anxieties, breaks into the perfection of his being; and how finally he gives up the life which had come to hang upon the existence of another, in order to save that other—the trembling and wholly human wife, whose love has drawn him out of his lofty solitude and elevation. Zanoni dies, because to outlive love was impossible to him, and all around him, wife and child, were mortal. But Mejnour lives, who loved not; whose sphere was thought and not affection. This is the moral of the wild fable, and yet not all its

teaching; the moral itself has been dwelt upon before in many a primitive legend of nymph and fairy, through which humanity has always glorified its own conditions, by insisting upon the misery of immortality without love; but to this familiar lesson Lord Lytton has added an original suggestion. In all ancient fables of the kind the desire for earthly immortality has been a wildly presumptuous and irreligious desire, the art that aimed at it a “black art,” and the end generally attained by that immemorial bargain with the devil, the possibility of which has thrilled humankind for centuries. But the bargain which Faust made is totally different from the ordeal by which Mejnour and Zanoni fight their way into immortality. Theirs is not a pact with evil, but a struggle against it. The first step of initiation consists in the banishment of all corrupt thoughts, all desire after the pleasures of the flesh. These mystic neophytes are like the virgin-knights of Christian legend watching their consecrated arms all night amid assaults and temptations of every kind, ere they ventured to put on the armor and take their place among proved warriors.

This novel rendering of an old dream is one of the most remarkable developments of the author's individuality and independence of thought. Not half-a-dozen, perhaps, of the many readers who have been thrilled by that most wonderful of ghost-stories, ‘The House and the Brain,’ afterwards published under the title of ‘The Haunted and the Haunters,’ but has felt a certain annoyance and resentment at the latter part of the story—the “attempt to explain,” as people say, and to bring down the wildly marvellous within the reach of material means and ordinary reason. We confess to having shared the feeling; and yet no feeling could be more unreasonable—for the whole aim and object of the author is this so-called explanation. For this he weaves his net of wonder before our eyes, for this summons out of the teeming darkness those pale shapes of mystery—those luminous shadows. His object, from beginning to end, is to prove—or to attempt to prove—that human nature may possess itself of the secrets of the unseen, and that without guilt, or even presumption—that the clue to all that mystic labyrinth of unknown powers and intelligences is in our hands, if we but chose to seize and follow it—that this

strange and awful knowledge may be turned to purposes of the highest benevolence ; and, so far from being necessarily a "black art," may be the instrument of the highest purity and perfection. It is this which gives its originality among modern works, and in the realm of poetry, to 'Zanoni.' We are not in a position to inform the reader whether Lord Lytton really believed in the possibility of such an attainment ; but, whether he had any personal faith in it or not, here is his theory—and that it was a favorite theory with him no reader of his works will doubt. Probably we would state it more clearly were we to say that his eager, high-toned, and impatient mind, impatient of boundary or limit anywhere, had difficulty in allowing anything to be supernatural : and as it was impossible for him to escape from the supernatural by denying its existence—an expedient possible to another kind of intelligence—he made a series of remarkable efforts to escape on the other side by demonstrating it to be within the reach of ordinary human agencies, cultivated to their highest point. How far he succeeded in this attempt is a totally different question ; but to ourselves it is impossible to accept 'Zanoni' and a 'Strange Story' as mere freaks of genius—the wild outpouring of a morbid fancy. The one book has a distinct relation to the other. It is the obverse of the medal ; and by the very effort and strain of the contrast proves how strong a hold this theory had of the author's mind.

In the curious impersonation of Margrave, Lord Lytton has developed an idea altogether new to modern art. His leading thought here is to represent the effect of a mere vulgar love of life, as life, upon a corrupt and selfish, yet powerful intelligence. He gives us a glimpse of a fiery, presumptuous spirit, with no moral restraint upon its actions, and with an insatiable desire for existence and enjoyment, which, after wearing out in wild indulgence and passion the single human life allotted to it, finds suddenly within its grasp, by help of crime, treachery, and murder, the means of indefinitely prolonging, or rather resuming, that life—means which it seizes remorselessly. But the renewed life thus secured, being sought from the lowest motives, and by the most guilty and cruel means, instead of elevating, debases its possessor. It gives him the most brilliant

outward appearance of youth, and stimulates all his superficial gifts and the meaner and crueller parts of his intellectual nature ; but it takes his manhood from him, and all the special characteristics of humanity. He becomes a splendid, beautiful, engaging, and destructive animal, without heart, sympathy, or capacity for affection. In short, he is made into the Faun of classic romance—a creature to whom life, air, sunshine, mere existence, is everything, whose universe is concentrated in itself, and who neither knows nor understands nor aspires to anything beyond the wild and somewhat foolish whirl of physical enjoyment in which its empty days are spent. In one of the most poetical efforts of recent fiction, Mr. Hawthorne set forth before us the means by which a native Faun of the Italian woods was charmed and stung by the terrible realities of life into manhood—a picture of which most readers have acknowledged the fantastic but genuine power. We do not think that the same justice has been done to Lord Lytton's equally powerful—and let us allow equally fantastic—conception. Yet Lord Lytton's has so far the advantage over the other that there is a profound moral involved in the wild story. Many a nameless minstrel, and some of the greatest of poets, have used their powers to show to us the misery of that lofty loneliness of soul in which the man possessed of supernatural power is elevated above his fellows. In the greatest of all the fictions which have been woven about this mysterious theme, it has been the poet's object to mock the contemptible pettiness of that world of coarse magic and debased spirits through which Faust storms in scornful greatness of his humanity. But no one has shown us how humanity itself may be debased by a connection altogether lawless and selfish with the supernatural. The character of Margrave throughout is wonderfully consistent and striking. He is not a man : under the guise of manhood, does not the reader perceive at once the strange earthly being—earthly, yet with no real sympathetic relation to the earth, playful, caressing, and cruel as a young tiger, senseless as the merest brute, frivolous, giddy, and volatile, more peevish than a child, more destructive than any fabulous ogre ? We submit that no critic and few readers have done full justice to this weird conception.

Most of the comments upon the work have been occupied with the improbability of the machinery, and above all with the unsatisfactoriness of the "explanations." The Cauldron in the last chapter and the gigantic Foot which penetrates into the magic circle, have quite obliterated the real meaning and power of the strange tale. Perhaps now, when we who are Lord Lytton's contemporaries have suddenly become, by the touch of that Death which has removed him from our midst, that Posterity which is the final judge of all art—justice may be done to the highly wrought and everywhere consistent idea of the 'Strange Story.' The one passion which remains in the Faun-Man, the absorbing and devouring eagerness of his search for the means of preserving life, throws a tragic light upon his last appearance; but even in the tragedy there is nothing which ennoble. It is a wild, strange mixture of Intellect and Animalism at which we gaze and wonder; it is no longer a man.

The reader may perhaps think that we give disproportionate importance to these works of mystic meaning—works which, to the minds of many, represent rather a momentary aberration of genius than any serious thought or purpose. To our own mind, however, they represent a very important feature of Lord Lytton's peculiar and individual organisation. His strong conviction that no kind of knowledge ought to be forbidden, and that all kinds of knowledge ought to be pursued in a noble and lofty way, not for selfish ends or individual gratification, whether that of the body or the spirit, is to our thinking even more clearly embodied in these works than is the natural tendency of an imaginative and aspiring mind towards the marvellous and unaccountable. Everybody is aware of, and many have smiled at, the interest which he is known to have taken in the so-called spiritual manifestations which are still so hotly discussed among us, and about the nature of which opinions are as much, or more, divided than ever. Most of us, however, by way of making up to ourselves for the exaggerated respect which we pay to the guesses of Science, permit ourselves an absolute licence of contempt for the guesses in another direction, even when the latter are much more naturally sympathetic to our minds. The truth which concerns us in

our lives is probably as little affected by the one kind of speculation as by the other. But poetry must always have infinitely more to do with the vagaries of the Spiritualist, and even of the Magician, than with the ghastly dreams of anatomy; and for our own part we cannot but recognise in Lord Lytton's 'Strange Story' at once a fine and curious poetical conception, and the illustration of an interesting theory. Right or wrong, this theory was very dear to his mind: and it is evident that he considered it capable of conveying a lofty and powerful moral lesson—a lesson which he teaches in other ways, with many an iteration, and to which, as one of the leading principles of his genius, we shall recur again.

The group of historical novels is one which it is somewhat difficult to discuss except at length—and to discuss them at length would be beyond the possibilities of our space. They are all conscientious and careful performances, founded upon a principle much more thorough than that which is to be found in most historical novels. Lord Lytton informs us more than once in his prefaces that he does not take up a historical period as a help to fiction, but deliberately, and of set purpose, uses fiction as a means of illustrating history, and making its facts more vivid and easily realized. He does not take the costume of a past century to give character and interest to one of those ordinary human romances which abound in all periods, but he employs the lantern of his special art as a means of illuminating the obscurity of the past, and repeating the curious lessons of history, with the additional effect which may be given by the livelier portrait-painting and more dramatic interest of art.

This serious aim we may allow that he has carried out with grace and dignity. But—perhaps because Art declines the secondary place—perhaps that a warmer inspiration is necessary to transport us bodily into a different age, and give us a living interest in the heroes and heroines whose language and manners are so unlike our own—these careful and elaborate studies lay but little hold upon the reader. The fact that the student of history may be warranted in depending upon them, in receiving them as aids to the heavier volumes from which he draws his lore, is a fact to which we bow with infinite respect, but

which does not otherwise affect our appreciation of these volumes as works of art. No such certainty could be predicated of 'Ivanhoe,' which runs away with us, and carries us straight into the lists at Ashby, breathless, without time to ask whether it is correct or not. Lord Lytton is, no doubt, correct in the main, in his reference to the singular faithfulness with which Shakespeare himself, the first of all poetical models, adhered to the old chronicles from which he drew so many of his plots; but Lord Lytton himself is an evidence that our great poet was not always so faithful, and that the fierce partisanship which dictated his picture of "crook-back Richard" has established an image in our minds which no array of facts, and no gentle illumination of fiction, can ever undo. This deviation on the part of Shakespeare from historical accuracy makes the counter inspiration of those who follow him in the path of history all but futile—for the reason, we suppose, that Shakespeare's Richard is so entirely real and living that the actual Richard, being dead, has no more chance against him than has the dead lion of the proverb. To this point of inspiration our author (we need not say—for who has ever created like Shakespeare?) does not attain. He presents us with an often brilliant, always careful, and able picture of the time he illustrates, but he has not the power to transport us there.

It requires some boldness, however, to make this assertion in face of the fact that none, we believe, of Lord Lytton's novels have been more popular than his historical series. The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' for instance, a sketch all glorious with purple and gold, all glowing with sentiment and passion, with music and song, had "the good fortune to be so general a favorite with the public" that the author felt himself spared the task of making any comment upon it in the preface to his collected edition. And this popularity, so far as we are aware, continues; and we do not remember any other attempt to make the manners of that far-distant period visible to modern readers which is at all equal in power to the glowing scenes through which the gentle image of the blind Nydia wanders, and in which Glaucus and his friends feast and revel. The art of the novelist has here been so highly acknowledged as to connect itself even with the solemn ruins of the disinterred city, and

has given a name to the house, once distinguished as that of the "Dramatic Poet," but which now, to all its English visitors at least, is the house of Glaucus. The same may be said of the fine and careful study of Rienzi, which the author had the satisfaction of seeing translated into Italian, and diligently studied in the land to which it was naturally most interesting. He had even the further gratification of believing that his work had been instrumental in "restoring the great Tribune to his long-forgotten claims on the love and reverence of the Italian land"—a real and high reward such as at all times goes to the heart of the artist. The two fine pictures drawn from English history of 'Harold' and the 'Last of the Barons,' should be still more popular on English ground. The very names, however, of all these works show the strictly historical character which their author has chosen for them. The catastrophe of each is a public and historical catastrophe. In 'Ivanhoe,' on the contrary, our interest is centred in a group of private persons, with whose fate no doubt the legendary fortunes of the lion-hearted king are involved, but who have no place otherwise in the annals of their time. The Templar and the Jewess are pure creations of romance, and their fate is brought about by the same agencies which work in the Greek drama and in the modern poem. It is not any vast convulsion of the country, no historical crisis which cuts the knot of their distresses. But Lord Lytton has made a different selection of materials. He has taken in every case a period of history which is summed up and concluded with tragic completeness in some great downfall: the *last* of the barons, the *last* of the Saxon kings, the *last* of the Tribunes—even the last days of the doomed city. Thus, as he himself says, he allows History to choose the complications of his tragedy, and has every event mapped out before him independent of his creating will. Upon no secondary group whom he is free to deal with as he pleases does he direct our attention, but boldly fixes upon Harold himself, upon Warwick, upon the noble revolutionary of mediæval Rome. This is bold—and it is perhaps wise in a historical point of view—but we doubt if it is advantageous in point of Art. Fiction, poetry, does not love to be fettered; and the stronger the bonds of historical accuracy,

the less easy are the movements of the wayward handmaid who loves no bondage at all. We doubt, therefore, whether the highest spontaneity of original work can be conjoined with so stern an adherence to historical truth, or whether anything beyond what Lord Lytton has certainly attained—a careful, elaborate, conscientious representation, sometimes brilliant, always admirable in its way, but seldom inspiring us with any absolute sense of reality—could be hoped for by this mode of treatment. Our historical knowledge—or rather our vivid perception of the history we know—is no doubt quickened and animated, and that is a result worth the labor; but the general world has not widened round us, nor has any new man or woman taken possession of our mind and fancy. The result is good—but it is not the highest that might have been obtained.

We are not aware how long was the pause between the last production of Lord Lytton in what we may call his first period, and the singular outburst of developed and mature power of which the world became sensible in the 'Caxtons.' We are old enough to remember the first appearance of that wonderful book. The questions, the bold replies, the whispered suggestions as to its authorship, which resembled so pathetically the questions and answers lately hazarded touching the same author's last production, "Bulwer!" "No, impossible! it cannot be Bulwer," said the whole world of readers, debating the question, with many a triumphant proof on both sides to show that it must, and that it could not be. We recollect even, with the hot confidence of youth, pledging our own discrimination, save the mark! against the possibility that an author so long before the world, and, according to the judgment of adolescence, worn out already, could be the writer of anything so fresh, so full of life, so original and so pure. The impression made by the 'Caxtons' at the moment of its appearance, was not less than that made by the real first work of a great author, which appeared—we may be allowed some natural pride in saying—in these same pages some years after,—the 'Scenes of Clerical Life.' It is a most curious and indeed unaccountable fact, that the painful and unfortunate 'Lucretia' was a product of about the same period, and of powers equally matured; and that before the din of disapproval which waited that per-

formance had died away, the author was called upon to receive the laurels of a new and anonymous reputation. He did not keep the public long in suspense: and the fame thus won has by universal acknowledgment become his highest and surest claim to immortality. All that went before has fallen into secondary importance in comparison with this later group of contemporary novels. The splendid heroics and vast successes of his youth, the mystic conceptions of his weird imagination, and those burrowings into cause and effect which led him to examine crime as well as misery—have all been thrown into the shade by the larger, mellowed, broader pictures of an art which had purified itself from its native exaggeration, and to which true humor and the tenderest pathos had come with time. Bulwer had been first among the magicians of a score of previous years, but now Bulwer was beaten—by Lytton. Wonderful strife and most singular victory! There is a size and greatness and poetical force about the one which was not to be seen in the other. This is the first point of difference that strikes us. It is the world itself that has grown and widened out, and filled into vaster horizons; there are more people in it, and more varieties of people. There is more emotion, and that of a nobler and more generous kind. We cannot say that there is more talk, for conversation had never been wanting in vast quantity; but how much the very talk has widened—growing playful, natural, genial, instead of pedantic or high-flown, as it used to be! What a difference! More sky, more earth, more and bigger people. No longer the stock triumphs and stock difficulties of old; but now spontaneous human complications through which the new personages struggle hardly, not always having the best of it. Such was the new world which opened to us in the 'Caxtons,' and which England received with acclamations, seeing itself as in a glass—yet not itself, something nobler, better, more beautiful. The effect has lasted, though the one series of books, like the other, has long lost its novelty, and has been judged by the calm judgment of time and years. At this present period the productions which come to the mind of every reader when Lord Lytton's name is mentioned, are not the earlier works which we have just discussed, but the more recent—the loftier, broader pro-

duce of a mellowed intelligence and a ripper heart.

But the subtle difference which exists between these books and their predecessors, is intensified by a resemblance not less striking. It is no longer the young man setting out upon life, and feeling that the world is his oyster, which by strength or skill he has to open. Instead of this there grows upon us in soft radiance a family group, with other families interlacing, widening out the canvas—yet lo! through the genial and gentle crowd, there, too, is the Youth in his perennial apprenticeship, setting out yet once and once again to persuade fortune or to win fame. It is Pisistratus, the scholar's anachronism, moving lightly under bonds of human affection, duty and love, unknown to the independent heroes of an earlier day; it is the poet Leonard groping through his first doubting steps into the mystery of life; it is the proud and poor gentleman Lionel Haughton—not all-conquering as of old, yet somehow finding his way to success and honor; a being not so great in society, not so wonderful in talk, but truer, broader in his personality, more of a man. The Maltravers-Meister, making his way through cycles of semi-disreputable adventure and questionable relations—the Godolphin, gloomy and grand—even the Pelham, all accomplished in his foppery, bravery, unscrupulous selfishness, and disinterested devotion, are to be found no longer. But still the author cannot abandon his favorite and unfailing theme. The youth must be trained and shaped into manhood, should the very foundations of the earth be shaken; the apprenticeship must be carried out, through what changed circumstances soever the training has to be accomplished. This leading and favorite idea is never abandoned. It is to be discovered in everything Lord Lytton wrote.

But how fine and how curiously widened out, as we have said, from all the traditions of his earlier life, is the first group which he sets before us! Instead of the little round of worldlings, the fluttering fashionables, the calm and polished varieties of self, the pedants and the butterflies—comes slowly unfolded out of nature itself and truest art, that cluster of kindred figures. The scholar Austin, the soldier Roland, each with his faults so playfully, so tenderly indicated, held up to us in full

light, irradiated with that smile of humor, most human of all faculties—that smile which is of the very essence of respect and love, though it sometimes bears the guise of ridicule; the mother, foolish and simple, yet wise as love and truth can make her, a homely, commonplace woman, yet sacred; the sanguine, selfish uncle, hero of a thousand schemes, unscrupulous out of mere buoyancy, animal spirits, and self-confidence. How clearly the whole party stands out before us, arguing, reflecting, discussing, pulling every subject to pieces that comes into their hands, with a spontaneous warmth and naturalness of comment, which is so unlike, yet so like, the always clever, but often stilted and interminable, conversations of the previous works! We are never tired of the Caxton talk. It never falls into an exchange of abstractions—it is always lively, individual, humorous, kind. The author loves all these good people. He is tender of them, letting us laugh at them with a soft, kind, and genial laughter, never with the ridicule which is of kin to contempt. How great a difference this makes in literature as in life! But true humor, which is the rarest of gifts, is always kind—cannot exist, indeed, without secret admiration, veneration, deep and tender insight. Austin Caxton is as admirable an example of this as can be produced,—as fine as Uncle Toby, of whom indeed there is a distinct reflection, both in the scholar and the soldier-brothers. Mr. Caxton is not like Mr. Shandy; he has too sweet a nature to be a bookworm, and is incapable of contempt for anything, except, perhaps, false pretensions or false quantities. How beautiful, for instance, is his treatment of his simple wife! how much finer and more true to a high nature than the commonplace superiority of the scholar-husband, the contemptuous affection or much-bored endurance which is the usual sentiment of such a character in fiction! Mr. Caxton knows a great deal better: he laughs at her softly, banters her tenderly, upholds, supports, and venerates, even while he has his gentle joke at her expense, and is amused by her frequent non-comprehension of himself and his quaint words and ways. The respect and the love are so true, that he ventures to be amused, to smile at her, to gibe on occasion, but with gibes which do not hurt nor wound—delightful genial banter, which never withdraws from her in

her own eyes or any one else's one jot of the reverence that is her due. How subtly and finely this is done, and how much easier it would have been, and according to the traditions of conventional fiction, to make the simple wife merely laughable and silly, and no more, the reader will easily perceive.

The other family, the Trevanian group, which is of the world worldly, though full of generosity and honor and fine feeling in the midst of the inevitable bondage of ambition, is less attractive, because, in fact, there are fewer elements of attraction possible; but Trevanian himself is one of Lord Lytton's creations—the first real statesman he has placed on his canvas, and perhaps the most characteristic. The troublesome candor of mind which keeps him from ever being what his position demands, the head of a party; his devouring appetite for work, and conviction that the best thing he can do for his young *protégé* is to supply him with perpetual occupation; the humorous distresses of his impartial judgment, which form the lighter side of the picture—and the sombre sense of unsuccess, at least of the failure of such success as was worthy his aspirations and dreams, which is its tragic side—are all drawn with a masterly hand. Without in the least degree undervaluing the objects of Trevanian's ambition—nay, while giving its full and highest importance to that science of government which is the noblest of professions—he makes us perceive without a word the superior qualities of the lowlier man, the gentle recluse, whose mild eyes penetrate and pity the difficulties of the statesman. But in that pity there is no superiority—no elevation of the contemplative over the active, nothing of the artist's self-assertion over the man of greater ambition. In this point Lord Lytton has all the superiority of the man who was at once artist and statesman in his own person, to whom all these differing experiences were alike open, and who had learned the greatest lesson which experience can teach—that all ambition, even the highest, must end more or less in disappointment; that the most successful career may bring everything but satisfaction; and that the high ideals of youth, the better hopes of manhood, fade and fail, and have to give way to the merely attainable, leaving a certain subdued bitterness and sense of failure, even in the most complete career. The scholar whose learning

comes to so little—the soldier who hazards life and limb for a medal and an obscure captain's half-pay—the statesman who has to give up the ideal rule of the Best, for miserable expedencies and necessities of party,—which can boast over the other? But it is the philosopher's privilege to anticipate this universal fact, and to submit; while the rarely fortunate man who has the repose of domestic happiness to fall back upon, has the only ideal compensation for all that life takes from him. Such is the lesson, unlike that which youth can or ought to draw from its brighter and narrower information, which comes with the wisdom of maturity—a lesson sad but lofty, strangely different from the all-dazzling success which of old awaited the hero, and made him and the young audience which applauded his adventures happy. But the very perfection of this lesson, and of the development of experience and world-knowledge which produces it, would be less satisfactory, did we not remember how differently our author felt once—how pleased and proud he was of his juvenile triumphs, how certain of living happy ever after, as one after another of his glorious young heroes received from his glowing hands the laurel and the myrtle wreaths, the crown of happiness and fame.

'My Novel' came into the world with all the prestige gained by the 'Caxtons,' and all the advantage of its author's name to extend its sway: and in this great work we think Lord Lytton's genius culminated. Something more of the old romance—a little Bulwerism from which the 'Caxtons' was free, betrays, perhaps designedly, the well-known hand which had now given up all attempt to disguise itself; and we do not know what other modern work could be placed by the side of this which can successfully compare with its variety of character, its fulness of life and humor and wisdom. Even Thackeray in his crowded pictures can give us but one Colonel Newcome; but here the multiplicity of the figures does but enhance the sense of easy wealth; and we feel as we read that instead of rare appearances here and there, the world is full of those noble, simple figures, child-like sages, wise companions, who see through and through us, and yet are kind as ignorance never is—tolerant, all-comprehending, all-appreciating as gods, but brimful of delicious human imperfection as schoolboys. The man who

has enriched English literature with two such creations as Riccabocca and Parson Dale, has merited Westminster if ever man did. Two wise men, philosophers and scholars—yet so distinct, so individual, so perfect—distinct, too, from Austin Caxton, their brother sage, each of them himself and no other. What lavish yet delicate power is in these impersonations! It is not an easy art to create, and win the reverence and the love of thousands of readers for, such types of men; men in themselves above the common understanding, with little to catch the eye, or charm the imagination; displayed to us in all the gravity of middle life—moralists, preachers in their way, commentators upon existence rather than actors in it—yet touching our hearts and moving our interests more warmly than any youthful hero beloved of fortune. The Italian noble, with the most astute and worldly wisdom on his lips, a cynic in speech, a Quixote in sentiment, with a heart as pure as a girl's and as simple as an infant's—philosopher, scholar, misanthrope, romanticist, his eyes full of genial humor, his heart trembling with tenderness—is more akin to the great hero of Spanish fiction than any modern creation we know of. And yet Riccabocca, in his learning and shrewdness, the practical skill and patient diligence which belongs to his country, and, above all, in the profound and delicate sense of humor which smiles in his eyes, is of a broader development than Quixote. His musings, his embarrassments, his social difficulties, his proud poverty, and the simple, honest mercenariness of his matrimonial speculation, are all threaded through with this humorous self-consciousness. He is the first to see the jest at his own expense, and to smile at it. Such humor dwells next door to pathos, and does not interfere with the tear which has always some share in the smile. The fine distinctions of his nationality, too, do but more clearly display the naturalness of the man, who with all his strange ways is so widely sympathetic, so genial in his humanity. Who but an Italian would have lived shut up in his casino, upon meagre fare of sticklebacks, and turned the patient genius of his race to work upon the irrigation of the English hillside? We like him a great deal better as Dr. Rickeybockey than as the Duke di Serrano. But yet, such is his creator's skill, that the quaint and meagre philoso-

pher might be a king without surprising us. What a true gentleman he is, even in his simple fortune-hunting, which is so *naïve*, so straightforward, so Italian! The book is full of exciting scenes, of high-strained passion, and critical situations; but at the most stirring moment the reader is never reluctant to turn aside to Riccabocca, to watch his delightful jesuitry, which his *Jemima* routs horse and man by one natural womanly appeal—to note his Machiavellian utterances, and his generous doings, his all-sympathising soul, and the delicious humbug of his cynicism in words.

Parson Dale is a man of very different metal. Spiritual ruler of his little world, deep in many men's secrets, not permitted to stand quietly by and look on, but compelled actively to interfere, to warn and admonish and direct—his philosophy is of a less speculative kind. Machiavel he knows not, but deep is the natural craft with which he points the needful lesson, and guides the refractory intelligence. Fretted by his adversary's trump or his partner's revoke, but ready to put himself to any annoyance for the regulation of a cottage or the guidance of a gardener boy—solemn and impressive in his warnings to the sinner, however highly placed, but complacent about his own journey on unaccustomed horseback—how kindly, how simple, how genial, how wise is this parish priest! He is as English as his brother sage is Italian—true old Tory in politics, genuine Liberal in heart, with an inconsistency which is as admirably true to the type of man as are the gentle human faults which endear his goodness. Would that Providence had established our lot in a parish blessed with a Parson Dale! But, indeed, there can be little doubt that the parish of Hazeldean, with the good squire and his wife for its temporal heads, with Parson Dale for its pope, and that Machiavel lurking in the Casino with his astute counsels, was the happiest parish in all England. The book is over-brimming with character. The statesman Egerton, the noble and princely Harley, romantic wandering knight and sentimental adventurer, yet capable of all the higher uses of the State when his hour comes; the young poet Leonard, so finely touched in his visionary yet simple nature, generous, proud, hasty, impassioned, yet humble as genius is, and as ready to repent as to err; the group of Avenels; the ruined man of let-

ters, Burley,—how fine, how lifelike is every detail! Yet amid all these we turn back to our two philosophers with a deeper attraction. The perfection of Lord Lytton's own philosophy as well as of his creative power is in Riccabocca and Parson Dale.

We will not enter into any controversy as to the respective greatness of the names which in our age have illustrated the art of fiction. Each has his different gift, and there is room enough in the literary firmament for all these lights. But howsoever others may excel—though one may trace more deeply the hidden springs of character, and another fathom with a more penetrating insight the movements of universal nature—we remain unshaken in our opinion that 'My Novel' is, as a novel, the most brilliant and perfect of contemporary works of fiction. George Eliot goes deeper, is more realistic, more potent in her grasp, more concentrated in power and thoughtfulness; and Thackeray is much more universally behind the scenes, more knowing about all the secrets that lie just under the surface. Neither of these great writers is capable, if we may use the expression, of being taken in; the one with a serious pertinacity of gaze which fathoms nature, the other with a malicious, half-diabolical, infallible keenness of vision which lets nothing slip—defy all the arts and all the simplicities of man—and woman—and are beyond the reach of illusion. But Lord Lytton is never beyond it. Even while he rises into the depths of wisdom with his sages, he is still as ready to be deluded as they are, and as capable of seeing through Leonard's poet-eyes, and of throwing a mist of the most rainbow-tinted romance round Harley L'Estrange, as if he were twenty. Human nature has still corners for him, nooks here and there where the gossamer still sparkles with all the dews of morning, where the glory is ever on the grass, and splendor in the flower. He is not always a philosopher, an analyser, a revealer of mysteries. By times his eyes are veiled over with human weakness, his heart falls back into the fond illusions of his early years, and before we know where we are, lo! we are swept back into romance, and find a momentary refuge from the too clear daylight in that old Arcadia of the poets, that land where every soul has lingered one time or another; that impossible paradise where the Two dwell,

the primitive hero and heroine, the original of all tales. After so many hard and real labors through the stony pathways of life, we leave our heroes, each with his Violante or his Helen, in bliss incomparable, beyond the measure of everyday existence. This power of returning to the old canons of art—this possibility now and then of falling back twenty years or so, and interpolating a chapter of youth into the wiser conclusions of maturity,—may or may not increase our reverence for the greatness of the writer; but it is everything for his art. It makes of it just that mingled draught which is most sweet to our lips—the true, the wise, the sad, consenting still to mix themselves with the bright, the ignorant, the happy. Only so can life be truly represented—life which is not all real, strange though the words may seem,—which finds much of its sweetness in illusion, which takes its rare draughts of joy oftenest in dreams—dreams truer than the facts, more real than flesh and blood.

While we acknowledge, however, this charm of youthfulness, this remnant of Bulwerism which gives an additional attraction to 'My Novel,' we must not omit to notice how this book comes in to the deeper unity of Lord Lytton's works. The lesson that it teaches is the same lesson which he has dwelt upon in mystic story, and which has led him into the realms of the unseen for examples to enforce his moral. The very key-note of much of his philosophy is to be found in the interview which Riccabocca and Parson Dale hold with Leonard Fairfield in his cottage, when the sages bring all the force of their wisdom to contest the principle, upon which the half-taught boy sets himself so proudly, that knowledge is power. The Parson's admirable, spirited, and startling assertion some time later that the Devil himself is a Failure, is, as it were, the spirit of our author's teaching made into a maxim. Randal Leslie, the elaborately-designed and carefully-drawn villain, is an illustration of the same principle, with a difference, as is the Faun-Man Margrave—which is the insufficiency, unsuccessfulness, meanness, and misery of selfish Knowledge vulgarly supposed to be Power. How far we may receive this as true to fact—whether, indeed, the world has wisdom enough in reality to neutralise the advantages of the unscrupulous

possessor of Knowledge — and whether, after all, Selfishness is, so far as external successes go, not the best policy—are questions into which we need not enter. But at all events, in an age of which Selfishness is the special vice (as indeed it is in most ages), the lesson is a worthy one; and the curious lines of thought involved merit the attention of the reader. Fiction which takes the trouble to enforce such a lesson at all—a moral entirely within its range, and which can be embraced in story without any artificial strain of incident or purpose—takes by that very aim a higher place than that which nowadays the art seems dropping into. To make a novel into a personal plea against some public or private wrong, or to interweave with romance a demonstration of the ordinary daily economical miseries of life, tradesmen's overcharges, house-agents' devices, &c., is as little harmonious to the uses of fiction as can well be conceived. But the bigger principle fits well into its place in the large and wide picture of men and women, of life and thought.

Of men—and women; perhaps it would be wiser to say of men only; for Lord Lytton, with all his gifts, did not possess that of drawing women. It is rare among men—almost if not quite as rare as the faculty of representing men is among women, though the failure in the one case is very much less remarked upon, and less noticeable indeed, from the fact that women have but lately come to occupy leading places in works of fiction. A beautiful and sweet abstraction of womankind, with hair, eyes, throat, &c., nicely put in, with smiles and tears handy, and a few pretty speeches, is all that is really necessary for a heroine of the good old-fashioned type. Lord Lytton has two of these types, the heroic and the gentle, as indeed Sir Walter also had; and most novelists of eminence keep within these safe lines. The sentimental splendor of *Violante*, the sugary sweetness of *Helen*, may dazzle the hasty reader; but how to come to any sort of realisation of these young women we are unable to inform him. Every mortal man has his tether, and here is one region in which Lord Lytton's tether is apparent, though he does his best by glowing diction and lavish sentiment to throw glamour in our eyes and blind us to the fact. He does blind us so far that we accept the graceful outline enveloped in rainbow-

mists of beautiful effect as the symbol of WOMAN—woman the consoler, woman the inspirer, as he himself says. The abstraction is enough for him—he has no need for anything further; neither, we suppose, has the majority of readers, or the typical would not have been so long and so placidly accepted instead of the personal. There is one other point in which the tether is equally visible. The poor are out of Lord Lytton's range. He understands gentlemen—and he understands the cunning hanger-on of gentlemen, the rogue, the money-lender, the blackleg—but he does not understand the other classes into which humanity is divided. In his later books, and especially in 'My Novel,' he attains to a certain power in the one group of the Avenels; and he is also partially successful in some of the attendant and secondary figures in 'What will he do with it?'—a work which we have not left ourselves space to discuss, but which contains in the noble vagabond Waife one of his finest creations. But all his previous works are signally unsuccessful in this special region. His peasants and his Cockneys talk an unimaginable jargon, and are as fictitious as the villagers in an opera. It is curious to recognise the points in which one man of genius compensates the world for the deficiencies of another. Dickens evidently felt the same insuperable difficulties in the portrayal of a gentleman.

No, we have no time to speak of Waife—wayward as the genius that produced him, faulty, foolish, generous, noble—the most wise, witty, tender, patient, and accomplished of vagabonds: it is doing him injustice, indeed, to introduce him at the end, who merits one of the chief niches in the gallery. We place this bowed and travel-worn figure, lowly yet lofty, by the side of Austin Caxton, Riccabocca, and Parson Dale. He completes the cycle worthily, though in his essence he is a vagabond—a wanderer over the face of the earth. Perhaps Lord Lytton hoped in his *Guy Darrell*, in his *Harley L'Estrange*, to strike a higher note; but his genial and gentle sages are his greatest achievement. We can suggest no shadow on their perfection, nothing that could raise him and them to a purer, more real or more ideal elevation. They are the quintessence of his work and of his art.

The same reason which prevents us en-

tering into the last of the Caxton group of novels, also forbids the discussion of Lord Lytton's other appearances before the world. His public life and his poetical works are alike beyond our space. But we leave these with the less regret that while his success in both is well known, it is as a novelist that his fame was won, and as a novelist he will be known to posterity. Taking him all in all, no man of his generation has achieved the same brilliancy of success, or has so true a claim to be the leading and typical novelist of his day. Most of us have recognised him in that capacity since our earliest recollection. And if we cannot raise him to the side of Scott, he is at least the one of all our contemporaries who has most followed Scott's traditions, and kept in the line marked out by that Father of Story. The

many though brilliant faults of his youth were more than made up in his riper age. It would be unbecoming on our part to say anything here of the tale now publishing in our pages, which unites the Bulwer of the past with the Lytton of recent years, in a union which has become affecting by the fact that so much of the work will be posthumous. But we need have no hesitation in repeating what all critics and readers have allowed, that no nobler monuments could be raised to the name of an author, and no finer or more high-toned productions given to the literature of a country, than the three noble Tales which mark the maturity of Lord Lytton's intellect, and the highest level which pure fiction has reached in the present age.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HALLUCINATORY MANIFESTATIONS.

BY DR. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

SALVERTE, in his remarkable work on the occult sciences, states that the principle by which he has been guided in all his researches is that which distinguishes two very different forms of civilisation: the *fixed* form, which in times past prevailed universally throughout the world, and the *perfectible* form, or that which prevails in communities that have become learned in letters, science, and art. The natural tendency of man is to love and seek the marvellous; and as the love of the wonderful always prefers the most surprising to the most natural accounts, the natural is too frequently neglected. At the same time the most surprising phenomenon does not long continue potent to surprise even when it is real, while surprising unrealities pass away as fast as they come. "Credulous man," says this learned author, "may be deceived once, or more frequently, but his credulity is not a sufficient instrument to govern his whole existence. The wonderful excites only a transient admiration, for man is led by his passions, and chiefly by hope and by fear."

The psychological argument thus adduced is an argument always to be remembered when we have before us the subject of natural as opposed to supernatural readings of any class of phenomena, of which

we become individually or collectively conversant; and in overlooking this position, men of science, I venture to think, often err. They, disdaining the fixed principle of human thought and action, in their strain after the perfectible, treat as childish or even as idiotic all notions of phenomena that become marvellous by surprise, and unanswerable by immediate illustration. This has been peculiarly the fact in respect to those manifestations which assume to be mental receptions derived from uncommon, unexplained, and unknown causes.

I propose in this short and simple essay to avoid all prejudice and reproach, acknowledging the ancient and fixed principle of belief as something worthy of deep regard; as the conservative restraining element in the politics of the world of reason. I shall aim, nevertheless, to sustain the principle of the perfectible form of thought, as at once the most advantageous and the most endurable.

I begin at once, then, by admitting phenomena. From the first of man until now, as we know him, there have been opened to him an ever-recurring series of phenomena, provable by a ready reference to experience, but which are not rendered so familiar to him by their frequent repeti-

tion as to lose their novelty in their repetition.

The phenomena are all of the senses; necessarily so, because every recognised phenomenon is sensual, in the completed meaning of that term. The universe enters into the man by the doors for its entrance, and according to the capacity of the man he becomes homogeneous with the universe so long as he lives in it: that is to say, so long as he is in the condition to receive it.

Of the man we know something; of the universe we know little. There may be in it motions, or material forms in motion, which are not at all times present, which are not perceived equally at any time, and which, on the fixed principle, are as real as common things; are only singular, in fact, from being uncommon, and in not being accounted for, when recognised, by an immediate and obvious explanation. As the phenomena, however, are all sensual, so they are developed according to the working value of the senses, if I may so express myself. The ear is the most ready organ concerned in the recognition of occult phenomena; it hears sounds the mind does not appreciate the source of. The eye is the next susceptible organ; it sees forms and shapes for which the mind finds no ready explanation. The tactile sense, and even the common sensitive surfaces, come under influence; they appreciate blasts or blows or heats or colds, the causes of which are incomprehensible. Less frequently the olfactory sense is invaded, and conveys impressions of odors agreeable or loathsome, of which the mind can form no instant estimate whence they came or wherefore.

All, in a word, that is surprisingly phenomenal is by a surprise through a sense, and it increases in wonder as it includes the work of the greatest number of senses. That ghost of Hamlet's father, seen only, were but half enough; heard only, but half enough. Seen and heard, it is the less a ghost, the more a wonder.

I, for one, do not consider it at all a remarkable circumstance that the fixed ideal as to the cause of obscure phenomena should be that of an outward or external reality appealing to the mental organs through the sensual. It is the common experience that whatever is recognisable *is*; and if this were not the common and universal belief, the world would wander

on in vain doubting and fear. Sometimes by accident we meet with persons who are actually possessed with unbelief in what is the common experience of the majority; to those who constitute the majority these persons are insane.

Every allowance must therefore be made for the fixed belief on the reality of obscure manifestations, and indeed the allowance will be enforced until the major part of mankind is educated to see that there is a method of accounting for the manifestations which destroys the supernatural reality, and assigns the wonderful to the natural. To this latter explanation of the phenomena most men of science have now come: they claim the perfectible principle as the standard under which they reason.

Considered by the method thus noticed, the obscure manifestations we have admitted are not derived from objects in the outside universe at all, but belong entirely to the individual. They are simply due to aberration of function in one or other of the organic parts concerned in the processes of common human observation: they are, in a word, not receipts by the man, but interruptions within him, or reflects from him.

What I have called, after Salverte, the perfectible principle of opinion, is not deemed by its supporters to be a principle perfected, but one leading towards perfected discovery. It is devoid of dogma, and proclaims only what seems to be the nearest approach towards what is true. In this sense the following is in brief outline the exposition of the nature of the occult phenomena now under consideration—hallucinatory manifestations.

A whole series of mysterious manifestations, and these of the simplest kind, are connected purely with the physical conditions which modify the natural mode of conveyance of an object or act to the senses: the mirage, the double sun, the monster in the fog, the reflected sound (echo), even the reflected image in the clear stream; these—the mysterious manifestations of the earliest history of man, when the fixed principle of his thought had no rival—are now acknowledged, all but universally, to admit of a physical exposition that strips them of their mystery. Such obscure manifestations as remain, and are not traceable to external influences, are discoverable in the processes

for observation possessed by the observer, in his senses, and the parts to which they minister.

For the full action of every part accomplished by and through the senses there is many factors. There is a collective organ for condensing the external fact that is brought to the man, a seeing organ, a hearing organ, touch, taste, and smelling organs; there is in each organ also a receiving nervous surface; there is from this surface, leading unto the man, a communicating nervous cord; and, at last, ending the communicating cord is a nervous centre, in ready communication with a congeries of nervous centres, for taking up the impression conveyed, for fixing it, and for bringing it into union with other impressions that have already been received, fixed, associated. Suppose all these parts at all times natural, at all times in harmony, then everything that seems unnatural would be fairly ascribed to the reception of actual outward manifestations that are not of the common denomination of nature. Suppose, on the other hand, that these parts are not always in harmonious working order, then the design unfolds itself that there may be impressions, made by or within the man, that are mysterious, unreal in so far as the true reading of the outer universe is concerned, and, in a word, hallucinatory.

And this is what physical science teaches, that each of the parts named as factors is, at times, disturbed or deranged in function. The collecting organ may be at fault; the receiving nervous surface may be at fault; the communicating cord may be at fault; the receiving centre may be at fault: and, in accordance with error of function in one or more of the parts, there will be aberration varying from that which is simply physical to that which is psychological in the most refined degree.

The simplest illustrations of derangement of function are met with when there is perversion of action in the collecting organ, as in the eye, in instances of color-blindness or of *muscæ volitantes*—floating specks appearing in the field of vision. More complex is a condition in which the reception of an impression on the receiving nervous surface of an organ of sense is too long retained, so that the impression remains when the first cause of it is gone.

Sir Isaac Newton, looking too intently at the sun, had left upon his vision a vivid

picture of the sun, a phantom to some men, to him a phenomenon, painfully persistent, but understood by him as a pure physical fact. I knew once a gentleman who had a peculiar impression of an odor left on his olfactory surface, and for months it remained a source of constant discomfort, anxiety, and even timidity. In vision an aberration of function in the receiving surface may occur from mere strain to see in obscurity. Thus in looking at an object in partial darkness, as at night, when the stars are beclouded, an object, steadily and strainingly gazed at, seems to come and go, or, as is commonly said, to vanish and reappear.

There are various states of the nervous organisation in which the conduction of external impressions from the organs of sense to the sensorium is so perverted that modifications of external impressions are both induced and sustained. The delicate muscular mechanism by which the two great organs of the senses, the eye and the ear, have their various parts correctly adapted, are under refined nervous control, and easily lose their adaptations when the nervous control is either defective or changed from its natural use. The nervous atmosphere through which impressions vibrate from the receiving surface to the receiving centres is susceptible of change, and thus under various circumstances there is an easy step to perverted appreciation of external things. We have many known agents which exert their power by thus interfering with the healthy relations that should subsist between the organs of sense, the conducting way, and the mental centres to which all impressions are finally delivered. Alcohol taken in excess leads to such disturbance of balance of action, and therewith to false impressions of external objects—phantoms not made by the imagination, but constructed out of perverted sensual action. Opium, haschish, and some vapors and gases made to enter the body, induce the same perversions. So that objects that are really before the observer to the perverted sight appear far distant, or larger or smaller than they are. Slight sounds are exaggerated into tempestuous noises, and sensations of smell, taste, and touch are either exalted into undue activity or lost altogether.

In connection with this subject I may observe that the tendency of recent phy-

siological research is to the effect that in certain conditions of the body there are produced, within the body itself, some organic products which in the most potent manner affect the organs of the senses, and interfere with their function. In a recent investigation on the action of organic compounds of the sulphur series, I found that the most marked changes in the reception of impressions could be induced by certain of these bodies, together with symptoms of hysteria and of muscular debility singularly analogous to those states of the body in which debility of the motor organs is attended with what is called excessive nervous susceptibility and excitability. In certain diseased states these same organic products exhale from the body, or pass off by the secretions, as products derived from organic chemical changes progressing within the organism.

It would be an easy task to fill page upon page with illustrations of translations of external objects into mysterious manifestations under the mere influence of perverted functions of the senses and their dependent parts; but I must forbear, and content myself with one remark in reference to these phenomena. The remark is this: that the man, under any of the influences cited, is never supposed to be anything less than deceived. The man suffering from *muscæ volitantes* explains the form of the shadowy things he sees with the utmost exactitude; he may (I have known such a case) give to the appearances fanciful names from their forms; yet it is not at any time supposed that the seeings are realities: the man who tells you a red object is colorless, or is of different color to what all other men call red, is considered, however persistent he may be in his opinion, peculiar only and deluded: the man who explains that he sees but the half of an object, or that he sees two objects when there is but one before him, is at once accepted as incorrect in his observation: the man who, under opium or hashish, receives the impression of being in rooms of infinite space, of grasping in one sweep of apprehension incalculable intervals of history, is held to be for the time of disordered mind: and the man who, under the poison of alcohol, turns the simplest of objects into the likeness of the fiend, is credited with obvious derangement so long as he thus misinterprets what exists before him. Yet there

are many persons who, recognising such everyday truths to the full, accept other hallucinatory phenomena, of a similar origin, as actual external realities, and who, once believing it, adhere to the opinion they have formed more determinately than to any ordinary fact or business with which they are hourly concerned. The story is an old one:—

“John Absolute believed he could not be deceived,
When to prove his own belief he took the pains;
So he vowed he'd seen a ghost, though he'd felt
it was a post,
And his head had paid the forfeit for his brains.”

The illusions depending upon changes of functions in the receiving nervous surface of an organ of sense, or in the conducting cord, are comparatively simple. It is when we come to consider the reception and the fixing of impressions in the brain that the profoundest difficulties arise. Here we pass, with ease, out of the domain of current physical science into what is but useless speculation, unless we are ever on our guard in thought. I shall touch, consequently, on but few subjects on such as are nearest to the physical basis of research.

The brain receives and retains external impressions brought to it through the senses. In the exercise of this function it may become unduly impressionable, and may be the seat of illusion. Under these circumstances, one particular impression may so overrule every other impression that it shall persistently present itself. Sometimes a sudden impression is made upon the brain so potently that it is stamped, as it were, in persistent relief, coming forward at any time—but specially when the mind is unoccupied or is weakened—with all the force of a new reality. The distinguished French physician, Andral, one of the most accurate of observers and least superstitious of men, affords an illustration of this illusion. When he was a pupil commencing his medical studies, he was terribly impressed at seeing, for the first time, a dead body on the lecture-table. Many years afterwards, during an attack of illness, he saw in his room a dead body stretched out before him, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that he recalled the connection between this outward vision and the early impres-

sion that had been made upon his brain. I know myself another instance, differing in detail, but belonging to the same order of phenomena. A youth, who had all his life been easily moved by any painful sight, entered the profession of medicine, and saw, as a first experience, an eminent surgeon perform the operation of amputation at the shoulder-joint. This was before the introduction of means for the abolition of pain, and the effect on the mind of this observer was terrible. He did not faint, as some of his neophyte comrades did, but stood resolutely transfixed in wonder and fear. In time he got over the dread, from that moment lost all dread at seeing operations, and, in fact, has himself many hundred times since taken part in surgical art. But this remains, that whenever he is present at any operation, the first operation that so impressed him is always present to him in its minutest details, as if it also were veritably in progress.

Connected with this form of hallucination is that of hearing sounds, with which the ear has been at one time very familiar, without external obvious cause. Dr. Samuel Johnson, in this manner, heard, he believed, the sound of his mother's voice calling his name, Sam! when separated from him by the distance between Lichfield and Oxford.

In studying this class of illusion, it is necessary to observe that the illusion is not an act or effort of memory: *i.e.* it is not an effort called forth by any act of volition. It is akin to that singular sensation which they who have lost a limb occasionally experience, spontaneously, as if the limb were still in its place, and were endowed with sensibilities it once had, but which practically are forgotten. It is the source of that illusion of "pre-existence" which many have experienced, when a recognition seems to be felt of something already known, and which the memory is utterly unable, however severely it is taxed, to recall. In a word, it is illusion *sans* volition.

A number of mysterious manifestations are traceable to the simple fact of recurrence of impressions altogether independently of the will. There are others which are purely volitional, and these constitute a distinct class of hallucinatory phenomena. They are illusions produced by what I should call the faculty of projection

of objects that have been received from without by the brain and fixed in it. We exercise this faculty, naturally, when at will we re-picture to ourselves, or project what we have seen, heard, felt, or otherwise received by the senses. We recall a landscape we have surveyed, a tune we have heard, and the like; and if the impression be correctly fixed in us, and we will it to return, it comes back correctly. In the act we project from us that which we recall, and look at it, or listen to it, as if it were again external to us. This faculty, exalted to unnatural degree, is a fruitful source of illusion. Wigan supplies a striking illustration of the kind in the case of an eminent portrait painter who followed Sir Joshua Reynolds. The painter in question once produced three hundred portraits from his own hand in one year. When asked on what this peculiar power of rapid work depended, he answered that when a sitter came to him, he looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas; then he put away the canvas and took another sitter. When he wished to resume the first portrait, he said, "I took the man and put him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person. When I looked at the chair I saw the man." After a while the painter began to fail to discover the difference between the real and the imaginary sitters, so that he became actually insane and remained in an asylum for thirty years. Then his mind was restored to him, and he resumed the use of the pencil; but the old evil threatened to return, and he once more forsook his art, soon afterwards to die.

Talma, the actor, had a faculty of mental projection equally singular with that possessed by the artist whose history Wigan has related. Talma could project before himself the form of a human skeleton with such perfection of detail that to him the form was a reality, and when he stood before the footlights he had in his presence, in the theatre, an audience of skeletons. Goethe, who conceived that if Shakespeare was the greatest of men who had lived he himself was the second, once projected his own figure and viewed it as if it had been another person.

I might prolong the record of these hallucinations, but to prove that they exist is all sufficient for the purpose I have in

view. They are, the reader will see, nothing more than the results of an exaggeration of a natural faculty, which faculty, well possessed, is a marvellous accomplishment, but over possessed is a disaster to the possessor.

There is another form of hallucination, having its seat in the brain, and which springs from what has been called the effect of the imagination. Imagination, brought to its true meaning, is the art of the will to combine into various groups the pictures or impressions that have been condensed in the brain through the senses. We are accustomed to speak of men of imaginative turn as original men. In a sense, this is false and true. It is false, if we mean by the expression that a man can originate absolutely; it is true, if we mean that a man can originate combinations of impressions he has received from the outer world. The power, or faculty, of forming by the will original combinations of things, events, facts, received and stored up in the brain, is as varied in men as is the faculty of forming combinations or arrangements of things and facts that lie before the observer for his use or application. One man makes out of his inner hidden properties the most perfect of forms or stories, and puts them forward in language or in writing to charm and captivate his kindred. Another puts forward mean and commonplace forms of combination; a third puts out his treasures in such rank confusion, that we are unable to recognise the pictures he directs us to; him we conceive to be estranged, for he produces, according to the general judgment, impossible combinations; his crowded or squalid, fantastic imageries appeal to no recognisable realities. Such men, in the wildness of their combinations, give to us pictures of new heavens, new earths, new shades, which they have mentally surveyed until the impression, in all its wantonness, is to them an absolute truth, a truth it is a duty straightway to communicate to mankind. To name only one, from what might be a volume of illustrations of this type of hallucination, there is that of Benvenuto Cellini, who, visited by an invisible spirit, was carried even into the effulgence of the sun itself, discovering the luminary, when divested of its rays, to be a ball of molten gold, and seeing emanate from it divine forms of infinite splendor, which he could afterwards describe as faithfully as he could

the prison in which he was incarcerated, or the couch on which he slept.

Uneducated sceptics, hearing what they call the stories of the marvellous, are wont to say that all narratives of the kind are the results of disordered imagination. In this they are often greatly wrong. The power of combining received impressions is, I admit, easily and frequently exaggerated into the production of hallucinations which, recited as realities, constitute a very large class of hallucinatory phenomena. But the class is, nevertheless, distinct, and is only a division of a more extensive series of such phenomena.

The last types of hallucination, depending upon disordered function of the receptive brain, to which I shall refer, occur from physical changes in the brain itself, and which interfere with natural physical action.

These changes of function are due to what may be called disturbance of the vascular tension of the brain. In order to receive external impressions in a perfect natural state, it is necessary that the nervous organisation, like a musical stringed instrument, should be accurately attuned, its various minute parts, its fibres, tense, yet not unduly strained. This tension is maintained by the pressure of the blood, the silent, purely mechanical, streaming current, that is ever in life, in circuit, filling up vacuities, supplying new portions of matter, supplying fluids to be distilled ever by receiving organs and regulating pressures. To the brain this blood may come in equal streams, or it may ebb, or it may enter like a tide; so that the tension may vary from low to high, with varying phases of mental change following upon varieties of tension.

When, under any circumstances, the blood-current ebbs, so that the brain is indifferently supplied with blood, external impressions rush in through the senses in such disturbed profusion, that a new existence may seem to have opened itself to the mind, with flashing, flickering manifestations of the past, over which the will loses its steady command. The light of day is insupportable in its brilliancy; sounds the faintest are exaggerated into torrents, or peals, or blasts; faint odors are overpowering, and other physical impressions, not appreciated by the healthy bystander, are recognised by the prostrated organism. A woman who was saved from drowning, and who, from what seemed the uncon-

sconsciousness of death, was restored to life, once related to me her experiences of the phenomena I have named with wonderful and simple fidelity. As she sank, the noises of the water,—though it was still water,—and of the voices of persons who were calling for her rescue were appalling from their intensity—"they were like thunder." The touch of the water seemed as if it were creating the dissolution of her body; and, at last, as if being distributed into some immeasurable expanse, she was lost, knowing no more until she found herself, hours afterwards, in a warm bed, with friendly hands supporting her, and friendly voices pressing her to try and swallow nourishment. The ecstasies of the starving or festive person, often so poetically described, are of this order of phenomena, but in minor degree.

There is an opposite condition of brain to the above, in which the tension is unduly increased by the pressure of blood. Under this condition the tendency is not to receive the impressions of the outer world into the nervous organisation in overwhelming confusion, but to project certain of the impressions it has received into the external world. A perfect illustration of this perversion is supplied in the narrative of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who himself describes what he experienced. Nicolai had been accustomed to be bled twice in the year, as was the fashion in his day; but at the close of the year 1790 the process was omitted. In the beginning of the year 1791 he was affected in his mind by several incidents of a disagreeable character, and on the 24th of February of that year he observed, at the distance of ten paces from him, the figure of a person he had known in life but who was deceased: the figure remained before him for seven or eight minutes; then, as he became exhausted, he fell into a troubled slumber, and slept the ghost away.

Later in the day the same figure and other figures returned to the astonished Nicolai, and until April continued to return, so that he became accustomed to them; and, learning to distinguish phantoms from phenomena, observed the phantoms, correctly knowing them to be projections from his own brain. The forms, he said, were, for the most part, human figures of both sexes; some of persons dead or distant, whom he knew, others of persons he did not know: they came without

his will, and went without his order. Occasionally the figures were mounted on horseback or were accompanied by animals of natural size and color, but all perhaps were a little *paler* than natural. To Nicolai, the figures, when he got familiarised with the phenomena of their appearances, spoke; their speeches being short and not disagreeable.

In the whole history of spiritual manifestations, so called, there is nothing that equals in marvel this experience of Nicolai. How his spiritual history would have ended had it progressed to his death, and what beliefs would have been founded upon it, had it received no correction, it were indeed hard to say. Fortunately, as I think, in the month of April, 1791, a cold-blooded Sangrado of a surgeon formed a conclusion that the loss of a little blood by means of leeches might clear the vision of the haunted bookseller. On the 20th of that month the surgeon carried out his design at eleven o'clock of the forenoon. During the operation, says Nicolai, the room swarmed with human forms, and continued full till four o'clock, "when the digestion commences:" then the figures began to move more slowly: afterwards they became paler: at half-past six they were all entirely white, and moved very little, though they were distinct in form. The figures did not glide away, neither did they vanish, but in this instance they dissolved immediately into air, some of them remaining, in pieces, for an interval. By degrees they were all lost, and at eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of them; neither did they return. Nicolai was cured by his Sangrado.

One important feature, solemn I am bound to say, remains to be said about all these peculiar hallucinations. It is, that the organic conditions leading to their development may become contagious. At first the hallucinatory disorder has its origin in individual persons, but it may become endemic, and in the end epidemic. The process of contagion is easy. Through the ear, the eye, or other sense, the brain receives marvellous as readily as natural or ordinary impressions. These, by repetition, soon are properties of the brain, which, projected by the volition, at first vaguely or dimly, are at last, under continued practice, brought into material sounds and sights with such fidel-

ity and readiness as to become like external realities to the possessed.

The art of thus framing and projecting self-created existences, and of peopling other organisms with the same, is, I regret to observe, a too facile art; it is most fascinating, in common English, bewitching; it has organised the illusory; it has led thousands of wretches to torture, thousands to death, thousands to that mental destruction which follows ever the break between healthy organic function and mental organisation. In this light so-called spiritual manifestations, ancient or modern, though they may often have mixed up with them gross and scandalous impostures, are, primitively, phenomena developed through the individual, and afterward are extended, like light from one torch to another, until they reach to masses of mankind, and become systematised beliefs.

In conclusion. On the perfectible view of the question, the argument is:

(a) That the phenomena of mysterious manifestations are not those of manifested

external realities; but are the projections from the observer, belonging to him as surely as the picture on the screen belongs to the lantern.

(b) That all such manifestations of a purely individual kind are, like inevitable diseases and accidents, parts of the part that has to be performed by the individual in his short journey through the universe; that they are not appearances to be feared, but to be accepted as occasional symptoms indicating an organic disturbance which it were wise to endeavor to remove.

(c) That although individual manifestations are too closely connected with physical individual errors to be universally removed, the increase of them by contagion may be, and by all sensible persons ought to be, kept under the stern control of the volition; the volition itself, which can only be applied to one act at one time, being employed, at all times, to more profitable and nobler developments of human invention and practice.—*Popular Science Review*.

TOO SOON.

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXIII.—MISUNDERSTOOD.

MR. HELDER sat reading his letters with a puzzled face. Bertha was extra late in making her appearance; but he was too much absorbed to think of time. His puzzle grew into deep thought. He sat at last not reading but thinking earnestly, as if he were seeking for an answer to some difficulty. Not finding it, he got up and walked from one end of the long dining-room to the other. Then he went back to his seat, and read the letter through again.

"It is painful; but perhaps the break may be good for both of us. It will give me the opportunity of writing, and I always can write so much easier than I can speak. In some ways a longer engagement would have been better for Bertha; people learn so much of one another in writing, and she would write so freshly and simply."

And then he felt that even for Bertha's sake it would have been very hard to defer the happiness of these last weeks.

She came in, looking very bright and smiling, her dark hair smoothed away from her fair temples and gathered into a knot of plaits behind her head.

Michael Helder pushed his letters into a heap, and then laughed at his wife for her late appearance.

"Yes, I know, it is very sad; but I never could be early, I believe I was badly brought up."

Talk went on cheerfully during breakfast. Michael fancied the coldness had departed, and he congratulated himself on his silence.

He did not speak of his letter till he was ready to start for the museum, then he pushed it across to Bertha.

"Read that, darling, and tell me what you think;" but he did not look at his wife while she read.

A strange remembrance came to Bertha. The last time she had been asked to read a letter, what misery it had caused her. This one was written in a cramped, upside-down sort of hand.

"It is very hard writing," Bertha said at last; "I did not know you were so profoundly learned. This gentleman who writes seems a sort of pundit himself, and yet he wants your advice."

"He is very deeply read, and he has written, too, very learnedly on the subject of these old ruins. I hardly know why he and others set so much store by my opinion; but," he looked at her anxiously, "have you gathered the drift of the letter, darling?"

"They want you to go back to Scotland. Why could they not have asked you when we were there together?"

"Well, if I must leave you, I prefer to leave you comfortably settled in your own home; for I could not well have taken you to Farquharson's house. He is a bachelor, and, I expect, there will be two or three other men down there, too, and I don't fancy you would care about it."

"It could not be thought of," she said coldly.

"At the same time," he went on, as if she had not spoken, "I do not like leaving you, dearest; and I may be kept away a week."

He looked at her wistfully, her manner was so unnatural and constrained.

Bertha thought, "He is longing for a holiday; he wants to be free among his bachelor friends again;" and yet a week's separation would be terrible.

"Must you go?"

The words came against her will. He looked at her so earnestly that her eyes drooped; a dread rose that he might give up his journey only to please her, whilst he really wished to go.

"I will not go if you wish me to stay," he said, gently.

She felt sure he would sacrifice himself to please her, and her pride rose against this.

"I should like you to go, and then I shall hear all your adventures when you come home."

She was able to laugh and say this as if she meant it,—she thought she was speaking truth.

Michael Helder sighed. Again he looked wistfully at his wife, and if Bertha had given a symptom of real feeling he would have asked her what had come between them, and why she had so changed from her simple, loving ways.

Bertha was truthful, and yet all through her life she had been striving to keep her

real self out of sight. It did not once occur to her that Michael could not know by instinct that which went on within her troubled mind. "If he loved me as I want to be loved he would know,"—and she kept her sorrow down, and went on smiling. "When must you start?"

"He says it will be useless for me to go at all unless I can reach them by Thursday evening. To-day is Tuesday; so I must start at six o'clock on Thursday, darling."

Bertha's eyes brightened. "I shall go and see you off," she said, eagerly.

Her husband pinched her cheek.

"You darling! and what would become of you after I had started? Fancy you going to see me off. No, I shall not have you even awakened. I shall take my last leave of you on Wednesday night, and sleep at the railway hotel."

"Very well," she said, quietly; and Michael Helder went off to the museum congratulating himself that he had not come to an explanation with his wife, and inwardly pained at the indifference she had shown about his absence.

When he reached the gates he stopped.

"I will see Rachel at once; of course, if she refuses to take charge of Bertha, I must give up the plan." He stood still a minute—a minute which had nearly changed some of his future life. Why should he not give it up, and trust that time and his constant affection might win his wife's confidence.

"No," he said, "she has decided it. If she had given me one kiss and asked me to stay with her, I could have believed she cared; it may be that in this separation she will learn to understand her own feelings. I shall learn something from her letters, and we shall both be happier when we meet again."

A pang came with the words. A month ago it would have seemed to him impossible that he could part from his wife. He hurried on till he reached his cousin's house.

He found her poring over account-books.

"This is very kind," she said, "like old times, Michael." She pressed his hand warmly, and tears glistened in her eyes.

Mr. Helder's conscience pricked; he certainly had not come to see his cousin for her own sake.

"Happiness makes one selfish," he thought.

"I came partly on business this morning," he said; and Rachel saw and understood his conscious look, and forgave him, as she had always forgiven him since he was ten years old.

"You know how glad I am to be of use," she said. Bertha would not have believed that Miss Fraser could smile so pleasantly.

"I am obliged to go to Scotland for a week." He pauses here; he feels some difficulty in speaking his proposal out.

"Without your wife?" her deep-set eyes grow round with surprise.

"Well, yes; it is entirely a business matter. Farquharson wants me to go down and explore some ruins which have just been excavated close to him. You know Farquharson and his peculiar hermit-like ways. I don't see how I could take Bertha, even if she were asked."

"I suppose not." Miss Fraser waits in some curiosity for her cousin's next sentence.

"I don't like leaving her." He looks at his cousin, but her face has become expressionless. He must make his proposal without any help.

"I was going to ask you if you would have the great kindness to go and see Bertha every day, and then, she is so shy that it is not easy to understand her; even if she were ill she would never let you guess at it just in seeing her." Then his solicitude overcame all restraint. "Rachel, you have always been so good to me; more a sister than a cousin; will you be the same to Bertha? She is so shy that you have not seen her naturally yet, and she has a foolish way of making the worst of herself; still this very honesty will find more sympathy with you than either conceit or affectation would, and she is so free from either. Suppose you come and spend this week with her; come early on Thursday; by the time I come back you will be good friends."

Rachel smiled, but she shook her head. Michael did not know the pain that had mingled with his words. With all her selfishness, it was hard to feel that what she could now do for this beloved cousin must be offered at second-hand—that for ever and for ever Bertha must stand between them, and close the door on that full, outspoken communion which had been the only joy of her life; for Miss Fraser had centred her friendship on Mi-

chael, and had resolutely lopped off all the little tender side-shoots which might, if she had fostered them, have developed into a loving circle around her. And now she could never tell Michael even what she thought of his wife. She loved him too much to give him pain, and also she knew that advice or hints between husband and wife hinder more than help. There was some balm in what he had said, but she knew Michael too well to think that he would ever again blame his wife. She accepted his words as they were meant, as an excuse for Bertha's rudeness towards herself. She had almost resolved to have nothing more to do with the silly, flippant child, but she could not refuse this appeal.

"Why not send your wife here? I will do my best to amuse her."

"Thank you very much;" Michael could hardly help smiling at the idea of such a proposal, "but you see Bertha was hardly settled down, and she is so timid, I think it would be so very kind if you would go to her."

"But are you sure she will like it?" Michael winced under his cousin's steady look of question; it would not do to let Rachel know that he had not even mentioned the plan to Bertha; "because," Miss Fraser went on—she looked away from her cousin, for the words were not easy to bring out—"young married women, as a rule, shrink from their husband's relations, and—and"—she smiled so as to take the sting out of her words—"I should not like to go where I am not wanted."

"Bertha will think it most kind of you, indeed she will. I can't tell you, Rachel, how you will disappoint me by refusing."

Miss Fraser was not convinced; she thought a week's solitude might do Bertha good, and give her time for reflection on her husband's merits, but she could not tell Michael this.

"Very well," she said, simply, "I will go to your house on Thursday morning, and stay till you come back."

She went with him to the street-door.

"Poor fellow," she sighed, as she closed it after him; "I fancy it is a great mistake to force me on his silly little wife. Clever men do make these mistakes."

She looked tenderly thoughtful, utterly unlike the erect, dignified woman Bertha shrank from with such dislike.

And probably, because he had shifted his perplexity on his cousin's shoulders, Michael walked back to the museum briskly and cheerfully. It was delightful to think that his darling would be well cared for.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A PARTING.

WEDNESDAY was a weary day to Bertha. On the previous evening an old friend of her husband's called unexpectedly, and on this Wednesday morning Michael had been too much engaged in giving her various directions to leave time for any talk. But now he had come home again, and she began to realise that when next he left her there would be a longer, wearier time to get through than even this day had been.

"Alone, too," she said, "and yet I like best to be alone when I am away from Michael. I only care to talk of him, and I could not speak of him to anyone, unless, perhaps, Aunt Sophy. Poor dear aunt, how much fonder I seem to have got of her since she went away. I wish she had left me Jumbo; I could have talked as much nonsense as I liked to dear old Jum, and he would have wagged his tail and enjoyed it, pretty old thing."

And yet, though her heart grew heavier and heavier, she dared not let Michael guess at what it cost her to part with him.

"He will never go if I do tell him, he is so kind; he will stay at home and make a victim of himself."

Michael sat thinking. "How little she cares about this. I could not have believed it."

So dinner-time passed away, Bertha forcing herself to be gayer than usual. It seemed to her that if she expressed any regret, she should cry and make herself silly.

In the evening, Michael had still a few arrangements to make. Bertha helped him to look out some books, and to pack his writing-case, and then he told her she looked tired.

"I will say good night, and see you off to bed, darling, before I start," he said; "I don't at all fancy leaving you alone in this great dark house."

Bertha felt that she could not let him go in this fashion. She must put her arms round him, and ask him to forgive her

coldness; but while she stood silent, trying to get courage, he spoke again.

"Bertha, my dear child"—he took her hands, and Bertha trembled like a leaf. What was he going to say?—"I want to tell you something I have arranged for you. I would not speak of it before, because I thought something might occur to prevent it." His dread had been that Rachel would change her mind. "I can't leave you alone with servants. Suppose you were to be ill, or anything were to happen; I have settled that Rachel shall stay with you till I come back."

He could not see the repugnance in her face, but he felt her struggle.

"Oh, no! Please not that. I would so much rather be alone, I would."

Michael bent down and kissed the rosy, pleading lips. He folded his arm closely round her.

"Do not let us dispute about it now, dearest child. You would not willingly make me unhappy, I am sure you would not, and I could not be happy to go away and leave you without any one to care for your comforts. No, my darling, you cannot refuse me this just as I am leaving you. I know you will be kind to Rachel for my sake."

He waited, but she did not speak; all her penitence had fled, it was as much as she could do to keep silence.

"One thing I want to say"—he kept her so closely clasped to him that she could not see his face—"from what cause I do not know; it may be from some fault of mine; a something—I hardly know by what name to call it—has come between us. We must try and begin again, darling, when I come back; and if the fault has been mine you must teach me to correct it. Now, good night, my own precious darling."

He hurried away; he felt if he lingered that he should not have courage to go, and yet after he had driven off he longed to go back.

Bertha sobbed herself to sleep. She scarcely knew which was the greatest misery, her husband's departure or the prospect of Miss Fraser's visit; yet formerly, spite of her dissatisfied temperament, the craving of a nature which as yet was ignorant of full sympathy, she had soon reconciled herself to annoyances. Her husband's absence was different; it could not be expected, she thought, that she could

be happy about that, or quite forgive Michael for being able to leave her. As to Miss Fraser, at first Bertha had rebelled with all the strength of her pride and her self-will; then, when she felt that her husband was determined, she had submitted, partly from the reverence she still felt for him, and partly from a superstitious dread of any dispute at leave-taking. This morning she fully realised his departure, and in the passionate longing that filled her heart she could hardly believe in her own coldness; she felt as if she could kneel down and kiss the place where he had stood bidding her good-bye, and with the swift energy of her nature fairly roused, she resolved to show her devotion to Michael by good behavior towards his cousin.

She had begun the morning by leaning back listlessly in an easy-chair, counting the hours that she must pass without her husband. But now she started up, and surprised her maids by personally inspecting the room which she chose for Miss Fraser. Then she went out and bought some flowers, and by the time her visitor arrived she had tired herself in hospitable preparations, and felt deserving and virtuous.

Miss Fraser came in shy and stiff, though she tried to smile cheerfully.

"You are very kind to come to see only me."

Bertha held up her face to be kissed. Miss Fraser was touched, but she had nothing of Bertha's elastic temperament; the joints of her nature were too stiff for swift transitions. Her hard expression relaxed, and she gave Bertha a kiss—at least the sort of caress which goes by the name with some people, no true return to the warm, up-springing lips which pressed her cheek so affectionately.

"Cold old creature!" The cloud was back for an instant on Bertha's face, but she struggled to send it away. "Perhaps she does not like kissing; I don't. Why should I expect her to like it?"

She took Miss Fraser up to her room, but she felt too timid to stay there with her.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself, as she closed the door of her visitor's bedroom, "it seemed easy enough before she came, but it is not easy in her atmosphere; she is made up of whalebone and ice, and I feel stiffened all over, and there will be no one to help us over uncomfortable hitches

if we get into them. I suppose if I could make her like me as she likes Michael, then she would seem pleasanter. But she can't like me much—who could? no one ever really loved me except Michael, and perhaps he is leaving off."

Her face quivered at this; it was as much as she could do to keep back tears, the anguish at her heart was so intense.

But after all, she thought, Miss Fraser's visit was a blessing; she should not have time to think of her misery in the daytime. And in half an hour's time, when Miss Fraser came down-stairs with a small work-basket and a large roll of worsted work, Bertha was so bright and full of spirits that Rachel sighed.

"There is no doubt about Michael's love," she thought; "its very blindness shows its strength, but it is not appreciated. Poor fellow! how little she cares for him in comparison."

Women are so much more presumptuous than men are. You will rarely hear an unmarried man judging of the amount of affection shown or felt by another man for his wife; but a single woman has often no diffidence or hesitancy. The love that she feels she could give a man is just the love his wife ought to show towards him. Now, as a rule, the feminine mind is so contradictory, that it is very doubtful, except where she is sure of sympathy, whether a woman betrays her love for her husband to others; she is far more likely to affect indifference when she thinks she is not fully appreciated; if her husband is satisfied, she is apt to be defiant of outward opinion, especially of that of his female relatives, until she grows to a reasoning age—an age much later of attainment than might be supposed, where the imagination and temperament are ardent and impulsive, and cloud thought and hinder reflective power from growth.

It is very easy even for a calm, matter-of-fact woman, to theorise and live in imaginary life. Rachel Fraser had never seriously thought of marrying her cousin, or of allowing her affection for him to grow into love, and yet she was perpetually measuring Bertha by her standard of how she would have acted if Michael had been her husband. Just as if, when husbands and wives love each other, they do not know what each requires better than any outsider can know for them. There are cases where even that which is silliness or

flightiness in a woman to all others is a special merit to the husband. In love there is one thing certain, be it truth or glamour, the person who loves never sees the beloved object with the calm eyes of mere friendship; and who is to judge? It may be that the very power of love transforms, and that the man or woman we think we know so well, and value so little, is some one else when transfigured in the warm light of a husband's or a wife's love.

But Miss Fraser is partly right; as yet Bertha does not love her husband truly and really—spite of the passionate longing at her heart to see him at home again, a longing which Miss Fraser, if she could be brought to believe in it, would probably call mere selfishness.

"If Michael were quite happy with her, he would not have left her," she argues, as she unrolls her long border of worsted-work. "It seems strange for newly-married people to part so soon, and still more strange for the wife to be laughing, as Bertha laughs."

Bertha got up from her chair and came to look at the work, but she could not admire it—heavy roses and buds, relieved by a hard, black "grounding;" the girl's keen sense of beauty pervaded all she looked at, and it was jarred now.

"What sympathy can I ever find with her? She amuses herself in creating ugliness, and ugliness is loathsome; it is like disease: I abhor it."

Miss Fraser noticed her silence, and she smiled.

"You don't like my work; but it is for use, and it is very durable, I think. I mean it to border a green table-cover."

"You are going to border a green table-cover with black and pink!" said Bertha, her voice rising in a little shriek of wonder; and then she held her peace, fearful of giving offence.

The day passed over, not gaily, but still without any strongly manifested difference of opinion. Bertha longed for it to be over. She should not hear from Michael till Friday evening, and it seemed so far off to her impatience. She had never had a letter from him, and it would be such a new pleasure. This was alloyed by the prospect of writing an answer. She had had little opportunity of writing letters, and her efforts had been stiff and formal. She felt that she could write if she let herself

go, but false shame made her shy. She might write something ridiculous, and then Michael would think her silly. At last she resolved not to think about it, and she fell asleep, telling herself that his letter would serve her for an inspiration, and that her answer would flow from it. She made an effort at early rising, and was ready at the breakfast table before Miss Fraser appeared.

It is much easier to kiss a person for whom we have little affection over night than next morning. In the cool calm daylight, with our senses still lulled by their period of rest, there is no glow or impulse to help, not even the cheering prospect of separation, which is apt to make us tolerant of many shortcomings. Bertha felt that Miss Fraser's coldness was oppressive.

"You slept well, I hope," the girl said, trying to remember Aunt Sophy's ways with a visitor.

"As well as I ever do in a strange bed," Rachel said coldly, and then she went to breakfast in a business-like way.

The postman's ring, and in came the letters. A packet for Michael, and one for Mrs. Helder, with a foreign post-mark.

Bertha tore open the envelope; she looked so gay and glad that Rachel's disapprobation increased. It seemed to Miss Fraser that former family ties should sink into insignificance with a married woman. She went on eating her breakfast; she guessed that the letter was from Bertha's father or aunt, but she did not inquire for them. Miss Fraser was a sensible woman; she had no sensitive follies about her, and therefore she could not stoop to the small considerations and courtesies necessary to more feminine natures. If the strong-minded would sometimes remember that bricks cannot hold together without mortar, it might be happier for those among whom they live and more blessed to themselves.

An exclamation from Bertha made her look up. There was no joy or gladness in the bright face. Bertha looked white and frightened, but she did not speak after that brief cry.

"What is it, my dear?" Rachel thought the girl felt suddenly ill; the kindness in her voice set Bertha's tears flowing; they had almost choked her. Still she did not cry violently, and Rachel felt compassionate.

"My dear aunt is ill, struck down with paralysis; listen." She began to read the letter aloud.

"My dear child,—Come to me at once. Sophy was seized yesterday with what I fear is either apoplexy or paralysis, she lies hopelessly ill. She revived once and asked for you, but she has not spoken since, and the doctor gives me little hope. I am sure Michael will spare you. Do not lose an instant if you wish to see her again."

Bertha kissed the letter passionately as she ended; she was full of bitter remorse. She had written so seldom to the two who longed for her presence.

Miss Fraser raised her well-shaped head.

"Your father is unnerved by your aunt's illness, and he does not know that Michael is away."

"Yes, I think so; Michael did some business for him quite lately, and I know he wrote to papa about it the day before he went away. He would certainly speak of his journey."

"I think it is very uncertain; but, my dear, if Michael were here, I am sure he would not let you go alone. I wish I could offer to go with you, but I cannot."

"Thank you; I prefer to go alone." Bertha spoke proudly; the want of sympathy in Miss Fraser's manner chilled her.

"I dare say I can start this afternoon." She clasped her fingers nervously, trying to collect her scattered wits.

"This afternoon! You cannot possibly think, Bertha, of leaving your husband's house without his consent. What would he say to me if I were to suffer you to commit such an imprudence?"

Miss Fraser spoke sharply and sternly, as if she were talking to a self-willed child. It seemed to her that Bertha must be crazy. She did not look at the girl; but her first words were startling, and the erect figure dilating with passion, the dark eyes flashing out in contrast with the pale delicate face, startled Miss Fraser still more.

"Leave me to understand my husband; he is not a tyrant, and he did not place you here as my gaoler. And if he had, do you think such unjust restraint would hold me here an instant when my father bids me go to him? My duty is as plain as possible, and Michael would see it as I do; but there is no question about Michael. I could not get an answer from him under three days, and my father says, 'Come at once.' I shall go to-day."

Miss Fraser is armed with the full panoply of her dignity; she has never been so spoken to, and she feels her pulses quicken, and a flush rising on her hard, handsome face.

"You seem to forget," she says very stiffly—so stiffly that each word hardens the girl's heart against her—"that when a woman marries, the obedience due to parents is transferred to a husband, at any rate it must always have his sanction."

"I cannot listen to you," says Bertha. "No one with any feeling could talk as you are talking. You cannot understand. Don't say any more. I will tell Michael it was all my doing; but now I must go."

She gathered up her letter and darted off to her bedroom. She did not even ring for her maid. She went into her husband's study, took the foreign 'Bradshaw' out of which she had helped him plan her father's journey, and as calmly as she was able settled her own. She had plenty of money. Michael had signed several cheques for her, and had left money besides, to save her all inconvenience during his absence.

By the time she joined Miss Fraser at luncheon, her preparations were made. She was in a glow of excitement at the prospect of her journey; and her anger had evaporated.

"I am sorry you disapprove of my journey," she says quietly, "but it cannot be helped. I shall write to Michael directly I reach Rome. It would only give him unnecessary anxiety to know that I had started."

"I have written to your husband," Miss Fraser says; "at least if you persist in doing that which I know he will disapprove, you must take your maid. It is not even proper, much less right, for a young woman of your age to travel alone."

Bertha laughs. The word "proper" is a trumpet-call to her contradictoriness.

"I have always heard that a married woman may do what she likes abroad," she says contemptuously, "and I do not care about being proper. I shall certainly travel alone."

"If it were not for the thought of dear darling Aunt Sophy lying there so helplessly," she says, as she goes up-stairs to put on her travelling gear, "I would tell that woman plainly of her rudeness. She quite forgets who she is when she talks to me in my own house in that way. Obedience, indeed! Wives are not slaves, and no one

shall ever hinder me from obeying my father."

CHAPTER XXV.—BERTHA'S JOURNEY.

BERTHA slept at Dover, and, with all her determination, she shrank from traveling through the night, and when she arrived at the hotel, her courage flagged, and she wished she had brought a maid on with her.

"How every one stares," she said, when she reached her bedroom; "they did not stare like that in Scotland."

Miss Fraser had insisted that Bertha's maid should go with her, and Bertha had apparently yielded, but when they reached the station she told her maid that she had paid the cab to take her back. She spoke so firmly that the girl, anxious not to displease her mistress, submitted, and Bertha went on her way cheered for the time by this fresh triumph over Rachel Fraser.

Next morning her courage came back. The bustle about the harbor, just beneath her windows, the fresh creaming waves glittering in the broad sunlight, cheered her and fed the excitement that had urged her so far on her way, for Bertha's timidity was real, and even her anxiety for her aunt, and her longing to comfort her father, would have been insufficient to support her without the strong impulse under which she acted.

She shuddered as she passed across a plank and saw the green water glistening beneath her feet; she longed intensely for Michael's strong arm. Two black-bearded Frenchmen met her as she stepped on board the steamer, and gazed at her from head to foot, as only Frenchmen can gaze at an Englishwoman. Bertha had never been so stared at in her life. She pushed by them haughtily, and made her way to the fore part of the steamer.

"Voilà une véritable anglaise," said the eldest, twisting his gummed moustache.

"Pas si mal," and then the younger one followed Bertha at a safe distance.

But by the time she reached the farther end of the boat she had forgotten her indignation. She had waited to the last to go on board, and in a few minutes the boat had cleared the harbor and was fairly on its way—nothing in sight but the boundless glittering sea.

Bertha had seen the sea before, but she had never been on it, and the sensation is as different as that of looking at a horse

and galloping him across country. All the wild longing of her free nature found sudden sympathy—that exquisite sensation when each nerve thrills with pleasurable excitement, and yet is soothed because the heart has found what it wants—an answer in outward nature. The sea was not smooth; the steamer seemed to bound forward on the green waves, but to Bertha all was new and delightful.

She turned after a while to look at Dover, lying beneath the shelter of a huge cliff, and fading out of sight in a series of white reaches, grass-topped above.

She wondered why she was alone at this end of the boat, and thought the other passengers tasteless to prefer a land to a sea view, but still she rejoiced. She was left free to enjoy her own thoughts alone with sea and sky.

"Mademoiselle likes the sea?" in a pleasant voice at her elbow.

Bertha started and blushed. She had not thought any one would venture to speak to her. The glance she bestowed on the Frenchman was not encouraging.

"How very impertinent! but he shall not think I am frightened."

She turned her back on him and looked at the sea.

The Frenchman smiled and stroked his beard; he considered his knowledge of women thorough.

"She is more adroit than I thought."

He took out a cigar, and then, before he lit it—

"Does mademoiselle object?" he said.

Bertha turned round and looked at him with a flash of her dark eyes; she was half disposed to move away, she so shrank from this smiling impertinence. "But, if I turn coward at the beginning, I shall never get to Rome. I shall show him I can take care of myself."

"It makes no difference," she said, stiffly.

The Frenchman was delighted.

"What eyes! She is superb; and what a spirit she has. She shall smile at thee all in good time, Félix Dupont; do not hurry thyself."

He began to smoke.

Bertha stood still; she seemed utterly regardless of him, though she could cheerfully have pushed him overboard, and he solaced himself by getting as much sight of her as was possible. This was not much; she kept her head turned away, and her bonnet completely screened her face.

The wind was rising fast, and the waves along with it; the fresh breeze and the motion of the steamer delighted Bertha, and gave her fresh animation; but to the Frenchman it seemed like a swing. All at once he dropped his cigar, and his face turned ghastly yellow.

"Ah, ciel!" he exclaimed, and rushed off out of sight.

Bertha gave a great sigh of relief; she had not known how frightened she was while she was striving to assert her power of taking care of herself. She sat down on a bench and trembled so violently that a sailor who was passing gave her a compassionate glance.

"Thank you," she said, "I'm not ill;" and then a sense of her loneliness came strongly upon her, and she would have been glad to indulge in a hearty fit of crying.

The Frenchman did not appear again, and when Bertha went to the other end of the boat, she found she was the only passenger well enough to walk about, and she even had to cling to some support as she went along to keep her feet.

When she got on shore she felt giddy. There was such a deafening noise all round, such a confused throng of men in blue shirts hauling boxes and luggage, gesticulating and vociferating about the merest trifle or nothing at all, such a mob of dirty men with cards shouting out the names of hotels, such a striving crowd of fly-drivers, idle boys, and fruit-sellers. Among all these came the pale, lifeless-looking group of passengers, who seemed more fit to go to bed than to struggle through the particolored throng in search of a dinner.

Bertha felt herself put somehow into a cab, and her bag, which she had kept on deck beside her; and then she felt her hand shaken warmly. It was the hearty-looking mate, who, though he had not spoken to her, had watched her with the kindly interest Englishmen generally seem to feel in unprotected women.

"Good-by," he said; "you must take care of one another."

He was gone before Bertha could thank him, but his words made her look at the two companions he had handed into the cab after her—a square-looking clergyman with grey hair and a happy wooden sort of face; and a young woman who spoke to him as "papa." She was older than Bertha, and had evidently suffered in the

passage, but she had the affable smile and condescending manner which some clergymen's daughters seem to consider their natural birthright.

"I am sure"—she smiled sweetly with her blue eyes on Bertha—"we shall be very glad if we can help you, very; shall we not, papa?"

"Extremely, my dear." The clergyman smiled, but he had the abstracted look of an Englishman in want of his dinner.

The cab stopped before a large hotel, and then Bertha observed that one of her companions could not speak French, and that the young lady's attempts at foreign talk were quite unintelligible.

Bertha spoke shyly to the driver, and told him what was wanted; her accent was so pure that the man understood her at once.

"It seems to me," the clergyman said to his daughter when they were shown into a small bare room with a long deal table in it, "that our fellow-traveller can help herself."

His daughter gave a condescending smile, and looked scrutinisingly at a chair before she sat down in it. She had evidently prepared herself to suspect everything French, and Bertha decided that both her companions were as new to travelling as she was herself.

A waiter darted in with a serviette over his arm.

"There is no place at the table; will monsieur et ces dames dine à la carte?"

The three look vaguely at one another, then Bertha asks bravely—

"What is à la carte?"

The clergyman's daughter is equal to the occasion.

"Yes, yes"—she nods emphatically at the waiter. "It is all right, 'à l'écart' means out of the way, on one side, and you see this is, I suppose, a kind of supplementary table when the other is full."

She smiled with touching benignity at Bertha. She evidently considers her a school-girl out for a holiday.

The next question is more puzzling.

"What would monsieur et ces dames wish for dinner?" and then comes a string of words in which Bertha can only distinguish "soup and ducks."

The clergyman has kept on smiling, but he looks anxiously at his daughter's pale face.

"You had better have a cup of tea, my

dear, and a mutton chop," he says, "and I'll have one too, and a bottle of pale ale."

Then he holds up his hand to the waiter, and separates two of his fingers from the rest.

"Two shops," he shouts, at the top of his voice, in that peculiar broken English which the untravelled Briton seems to consider a near approach to good French, "*comprenez-vous*, some tea, and some pell-ell."

"Ah!"—the waiter shrugs his shoulders and looks regretful—"mille pardons, but there is none. There are many English messieurs at the *table d'hôte*, and it is all drank by this time; and to eat there is what I have just now announced to monsieur. And for mademoiselle?"—he wheels round suddenly, with a flourish of his white cloth, to Bertha—he comprehends at once that she does not belong to the others.

"I will have soup and ducks," Bertha says, gravely; and the man vanishes almost before her words were out. She has not travelled, but she has heard Michael laugh about the mistakes of English people.

She glances shyly at her companions. The daughter is looking at her in a less patronising manner.

"I heard him say soup and ducks," says Bertha, blushing, and looking comically ashamed of herself; "so I thought we should be safe to get them. I don't think they know much about mutton chops, and I believe their tea is like boiled hay."

The young lady gathers courage again; it is plain that Bertha's is merely hearsay experience.

"I never listen to travellers' tales," she says. "I feel that I should like a cup of tea;" but she smiles so charmingly and patronisingly that Bertha feels about ten years old, and longs for her fellow-traveller's calm sweetness.

They wait a quarter of an hour. The clergyman gapes first, and then each of the others follow, till the gaping process goes on like a round game, each taking a turn. There is nothing in the room to distract attention: the walls are whitewashed, the floor is bare, there is a white-tiled stove, and here are some sticky papers lying about here and there to kill flies with. Bertha glances out at the two long windows, but they only look on other windows. "The blue fly singing in the pane" puts her in

mind of her favorite poem, and a keen pang quivers through her. She has felt so young and girlish since she left home, and now the remembrance of her marriage and Michael's absence steals over her like a cloud, and the brightness fades from her eyes. How different it would be if he were here.

The clergyman is a kindly man; he is struck by the sudden sadness in her face, but his sensibilities just now are blunted by hunger and impatience—feeling is concentrated on appetite.

Here comes the waiter at last, a different one with far more flourish; he spreads a cloth on part of the table, sets a bottle of water and a plate of rolls thereon, and whisks away again.

"Stop!" the clergyman shouts, "when are we to have our dinner? I could have killed the mutton and cooked it too by now."

The waiter shakes his head.

"I do not understand," he says in very good English, and he is gone.

There is no bell to be seen.

The clergyman gets red in the face, but he restrains his indignation; his daughter gapes and grows paler. Bertha looks at her watch, and mentally fears she shall lose the train which is to take her on her way. She has resolved not to sleep on her journey, and she is anxious not to lose an unnecessary hour.

"I shall go and find the proprietor," says the clergyman; "I call this neglect unpardonable."

He departs through the swing door by which the waiters entered, and finds himself in a passage redolent of soup and garlic—a passage which looks as if it had no personal acquaintance with soap and water. At the end of this is a court, and across this through two open windows he comes in full view of a long table edged on each side by people—chiefly English—eating and drinking as fast as they can.

The sight is too much for his patience; he advances boldly to the open window, and immediately the waiter he saw first confronts him.

"N'y a pas de place, monsieur; monsieur will have the goodness to return to his room, where already his dinner is served. The dinner of monsieur gets cold."

And though the waiter bows and smirks as no Englishman could do, there is reproof in the smirk itself, and the clergy-

man's mauvaise honte, or whatever the distressing disorder may be which appears to afflict respectable Britons on their travels, sends him back to the dismal room like a dog with its tail between its legs.

His daughter and Bertha are sitting at the table, but there is no dinner; the two starving girls have broken a roll in two and are eating it between them.

"I said grace, papa, without waiting for you," says the young lady, with her usual smiling propriety.

Bertha looks up, the suppressed wrath on the clergyman's face upsets her decorum; she bursts out laughing so merrily, that they both look at her, and draw slightly away as from one plague-stricken. She sees the movement, and reads their shocked faces like a book, but she has no power to stop laughing.

"I beg your pardon," she says very humbly, when she gets power to speak, "but it seems so comic to come to France to eat dry bread."

They try to smile a little; they are too well bred to be unkind, but Bertha feels that henceforth she is to them a pariah, not "de notre classe."

Here is the soup at last, a very little at the bottom of a small tureen, three pieces of bread float at the top of a straw-colored liquid in which there is a soupçon of cabbage-leaf.

Bertha thinks it very nice, but the clergyman's face lengthens.

"Water bewitched," he says. "I fancy French soup is only what in England we call pot-liquor, and throw to the pigs."

The waiter again, with a small dish held aloft from which comes a savoury steam; even Bertha feels her mouth water, and the clergyman's eyes are carnivorous in expression.

He sets it down; on it is a duck rather larger than a pigeon, and in another small dish, which he places in front of the young lady, there is a handful of French beans.

The clergyman pushes back his chair, which grates on the bare boards.

"This is not enough, garson, we want shops; comprenez, two shops of mutton and some tea."

The waiter nods violently, then he rubs his hands and bows, setting his feet carefully in the first position.

"For the tea, monsieur shall have it toute de suite; but the côtelettes de mouton, ah no," he waves his hand, "they are

all eaten by the countrymen of monsieur. It is desolating; but it is true."

The clergyman eyes him sternly; but this does not check his pantomime of gesture and grimace.

"Bring another duck and some potatoes then," he growls.

The waiter nods, says vehemently, "Yes, yes, monsieur," and disappears.

"Oh, do please carve, papa"—the young lady's propriety yields to hunger. She has eaten a roll, but the savory fumes are trying.

"Dear me! you might carve it with a spoon; the bones are actually gristle," he says nervously, as he helps the two ladies; "dear me! I scarcely fancy they could have been fledged."

"I suppose they eat bones and all in France," says Bertha, and then she tries not to laugh at the carver's long face.

The tea arrives, and is pronounced undrinkable; it is what Bertha predicted, an infusion of chopped hay; but there are no more ducks. There is very strong-smelling cheese, and a few red plums appear in an elaborate dish, and then the waiter brings the bill, which the clergyman looks at, frowns at, and then hands gaspingly to his daughter.

She takes it up smiling, but then she also frowns, and passes it on to Bertha.

"What is it?" says that young woman, innocently; "for dinner fifteen francs, and two francs for tea, that is right, I think. If you will tell me how much I am to pay, please?" She gives an imploring look at the clergyman.

"But do you mean to say you think it right to pay such a price for such a dinner?" says the young lady, coming to her father's rescue.

"I don't know anything about money," says Bertha. She has changed some sovereigns on board the steamer, and she now puts some francs on the table. "I fancy they must know the proper price to ask. Perhaps French ducks are very dear. I am sorry I chose them."

Bertha has kept her gloves on; she does not wish her ring to be seen. It seems to her that if she gets into any scrape, it is better to be her single act than to reflect any discredit on Michael.

She rises from table, and goes to the window. It seems to her that this discussion is uncomfortable.

The father and daughter exchange

looks, and then as Bertha moves farther off the young lady speaks.

"So very strange to be travelling alone."

"Too young, and too pretty," says the father. "She has wonderfully good eyes."

"Do you think so? they are too large, I think, and she stares in such a wild, dreamy way with them. I thought"—with a slight giggle—"that she might be an escaped lunatic."

"No, really—she has a strange manner." The clergyman has such reliance on his daughter's judgment that he shrinks involuntarily when Bertha comes back to the table.

"Are you going to Rome?" she says, shyly. They are cold, unsympathising people, but the poor child thinks they are some safeguard, and she shrinks from her loneliness.

"To Rome?" The clergyman stares at her. "Oh, no! Are you going to Rome all by yourself, young lady?"

He looks at her as if he thought of hindering her journey, and Bertha's courage comes back.

"Yes, I am going to my father. He is in Rome, and he is in great trouble, for my aunt is dangerously ill." She looks very sorrowful. "I am going to inquire about my train, I so fear to lose it, so I must say good-by; and thank you for your companionship."

The wooden face relaxes, his eyes glisten, and his eyelashes twitch as if some unwelcome moisture were near them.

"Dear me, I am very sorry, but we need not part here; we can go on to Paris together, and perhaps I may be of more use to you there than I have been here." He sends an appealing look at his daughter, as if to ask if he is steering right. Her smile is colder, more fixed than before, but in answer to her father's look she murmurs something that sounds like "Yes."

Bertha's pride rouses.

"Thank you"—she looks gratefully at the clergyman—"but I won't trouble you." Then she holds out her little hand to him, and curtsies to his daughter.

"What a cold, stiff creature," she thinks, when they have parted company; "a woman who can smile at everybody has no warmth or impulse in her. She smiles on system; it is simply a part of her outward behavior."

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN ROME.

THE mud dashes up so furiously against the windows of the diligence that Bertha can scarcely see out of them. Till now the vehicle has jolted painfully over a paved causeway, but with the last change of horses a change has come also in the road. It seems to Bertha that the diligence is racing away at double speed—the horses plunging madly from one side of the road to the other.

She has only two fellow-travellers; one a quiet, self-contained German, who looks like an artist, and does not utter a word, and the other a portly, red-faced, black-whiskered Englishman, with every accessory which is supposed to be necessary for a traveller, and all fresh and bright, and plainly on their first journey.

Bertha asks timidly if any view can be got of Rome before entering the city, and she looks from one to another of her fellow-travellers. The German smiles at her kindly with his honest eyes, but he does not answer; the Englishman glances down at her over the stiff corners of his high shirt-collar, with a look that says plainly, "How young you are, and how ignorant never to have been here before." In reality he cannot answer the question, but he says, rebukingly, "All in good time."

He is surprised to see this young, half-fledged creature smile, and it seems to him with amusement.

"I think," says Bertha to herself, "men like this are made to amuse one. Why are men so much more often pompous than women are? Women seem generally to know when they make themselves ridiculous."

Between the increasing darkness—for they are now in a narrow kind of street, with tall buildings on each side—and the spatter of the mud it is difficult to see anything in a few minutes more; but still she makes out enough to convince her that the diligence has actually entered the city.

Up and down, through narrow, dark streets, they jolt finally up to an hotel, where the Englishman and his baggage are set down. Before he gets out he asks Bertha her destination, and condescendingly informs her she had better engage a carriage for herself and her luggage. He then dismounts slowly, expanding with the consciousness of having done his duty,

and is entirely absorbed in the gathering together of his abundant properties.

Rachel Fraser would have wondered if she had seen the promptitude with which Bertha made her arrangements. More than half of her helplessness has arisen from want of observation and self-reliance. Till this journey she has never been called on to act for herself; she has travelled so incessantly that little of any interest has occurred to distract her thoughts from her anxiety, and now the sense of being so near those she loves gives her fresh courage.

In her joy it is difficult to realise Aunt Sophy's danger.

It is lighter now she is in a wider street, though this also seems full of mud, for there has been heavy rain in the morning, and she sees that her vehicle stops in front of a gateway. The gates are open, and so is the door. On the right-hand side of the gateway, and before Bertha can alight, first one female head and then another, and then another, peep out, and then comes a chorus of vociferous welcome. A portly, middle-aged dame waddles forward and bids the signorina welcome.

Bertha has had small intercourse with natives since her arrival in Italy, and now as two plump black-eyed girls come and cluster round her, chattering like a pair of parrots in fluent Italian, she feels half strange, half amused.

"Silence there, Carlotta." The mother does not interfere till her daughters' tongues have outrun her own—"I am ashamed to see you gabbling here when there is upstairs the poor signor who knows nothing."

One of the girls, the noisiest as it seems to Bertha, darts off through the side door, and the landlady invites Bertha to follow her up-stairs.

She carries a quaint-shaped oil-lamp, but it is still very dark in the narrow entrance, and up the stone staircase.

Carlotta stands at the top holding another lamp, which sheds a feeble light round her. But it is enough for Bertha; in the faint glimmer she sees the door behind the Roman girl open, and her father comes forward to meet her.

In an instant she pushes past Carlotta and her lamp, and flings both arms round her father's neck, kissing him so fervently that she draws forth a little chorus of applause from the signora and her daughters.

And then all her strength leaves her;

she bursts into tears and sobs so passionately, still clinging tightly to her father, that Mr. Williams leads her gently into the room whence he came, and closes the door on the sympathising group outside. Mr. Williams does not question Bertha about her fatigue. He is too absorbed in grief and anxiety to realise that there is anything extraordinary in the girl's rapid solitary journey, and the sight of her father stirs up feeling and remembrance so strongly that all her little troubles and adventures roll away from Bertha like a cloud. She only feels that she has never loved him so dearly, never felt so much power of showing her love.

"Can I see her?" she says, softly kissing her father's hand, as she holds it between hers.

Mr. Williams sighs deeply; he moves his hand with a sort of despair.

"Yes, my dear, you can see her; but oh, Bertha, she will never know either of us again."

He draws his hand abruptly out of his daughter's, and sitting down in the nearest chair, covers his face with it. Bertha has never seen a man so moved; she grows frightened, and then, when she hears a hard, choking sob, she feels suddenly strong and brave. For the first time in her life Bertha realises that which is surely the most blessed feeling in a woman's life—a sense of power to be of use.

She waits patiently till her father grows calmer, and then she moves towards the door.

He looks up at this and rouses.

"I will go with you, my dear, and then you must have something to eat. Dear me! I forgot you have been travelling all day!"

"Yes," says Bertha, simply—she does not add all night, too, and yesterday. "But mayn't I go to her?"

He led the way to a door where he did not knock; he opened it and passed in. Bertha followed into a hushed room, faint with a sense of closed windows. A lamp burned on a table near the bed, and Bertha looked with shrinking, frightened eyes. She was surprised to see so little change in the loved face. The profile was a little sharper; the lips more compressed. But Aunt Sophy looked more as if she were sleeping and teased by some painful dream than as if she were in the grasp of death. There was a tinge of color yet on the

delicate face, only the hand lying outside the coverlet was too waxen for life. Bertha could think of her father only when she was alone with him, but this sight overcame her self-restraint. She knelt down, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking—sobbed until it seemed as if she must waken the patient sufferer lying so near her. But Aunt Sophy took no heed; she did not even move a finger of the transparent hand which lay on the coverlet.

But the girl's sorrow did not move her father as her sympathy moved him; that had come as such a new and unlooked-for relief from the anxiety and unusual cares which have been forced on him during those last days, that it unmanned him.

He came up to his sobbing child and put his hand on her shoulder. As he did this the door opened noiselessly, and a man came in with a tread like a cat.

Bertha got up quickly, and looked ashamed of herself as her father presented her to Doctor Upoli.

The doctor looked at his patient and felt her pulse; then he went out again, glancing at the father and daughter to follow him.

Bertha could not make out his face in

the sick-room, but there were lights now in her father's sitting-room, and she took a good look at the doctor. He was of middle height, very stout, with large round brown eyes, over which the eyelids drooped and fitted tightly, his loose wrinkled brown skin was especially brown round the eyes, his hair was very short and grizzled. Doctor Upoli was not handsome, but he had a genial happy face and a very garrulous tongue.

"Ah! signor mio," he looked keenly at Bertha, and at once saw her fatigue in her face, "this is the signorina your daughter; the signorina," he pointed to a chair, "should repose herself, for it is a long journey from here to London, and it is possible," he looked inquisitively from the father to the daughter, "that the signorina has travelled farther than from London. The signorina should be in her bed. Carlotta or her sister will watch beside the signora, and they will awaken the signor and the signorina too if there is necessity; but I do not think they will be awakened." And though he longed to stay and talk to Bertha, whose face roused his interest, compassion overcame his curiosity, and he said good night and departed.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH SEA SLAVERY: KIDNAPPING AND MURDER.

As far back as 1868 the deportation of the South Sea Islanders had challenged the attention of the British Government. It was known that one of our Australian colonies, Queensland, was regularly importing labor from the Pacific for plantation work; and though there were few instances—we believe only one well authenticated—of these natives being treated with neglect on a Queensland station, it was notorious that they were not all there voluntarily, but that many had been enticed on board the vessels and forcibly deported. In fact, so far as the actual procuring of labor, the trade was kidnapping. The Queensland Legislature, to their credit, stepped in and passed an act to regulate Polynesian labor. Since then the traffic has been carried on as free from abuses as may be. We use the qualification advisedly; for though we rise from a perusal of the voluminous blue-books on the subject, with a conviction that Queensland has

purged herself from the odium of a slave state, we maintain that no regulations can control the procuring of coolie labor. No one who considers the hundreds of islands scattered about the Pacific, the various dialects and languages, the powers of the chiefs over the tribes, and the possibilities of agents treating with the chiefs, will imagine that the Kanaka always comes on board *sua sponte*, or understands the nature of the agreement he signs.

With the Queensland legal labor traffic, however, we are not at present concerned. But in drawing the picture we propose of the murder, fraud, outrages, and piracy of the South Pacific slave trade, we are anxious to do Queensland the justice she is entitled to. Her Government places a paid agent on board each vessel employed between the islands and the colony, as a check upon decoying and kidnapping, and has met the overtures of the Home Government by undertaking

the cost of prosecutions brought by imperial cruisers before their Supreme Court. Apart and distinct from Queensland, another community, in the heart of the Pacific, was crying out for the importation of labor.

In 1859, Mr. Pritchard, H.M. Consul in Fiji, came to England to communicate the cession by the King Cacoban (Thakomban, Thakoban) to her Majesty of the Fiji Islands. What he offered was the actual sovereignty over the whole group, ratified by all the chiefs assembled in council. The Government thereupon despatched Col. Smythe, R.A., and Dr. Berthold Seemann, a name well known to botanists, to investigate on the spot. Colonel Smythe reported, in opposition to the views of several naval officers who had served in those waters, that annexation was not to the interest of Great Britain, asserting that it was not in the power of the King to carry out his engagements—an assertion which we can find nothing in the records of the mission to warrant. The Government acted upon this report, and Capt. Jenkins, in H.M.S. *Miranda*, was ordered to Fiji to communicate the decision. Fiji was left to follow its own devices, and work out its own salvation, with, we may well add, fear and trembling. Meanwhile it was gradually attracting to its shores a population, mixed indeed, but mainly drawn from the Australian continent. Some were undoubtedly men of genuine enterprise, drawn by the promise of successful cotton-planting; but the majority were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians of Australia, many of them bankrupt in name and fortune. On December 31st, 1871, the number of white residents had reached 2,040, scattered over several islands, while the native population was rated 146,000. There has been a steady increase since.

In 1864 the Europeans in Fiji, in need of labor for their cotton-growing, turned their attention to the New Hebrides as a source of supply. In 1867 the New Hebrides missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnished a statement to the Synod in Scotland, which very circumstantially sought to prove the native traffic was simply a slave-trade. Readers will, according to their bias, attach more or less credence to the assertions of missionaries. Where these latter encounter traders and settlers on the same semi-barbarous soil, jealousies will exist and counter-accu-

sations be bandied; and the Pacific has proved no exception. Admiral Guillaing, the Governor of New Caledonia, stated to Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. *Rosario*, that the missionaries at the Loyalty Islands connived at the kidnapping, and engaged in trade with the natives. Be that as it may, Captain Palmer ascertained that between May, 1865, and June, 1868, a brisk trade in natives had been carried on by British vessels.

By August, 1869, Lord Clarendon had grounds to write: "A slave-trade with the South Sea Islands is gradually being established by British speculators for the benefit of British settlers. . . . Reports of entry are evaded, fictitious sales of vessels are made, kidnapping is audaciously practised. . . . An intolerable responsibility will be thrown upon her Majesty's Government if the present state of things as regards the introduction of immigrants into the Fiji islands is allowed."

Bishop Patteson, in a letter to the Bishop of Sydney, writes (1868): "I am very anxious as to what I may find going on, for I have conclusive moral (though, perhaps, not legal) proof of very disgraceful and cruel proceedings on the part of traders kidnapping natives and selling them to the French in New Caledonia and in Fiji, and, I am informed, in Queensland. Whatever excuses may be (and have been) made as to the treatment they receive at the hand of the planters, and the protection they may have from a consul when landed, it is quite certain that no supervision is exercised over the traders at the islands. All statements of 'contracts' made with wild native men are simply false. The parties don't know how to speak to each other, and no native could comprehend the (civilized) idea of a 'contract.' One or two friendly men, who have been on board these vessels (not in command), and were horrified at what they saw, have kindly warned me to be on my guard, as they may retaliate (who can say unjustly or unreasonably, from their point of view?) upon the first white men they see, connecting them naturally with the perpetrators of the crime."

The existence of a systematic slave-trade was established beyond a doubt. The rapid increase of white settlers, and the demand for black labor, were alike favorable to the "blackbird-catching," as the term goes, in the South Seas. The mar-

ket was expanding, and the article rising in value. It was not to be expected that the men who were engaged in this nefarious traffic would be very scrupulous as to the means employed for catching the natives, or squeamish as to their treatment on shipboard. Murder was added to man-stealing. The horrors of the trade were increased by native reprisals. Massacre was the only return these savages could make for the blessings of contact with the European trader: and on Sept. 28, 1871, at the island of Nukapu, Swallow group, John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, paid the debt his countrymen had incurred, and won the crown of martyrdom.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the memory of that noble man and his noble work. Neither the one nor the other are to be introduced *ἐκ παρήργου*. But no record of the South Sea slavery would be complete if it did not mention, however briefly, the story of its greatest victim.

Great as was the shock caused by the news of the Bishop's murder, and irreparable as seemed the loss, a more fitting end could not have been found to close such a life. We doubt if his life, if prolonged, could have wrought so much good as his death. No one in the Australian and Pacific Seas affects to question that it was the result of the kidnapping and murdering which had been going on unchecked in the Melanesian group. Those who know the Pacific, know that revenge is a religious duty binding upon the whole tribe, and threatening every member of the wrongdoer's tribe. All the circumstances of the Bishop's murder prove it to have been a premeditated, pre-arranged act, executed for tribal reasons, without *personal* animosity against the victim. The body was un mutilated save by the death-stroke, and it was placed in a canoe that it might float back to his own people.

It now remains to sketch the practices of the traders in procuring labor, and the atrocities perpetrated on the voyage. Unfortunately for the credit of our countrymen in Australia, fortunately for the case we desire to state, we have no need to cite "missionary yarns," nor quote from a volume which contains such unwarranted aspersions of the New South Wales authorities as Captain Palmer's "Kidnap-

ping in the South Seas."* Nor have we very far back to travel in point of time. On the 19th of November, 1872, at the Central Criminal Court at Sydney, Joseph Armstrong, James Clancy, S. M'Carthy, William Turner, George Woods, John Bennett, Thomas Shields, and Augustus Shiegott were charged with having, on the 20th February, 1872, on board a British vessel called the *Carl*, unlawfully assaulted, beaten, wounded, and ill-treated a man named Jage, the said prisoners being master and part of the crew of the said vessel. On the following day Armstrong (the captain) and Dowden were tried for murder on the high seas. Clancy, M'Carthy, Turner, Woods, and Shiegott were sentenced to two years imprisonment, Armstrong and Dowden to death. When the news reached Melbourne, the Victorian Government at once put their police in motion to arrest any persons in Victoria who might be implicated. Two men, Messrs. H. C. Mount and Morris, were arrested, brought before the Police-court on December 5th, and committed for trial on the capital charge. On the 19th and 20th they stood their trial in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice, a verdict of manslaughter being returned. From the evidence given in the respective courts, we shall construct a narrative of the case.

On June 8th, 1871, the brig *Carl* left Melbourne for Leonka, Fiji. Her owner, Dr. James Patrick Murray, sailed as supercargo. On arrival, having changed her captain and crew, she started on her first kidnapping expedition in Western Polynesia, returning to Fiji to dispose of her labor. On a second voyage Dr. Murray was attacked by serious illness, and brought to death's door. Whether from genuine

* Lord Kimberley, in a despatch to Lord Belmore of 8th January, 1872, writes: "I request that your lordship will inform Mr. Robertson that, in my opinion, his statement completely exonerates the Government of the Colony from the charges brought against them by Captain Palmer in the work in question." Captain Palmer, in a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 27th January, 1872, withdraws all the expressions complained of, "and I have only to add that the paragraphs alluded to shall be expunged if my book should go through another edition." But the book may not reach a second edition, and many who have taken their impressions from the first will not see the Parliamentary correspondence from which we quote. The best cause is damaged by such intemperate zeal.

repentance, remorse, or sheer fright at the prospect of death, on the return of the *Carl* to Leonka, Dr. Murray, the instigator and principal of the bloody deeds we have to relate, disclosed the secrets of the voyage to Mr. Marsh, British consul, who admitted him Queen's evidence, and gave him a certificate to that effect, to be his protection in Sydney. The New South Wales Government felt bound to abide by this action of the consul, and Dr. Murray was admitted "approver," and formed the principal witness in the case. In Victoria, Matthias Devescote, one of the crew, who was arrested on the same charge as Mount and Morris, was accepted as Queen's evidence. We have no need to add to the horrors of the picture by any heightening of the colors. No descriptive language based upon the evidence could leave half such an impression as the plain, unvarnished disclosures of the agents who told the tale of their own deeds.

James Patrick Murray deposed: "I am a medical man. I was part owner of the British ship *Carl*, sailing under British colors. I was first residing at Melbourne. We left Melbourne for Leonka, with passengers, on a cotton-plantation speculation . . . We tried to get labor in a legitimate way, but without success. The next island we went to was Palma, and there we tried to get labor by that again; we were, however, not able to capture the natives at that island. *One of the passengers (Mr. Mount), dressed as a missionary, attempted to lure the natives on board, but it failed. . . .* We went on to several islands, and captured the natives, generally by breaking or upsetting their canoes, and by getting the natives out of the water into which they were plunged. We broke up the canoes by throwing pig-iron into them. The passengers used to pick up the natives, and used sometimes to hit them on the head, in the water, with clubs, or with sling-shot when they dived to get out of the way. And so on from island to island. In a short time we had about eighty natives on board. . . . On the 12th or 13th September there was a disturbance during the night. . . . On the following night it commenced again, and the man on the watch fired a pistol over the hatchway, and shouted, to frighten them, as on the previous night. Other methods were tried to quiet them, but all the methods failed; the men below (natives) appear-

ed to be breaking down the bunks, and with the poles so obtained they armed themselves, as with spears, and fiercely attacked the main hatchway. They endeavored to force up the main hatchway with their poles. The row now appeared to have started in a fight between the quiet natives and the wild ones. Most of the wild ones were battering at the hatch. The attempts to pacify the men below having failed, the crew commenced to fire on them. The firing was kept up most of the night. I think every one on board was more or less engaged in firing down the hold. . . . During the night, by way of directing aim, Mr. Wilson, one of the passengers, threw lights down into the hold." At daylight it appeared "there were about sixteen badly wounded and above eight or nine slightly. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard. The sixteen badly wounded were also thrown overboard. . . . I saw that the men so thrown overboard were alive. We were out of sight of the land. Some were tied by the legs and by the hands."

R. Wilson, a passenger, corroborated Murray's witness in the main.

George Heath, a seaman, gave evidence not so favorable to Murray, as that miscreant had suppressed certain facts. On the night of the disturbance "saw Dr. Murray with a musket in his hand singing the song 'Marching through Georgia.' At daylight a party went into the fore hatch and fired in amongst the natives. Believed it was Murray and another man now in Leonka."

We must not omit that the poor wretches who were not butchered, were, on their way to Leonka, taught to hold up their fingers and to say "three yam," meaning three years, as though they had agreed to give three years' service.

On one of the prisoners, a warder in the Sidney gaol found a log of the cruise. We give some specimens.

"Monday, 15th January (1872). Got five men down in the fore-castle threading beads, and hauled the ladder up. Five more were laid hold of on deck and shoved down in the hold. The ship was then got under way for Santo.—January 22. At night in the first watch, one of the stolen blacks slipped over the rail: whether he fetched the land or was drowned,

I don't know.—*February 4.* Got under way, and went closer in shore. This day stole twelve natives—four women and eight men. One woman came off to give them warning and she got nailed.—*February 9.* Stole four men. Three swam for the reef. Lowered boats and picked them up. Kept one. The other two were old men. Took them on shore, and three came on board to take canoe on shore, and were kept on board. However they got two women for the old man.—*February 27.* Men of Malgrave Islanders jumping overboard and fired at.—*March 5.* Cook going to clear out, but brought up quick with a pistol, after which he went to sleep." But we need not multiply these revelations.

The evidence given on the trial of Mount and Morris in Melbourne supplies some particulars not elicited in the Sydney trial, and we shall give such extracts as appear to us to throw additional light on the incidents of this iniquitous slave-trade.

Matthias Devescote deposed: "We fitted up the hold with saplings. When I saw that the poles were taken in, I thought that the pearl-fishing expedition was cooked then, but it was too late to back out. . . I heard Dr. Murray say (this was off Palma), 'This is a big ship, and we can make it pass for a missionary ship. If we disguise ourselves we can get some of the natives to come on board, and then can put them down below.'" Another witness will supplement this:—

James Fallon deposed: "The Captain and Wilson went ashore. The former turned a coat inside out and put it on. Wilson dressed himself in an unusual way. Mick, a sailor, put on a blue coat, and old Bob, one of the Kanakas, put something round his cap. Mount was dressed in a long red shirt and smoking-cap, but he did not go ashore. They said they would dress like missionaries. Mount got up on top of the house on deck and walked about. He held a book in his hand. The ship was anchored about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. . . . Wilson commenced singing 'Marching through Georgia' and 'Wait for the Tide.' Wilson tore out some of the leaves of a book he had with him and gave them to the natives, who fell upon their knees before he commenced to sing. They were kneeling down all round him."

Devescote relates when the canoes were alongside: "I had heard Murray say to the captain to get all ready, and he would give the word of command. Murray said, 'Are you ready, Captain?' and he said 'Yes,' and Murray said, 'When I say one—two—three, let the men jump on the canoes.' This was done. . . . Dr. Murray would say, 'Are you ready? Look out! one—two—three,' and then the crew would be lowered down, the canoes swamped, and the men thrown into the water. . . . The natives were very bruised when they came on board, and the bilge-water of the two boats was mixed with blood. . . . Canoes were smashed again as usual." On the night of the row in the hold he saw "Scott, Dr. Murray, Captain Armstrong and others firing down into the hold. . . . At one o'clock in the morning the mate raised a cry that the natives had charge of the deck, and Dr. Murray called out, 'Shoot them, shoot them; shoot every one of them.' At four o'clock everything was quiet. . . . One of the crew said, 'Why, there is not a man dead in the hold,' and Mount said 'That is well.' Dr. Murray put down his coffee and went forward. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned and fetched his revolver. The second mate got an inch auger, and bored some holes in the bulkheads of the fore-cabin, through which Dr. Murray fired. . . . The first and second mates fired as well. After a bit Dr. Murray came aft. Lewis, the second mate, said, 'What would people say to my killing twelve niggers before breakfast?' Dr. Murray replied, 'My word, that's the proper way to pop them off.' Lewis said, 'That's a fine plan to get at them,' meaning the holes bored in the bulkhead." The throwing over of the wounded is told—the first, a boy, wounded in the wrist, being pushed overboard by Murray. The dead were hauled up by a bowline, and thrown overboard—thirty-five. The hold was washed, scrubbed, and cleaned up, and ultimately whitewashed. The vessel was boarded subsequently by an officer from H.M.S. *Rosario*, but he seems to have left satisfied. Murray wanted to procure more labor, but after this last butchery passengers and crew alike refused to have any more of such work.

The consular inspection was as perfunctory as the man-of-war's. "We had

about fifty natives when we reached Leonka. Consul March then came on board and passed these natives. He asked Lewis, the supercargo, who was also second mate, how he got the natives. Of course Lewis swore he got them in a proper manner. The consul asked Lewis if the natives could answer to their names, and Lewis said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the consul, 'will you swear you got these men by right means?' 'Yes,' said Lewis. 'How long were they engaged for?' 'Three years,' said Lewis. One of the niggers was then called, and asked by the supercargo 'How long? How many yams?' The poor innocent nigger held up three fingers and said, 'Three fellow yams.' The consul then said the men were passed, and that was all the inquiry he had made. Lewis was the interpreter. There was no other." This is one of the heroes of the auger-hole butchery. Could this farce be exceeded?

We have selected the latest and best authenticated case of slavery in the South Seas. But these atrocities have been paralleled within the last few years, and the *Carl* brig is no singular offender. Two points, however, are prominently brought out by this case—the uselessness of our war-ships for the purpose of regulating the traffic by overhauling and examining the labor-vessels, and the farce of consular inspection. The *Carl* was boarded from H.M.S. *Rosario*, not long after the massacre, and no suspicion excited. The survivors of the massacre were examined by Consul March. If the examination was as superficial as stated in evidence, we need not wonder that such a humbug and sham left the natives where it found them. The regulation of this traffic is a myth. Consul March has swelled the blue-books with the exhaustive and comprehensive system he has planned for preventing the abuses of the trade; and he has shown us his practical working of them.

The only satisfactory regulation is total suppression. Total suppression is the duty of Great Britain, and there is only one way

to do it—viz., to convert the Fiji Islands into a British colony. The situation at present is full of difficulties awaiting solution. King Cacoban has blessed his subjects with a Constitution, and a responsible Ministry of seven—five of whom are whites—a Legislature, and a Chief Justice. A large number of British subjects have protested against the establishment of the Government there, and have announced their determination to resist it, on the ground that British subjects, who constitute the majority of the white population, cannot form themselves into a separate nation. Lord Kimberley has directed Colonial Governors to deal with it as a *de facto* Government. The Law Officers of the Crown have advised that her Majesty's Government may interfere with the acts of British subjects within Fiji, and that British subjects beyond the limits of the new state, not yet duly recognized, should not be accepted as citizens of the new state. Meanwhile, the British consul declines to give any official recognition to this Government, and according to the complaint of the leading member of Cacoban's Cabinet, opposes it in every way, thwarts and impedes its every action, and encourages resistance to its authority.

If England would boldly assume the sovereignty of the Fijis, we should very shortly witness the extinction of the slave-trade, and the cessation of the native feuds, the civilization and settlement of the islands, the spread of the Christian religion, and the protection and welfare of the British subject. Had she accepted the offer made her in 1859, the South Seas might have been spared the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by British man-stealers. The bulk of the white population would now gladly see her assume the sovereignty. Neither Cacoban nor his natives can feel very strongly about their Constitution or the Ministry of the day; and the Pacific Islanders would find established in their midst a power which would protect right by might.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

BALLIOL SCHOLARS.

1840-43.

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY PROF. J. C. SHAIRP.

I.

WITHIN the ancient College-gate I passed,
 Looked round once more upon the well-known square:
 Change had been busy since I saw it last,
 Replacing crumbled walls by new and fair;
 The old chapel gone—a roof of statelier show
 Soared high—I wondered if it sees below
 As pure heart-worship, as confiding prayer.

II.

But though walls, chapel, garden, all are changed,
 And through these courts quick generations fleet,
 There are whom still I see round table ranged,
 In chapel snowy-stoled for matins meet;
 Though many faces since have come and gone,
 Changeless in memory these still live on,
 A Scholar brotherhood, high-souled and complete.

III.

From old foundations where the nation rears
 Her darlings, came that flower of England's youth,
 And here in latest teens, or riper years,
 Stood drinking in all nobleness and truth.
 By streams of Isis 'twas a fervid time,
 When zeal and young devotion held their prime,
 Whereof not unreceptive these in sooth.

IV.

The voice that weekly from St. Mary's spake,
 As from the unseen world oracular,
 Strong as another Wesley, to re-wake
 The sluggish heart of England, near and far,
 Voice so intense to win men, or repel,
 Piercing yet tender, on these spirits fell,
 Making them other, higher than they were.

V.

Foremost one stood, with forehead high and broad,—
 Sculptor ne'er moulded grander dome of thought,—
 Beneath it, eyes dark-lustred rolled and glowed,
 Deep wells of feeling where the full soul wrought;
 Yet lithe of limb, and strong as shepherd boy,
 He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy,
 To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

VI.

The voice that from St. Mary's thrilled the hour,
 He could not choose but let it in, though loath;
 Yet a far other voice with earlier power
 Had touched his soul and won his first heart-troth,
 In school-days heard, not far from Avon's stream:
 Anon there dawned on him a wilder dream,
 Opening strange tracts of thought remote from both.

VII.

All travail-pangs of thought too soon he knew,
 All currents felt, that shake these anxious years,
 Striving to walk to tender conscience true,
 And bear his load alone, nor vex his peers.
 From these, alas! too soon he moved apart;
 Sorrowing they saw him go, with loyal heart,
 Such heart as greatly loves, but more reveres.

VIII.

Away o'er Highland Bens and glens, away
 He roamed, rejoicing without let or bound,
 And, yearning still to vast America,
 A simpler life, more freedom, sought, not found.
 Now the world listens to his lone soul-songs;
 But he, for all its miseries and wrongs
 Sad no more, sleeps beneath Italian ground.

IX.

Beside that elder scholar one there stood,
 On Sunday mornings 'mid the band white-stoled,
 As deep of thought, but chastened more of mood,
 Devout, affectionate, and humble-souled.
 There, as he stood in chapel, week by week,
 Lines of deep feeling furrowed down his cheek
 Lent him, even then, an aspect strangely old.

X.

Not from the great foundations of the land,
 But from a wise and learned father's roof,
 His place he won amid that scholar band,
 Where finest gifts of mind were put to proof;
 And if some things he missed which great schools teach,
 More precious traits he kept, beyond their reach,—
 Shy traits that rougher world had scared aloof.

XI.

Him early prophet souls of Oriel
 A boy-companion to their converse drew,
 And yet his thought was free, and pondered well
 All sides of truth, and gave to each its due.
 O pure wise heart, and guileless as a child!
 In thee, all jarring discords reconciled,
 Knowledge and reverence undivided grew.

XII.

Ah me! we dreamed it had been his to lead
The world by power of deeply-pondered books,
And lure a rash and hasty age to heed
Old truths set forth with fresh and winsome looks;
But he those heights forsook for the low vale
And sober shades, where dwells misfortune pale,
And sorrow pines in unremembered nooks.

XIII.

Where'er a lone one lay and had no friend,
A son of consolation there was he;
And all life long there was no pain to tend,
No grief to solace, but his heart was free;
And then, his years of pastoral service done,
And his long suffering meekly borne, he won
A grave of peace by England's southern sea.

XIV.

More than all arguments in deep books stored,
Than any preacher's penetrative tone,
More than all music by rapt poet poured,
To have seen thy life, thy converse to have known,
Was witness for thy Lord—that thus to be
Humble, and true, and loving, like to thee—
This was worth living for, and this alone.

XV.

Fair-haired and tall, slim, but of stately mien,
Inheritor of a high poetic name,
Another, in the bright bloom of nineteen,
Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came:
Whate'er of beautiful or poet sung,
Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung;
Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

XVI.

With friends around the board, no wit so fine
To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell;
Yet oftentimes listening in St. Mary's shrine,
Profounder moods upon his spirit fell:
We heard him then, England has heard him since,
Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,
And the hushed Senate have confessed the spell.

XVII.

There too was one, broad-browed, with open face,
And frame for toil compacted—him with pride
A school of Devon from a rural place
Had sent to stand these chosen ones beside;
From childhood trained all hardness to endure,
To love the things that noble are, and pure,
And think and do the truth, whate'er betide.

XVIII.

With strength for labor, 'as the strength of ten,
 To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day;
 A native king and ruler among men,
 Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway;
 Small or great duty never known to shirk,
 He bounded joyously to sternest work,
 Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

XIX.

Comes brightly back one day—he had performed
 Within the Schools some more than looked-for feat,
 And friends and brother scholars round him swarmed
 To give the day to gladness that was meet:
 Forth to the fields we fared,—among the young
 Green leaves and grass, his laugh the loudest rung;
 Beyond the rest his bound flew far and fleet.

XX.

All afternoon o'er Shotover's breezy heath
 We ranged, through bush and brake instinct with spring,
 The vernal dream-lights o'er the plains beneath
 Trailed, overhead the skylarks carolling;
 Then home through evening-shadowed fields we went,
 And filled our College-rooms with merriment,—
 Pure joys, whose memory contains no sting.

XXI.

And thou wast there that day, my earliest friend
 In Oxford! sharer of that joy the while!
 Ah me, with what delightful memories blend
 'Thy pale calm face, thy strangely-soothing smile;'
 What hours come back, when, pacing College walks,
 New knowledge dawned on us, or friendly talks,
 Inserted, long night-labors would beguile.

XXII.

What strolls through meadows mown of fragrant hay,
 On summer evenings by smooth Cherwell stream,
 When Homer's song, or chaunt from Shelley's lay,
 Added new splendor to the sunset gleam:
 Or how, on calm of Sunday afternoon,
 Keble's low sweet voice to devout commune,
 And heavenward musings, would the hours redeem.

XXIII.

But when on crimson creeper o'er the wall
 Autumn his finger beautifully impressed,
 And came, the third time at October's call,
 Cheerily trooping to their rooms the rest,
 Filling them with glad greetings and young glee,
 His room alone was empty—henceforth we
 By his sweet fellowship no more were blest.

XXIV.

Too soon, too quickly from our longing sight,
Fading he passed, and left us to deplore
From all our Oxford day a lovely light
Gone, which no after morning could restore.
Through his own meadows Cherwell still wound on,
And Thames by Eton fields as glorious shone—
He who so loved them would come back no more.

XXV.

Among that scholar band the youngest pair
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,
But far in thought apart—a world between.
The one wide-welcomed for a father's fame,
Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

XXVI.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

XXVII.

The other of an ancient name, erst dear
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,
Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled:
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach,
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled.

XXVIII.

Of at the hour when round the board at wine,
Friends met, and others' talk flowed fast and free,
His listening silence and grave look benign
More than all speech made sweet society.
But when the rowers, on their rivals gaining,
Close on the goal bent, every sinew straining—
Then who more stout, more resolute than he?

XXIX.

With that dear memory come back most of all
Calm days in Holy Week together spent;
Then brightness of the Easter Festival
O'er all things streaming, as a-field we went
Up Hincksey vale, where gleamed the young primroses,
And happy children gathered them in posies,
Of that glad season meet accompaniment.

XXX.

Of that bright band already more than half
 Have passed beyond earth's longing and regret;
 The remnant, for grave thought or pleasant laugh,
 Can meet no longer as of old they met:
 Yet, O pure souls! there are who still retain
 Deep in their hearts the high ideal strain
 They heard with you, and never can forget.

XXXI.

To have passed with them the threshold of young life,
 Where the man meets, not yet absorbs the boy,
 And, ere descending to the dusty strife,
 Gazed from clear heights of intellectual joy.
 That an undying image left enshrined,
 A sense of nobleness in human kind
 Experience cannot dim, nor time destroy.

XXXII.

Since then, through all the jars of life's routine,
 All that down-draws the spirit's loftier mood,
 I have been soothed by fellowship serene
 Of single souls with heaven's own light endued.
 But look where'er I may—before, behind—
 I have not found, nor now expect to find,
 Another such high-hearted brotherhood.

Macmillan's Magazine.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

BY DR. DORAN, F.S.A.

LADY MARY PIERREPONT, when she wrote to Mr. Wortley touching the death of his sister, said she had lost what she loved most, and could thenceforth only love those who were nearest and dearest to her departed friend. Out of this hint, it may be, came the marriage of Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley. It seemed a disinterested match on both sides, but it was not fruitful in happiness. Of this union were born a son and daughter; the mother reserved all her love for the latter.

The son was born in May, 1713. Within two months from that date Lady Mary had left her firstborn to mercenary, but perhaps efficient and kindly care. In July she wrote to her husband, "I heard from your little boy yesterday, who is in good health." In that phrase, so cold in its unmotherly temper, may perhaps be found the cause why that "little boy" be-

came so wayward, and why he developed into a man so wilful and so irreclaimable. In 1717 the boy was taken by his parents to Constantinople, where Mr. Wortley acted, for a few months, as English representative. On the return from this embassy, Lady Mary tarried for a while at Belgrade. At that time the smallpox was a deadly scourge in England. In Turkey it was less mortal. The infidel Turk anticipated and modified the disease by inoculation. Lady Mary had the courage to submit her child to the novel system of "engrafting" as it was called. In a letter written at Belgrade in March, 1718, she says: "The boy was engrafted last Tuesday, and is at this time singing and playing, very impatient for his supper. I pray God my next may give as good an account of him." For society at large the step which Lady Mary took was most be-

neficial; but few mothers, however courageous, would have had the heart, in a foreign land too, to suffer such an experiment to be made on an only son, not yet five years of age. She had, however, full confidence in the efficacy of the proceeding: and she remarked that she would have imparted the matter to the doctors generally, only that they were too selfish to sanction a course which would diminish their incomes!

In the following year commenced the daring escapades of this young gentleman. In 1719 he became a Westminster scholar. Within six months he was missing from the school, and his friends had such knowledge of his tastes that they searched for him in the lowest purlieu of London. They sought for this mere child in vain; till after some time a Mr. Forster and a servant of Mr. Wortley, being in the neighborhood of Blackwall, heard a boy crying "Fish!" The voice was familiar, the boy, on being seen, was recognised, and his master, a fisherman, to whom the child—so it is said—had bound himself to help to sell the fish which they had caught together, parted from him with a regret that was felt on both sides. The truant was reinstated at school, if not at home, but in a brief time the bird was flown and left no trace behind him. A year or two, perhaps more, had elapsed when the Quaker captain of a ship trading to Oporto, and the British consul in that city, were looking at a young fellow driving some laden asses from the vineyards through the city gates. The captain saw in the lad a sailor who had come on board in the Thames, and run away from his ship on its arrival at Oporto. He had gone up country and found employment, although he was ignorant of the language. The consul knew him in his real personality, and the adventurous hero was shipped for home, where he was kept not so strictly as if the keepers would be sorry at his again escaping. Edward Wortley took a convenient opportunity to do so, and when he was next recognised he was acting diligently, as he had always done, this time as a common sailor in the Mediterranean. There was the making of a hero in this resolute boy, if he had only been allowed to follow his inclinations. On the contrary, he was exiled to the West Indies, with Forster to attend him as teacher and guardian. They spent several years there;

and the boy, who preferred to battle with and for life, to spending it in ease and luxury, had nothing to do but study the classics, which he did, as he did most things, with energy and a certain success. How he failed, or neglected to leave Forster in the lurch, is not explained. Neither do we know anything of his actual life after his return to England, for many years. Had he been left at sea, Edward Wortley would probably have distinguished himself. As it was he abused life, but only as other "young sparks" did in England; and he filled up the measure of his offences by marrying a handsome honest laundress, older than himself, of whom he got tired in a few weeks. A small annuity reconciled her to living comfortably by herself. After this, all is dark, and we cannot come again upon the trail but by the help of Lady Mary's letters.

There are few references made to her son by Lady Mary, except in letters to her husband when she was living abroad, ranging from 1741 to 1752. In a letter from Genoa, in 1741, she regrets having to bring before her husband "so disagreeable a subject as our son." The son was then anxious to procure a dissolution of his marriage with the laundress; but the laundress was a decent woman, living a blameless life, and she could defy Parliament to pass an Act annulling her marriage, even if the father had been willing to help the son to such purpose, which he was not. The mother was unmotherly severe on the son. "Time" she writes, "has no effect, and it's impossible to convince him of his true situation." The son then passed by an assumed name. The name being mentioned to Lady Mary by a stranger, with reference to the responsibility of the bearer of it, she replied, "the person was, to my knowledge, not worth a groat, which was all I thought proper to say on the subject."

In 1742, this "fool of quality" was now wandering, now tarrying, on the continent, under the name of M. de Durand. In the June of that year his mother encountered him, and passed two days with him at Valence, an ancient city on the Rhone. In various letters to her husband, she speaks of "our son" as altered almost beyond recognition, with beauty gone, a look of age not warranted by his years, and, though submissive, with an increase of the old wildness in his eyes that shocked her, as it suggested some fatal termination.

He had grown fat, but was still genteel and agreeably polite. She was charmed with his fluently-expressed French, but she noted a general volubility, yet without enthusiasm, of speech, which inconsiderate people took for wit; and a weakness of understanding and of purpose, exposing him to be led by more resolute spirits. "With his head," she says, "I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after." Flattering and insinuating, he caught the favor of strangers; "but," says the not too-indulgent lady, "he began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; and that the only thing that could give me hopes of good conduct was regularity and truth." She credited him with "a superficial universal knowledge," as the result of what he had seen. His acquaintance with modern languages was undoubted, but she did not believe that he knew Arabic and Hebrew. He promised to proceed to Flanders, and there wait his father's orders; adding, that he would keep secret the interview with his mother; but M. de Durand "rode straight to Montelimart, where he told at the Assembly that he came into this country purely on my orders . . . talking much of my kindness to him, and insinuating that he had another name, much more considerable than that he appeared with.

Edward Wortley was in England in the early part of the above year. In the latter part he went to Holland, where he resided, a sort of prisoner at large, by desire of his father, who allowed him a small income on condition of submission to the paternal will. "I hear," wrote Lady Mary, "he avoided coming near the sharpers, and is grown a good manager of his money. I incline to think he will, for the future, avoid thieves and other persons of good credit." When persons of really "good credit" spoke well of him, as Lord Cartreeth did, the mother rather doubted than accepted the testimony. "Whenever," she wrote to her husband, "he kept much company, it would be right to get him confined, to prevent his going to the pillory or the gallows;" and she described his excuses for his conduct as "those of murderers and robbers!" Young Wortley was desirous of joining the army in Flanders; his mother doubted his sincerity, and in-

sisted that he should go as a volunteer. If his father bought him a commission, she was sure it would be "pawned or sold in a twelvemonth." Whether as volunteer or commissioned officer, he did serve in Flanders. No news to grieve a parent's heart came thence: upon which circumstance Lady Mary wrote to her husband in 1744: "I think it is an ill sign you have had no letters from Sir John Cope concerning him. I have no doubt he would be glad to commend his conduct if there were any room for it;" and she was inclined to blame the father for over-indulgence to his son. She had no sympathy even for the amiable weaknesses of the latter; and yet she was so sentimentally affected by the tragedy of 'George Barnwell,' the rascal hero of which murders his real uncle in order to gratify the rapacity of a harlot, that she said, whoever could read the story or see the play without crying, deserved to be hanged.

Edward Wortley's countrymen did not think so ill of Lady Mary's son; for in 1747 the electors of Huntingdonshire returned him, with Mr. Coulson Fellowes, member for the county. He was a silent but highly respectable member. In the year 1748 Mr. Wortley, the father, wrote to his wife some pleasant news he had heard of their son. The mother coldly replied, "I should be extremely pleased if I could depend on Lord Sandwich's account of our son. 'As I am wholly unacquainted with him, I cannot judge how far he may be either deceived or interested.'" This singular mother cultivated her antipathies rather than her sympathies. The father seems to have considered his paternal duty was discharged by, wisely perhaps, keeping his son on a small allowance. The son lived as if he had already his inheritance in hand, and for a year or two he found society in London quite to his mind.

Among the ladies who figured on the Mall by day, who drew crowds around them at Vauxhall by night, and who were never out of the 'Scandalous Chronicle' of the period, was "the Pollard Ashe," as she was called. This miniature beauty was in some measure a mysterious individual. She was the daughter of a high personage, it was said, and such affinity was all she had to boast of in the way of family. In the June of 1750, Walpole thus wrote of her to George Montagu:

"I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to

go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe . . . they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them . . . We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town. . . . We, mustered the Duke of Kingston, Lord March" (the old Second Duke of Queensbury of later years), "Mr. Whitehead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparro. . . . We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. . . . A Mrs. Lloyd, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls! I am sorry to see them in such bad company!' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see—took due pains to make Lord March resent this . . . but he laughed her out of this charming frolic. Here we picked up Lord Granby . . . very drunk. . . . He would fain have made love to Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest; and did not know what to do at all with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both. . . . At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in our front, with the vizor of her hat erect and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. . . . We turned some chicken into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and were every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. . . . The whole air of our party was sufficient to take up the whole attention of the garden. . . . It was three o'clock before we got home."

Very early in the year 1751 our hero made love to Miss Ashe, and at the same time appeared in public as the first "macaroni" of the day, but with science and philosophy enough to render him worthy of being taken into brotherhood by the Royal Society. On the 9th of February, 1751, Walpole writes:

"Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise; his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything, yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair; I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body."

His father, however, made no complaint of his son in his letters to his wife. The anxious mother invariably concluded that when nothing was said there was something to be dreaded. Accordingly, in a

letter to her husband, dated May, 1751, Lady Mary writes:

(24th May, 1751.) "I can no longer resist the desire I have to know what is become of my son. I have long suppressed it, from a belief that, if there was anything good to be told, you would not fail to give me the pleasure of hearing it. I find it now grows so much upon me, that whatever I am to know, I think it would be easier for me to support than the anxiety I suffer from my doubts. I beg to be informed, and prepare myself for the worst with all the philosophy I have."

Her son was not in such a desperate condition as his mother supposed. The new Fellow of the Royal Society was simply making love to "the Pollard Ashe." In the summer of this year, 1751, Vauxhall and the Mall missed her; but the world knew very well whither she had wended, and with whom. In September, 1751, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu wrote to her husband: "Young Wortley is gone to France with Miss Ashe. He is certainly a gentleman of infinite vivacity; but methinks he might as well have deferred this exploit till the death of his father." Walpole wrote to Mann that "Wortley, who, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives."

While London was busy with the story of the elopement of Miss Ashe with Edward Wortley Montagu, and this rather airy couple were on their amorous way to Paris, there was a young Mr. Roberts, not yet quite twenty-one years of age, sojourning at the *Hôtel d'Orléans* in that city, with a Miss Rose for a companion, Miss Rose's sister for a friend, and various servants to wait on all three. Roberts lived like a *milor*, and he gave out that he was about to make the grand tour to Italy and back. Montagu's quarters were at the *Hôtel de Saxe*. Roberts was a stranger to him, but Montagu not only called upon the wealthy traveller, on the 23rd of September, but sent him an invitation to dinner. The company consisted of Roberts, Lord Southwell, Mr. Taafe, M.P., and Montagu, who was also a member of the House of Commons. After coffee the party adjourned to Montagu's room. Taafe produced dice and proposed play. Roberts declined, on the ground of being without money; but this and other pleas were overruled, and, "flustered with wine,"

which he said he had been made to drink, he sat down to tempt fortune. Fortune used this gambler ill; when he rose to return to his hotel he had lost 870 louis d'ors—400 to Taafe, 350 to Southwell, and 120 to Montagu. Taafe speedily demanded the amount he had won, and not finding it forthcoming, the British legislator, with Lord Southwell, broke into his room about midnight, and under dreadful threats, made with swords drawn, compelled him to give drafts for the entire sum. The crafty Roberts, however, drew upon bankers with whom he had no effects; and, probably that he might be out of reach of arrest till he could give an explanation, he hurriedly set off for Lyons.

The bird had just flown when the three more fortunate gamblers, their drafts having been dishonored, forcibly entered Roberts's rooms and rifled them of everything valuable—a large sum in gold and silver, a very valuable assortment of jewelry and precious stones, and the two Miss Roses. There was 40,000 livres' worth in all, not including the sisters. One of these ladies consented with alacrity to accompany Mr. Taafe, with his other booty, to his quarters at the *Hôtel de Pérou*. The sister went thither also, for society's sake, and after a three days' sojourn Taafe kissed their hands and sent them to England under the guardianship of another gentleman.

Perfect tranquillity prevailed among those who remained in Paris, but on Sunday night, the 25th of October, just before one o'clock, as Montagu was stepping into bed with, as he says, "that security that ought to attend innocence," a commissary of police, backed by an armed force, entered his room, and, despite all protest, carried him off to the *Châtelet*. Before they locked him up for the night, the gaolers would scarcely utter a word save a rough one, and he could not get even a cup of water. The night was cold, and a small bit of candle enabled him the better to see the horrors of his cell. "The walls were scrawled over," he says in the memoir he published, "with the vows and prayers of the vilest malefactors before they went to the axe or the gibbet." Under one of the inscriptions were these words: "These verses were written by the priest who was hanged and burned, in the year 1717, for stealing a chalice of the Holy Sacrament."

On the 2nd of November the charge made by Roberts—namely, that Montagu's party had made him half drunk, the better to cheat him at dice, and had subsequently plundered his rooms—was made known to him. "I answered," he says, "in a manner that ought to have cleared my own innocence, and to have covered my antagonist with confusion." But he was remanded to prison. Some amelioration of his condition was permitted, and he was allowed to be visited. Consequently it was the fashion to go and look at him; but the solaces of his friends could not compensate for the cruel wit, jeers, and sarcasms cast at him by curious strangers. Influential persons interested themselves in this notorious case. The English ambassador interfered with effect. The king, on being moved, replied that he could not meddle in a private case; but a king can do many things without appearing to meddle. The charge was again looked into, and the method of examination may be seen in the result. The sentence of the court, delivered on the 25th of January, 1752, was to the effect that the accused be discharged; that Roberts be compelled to confess the accusation to be false, also to pay 20,000 livres damages to Montagu and Taafe; and pay all the costs of suit on both sides, including the expense of publishing the judgment.

As soon as Montagu was free, he published a memoir, explanatory and defensive. It was not so much a denial as an evasion. It was made up of assertions that he had "never deviated from the sentiments and conduct of a man of honor;" that regard ought to be had to "the probability of the charges, the rank of the accused, and the character of the prosecutor;" that he was of "distinguished condition," and that his accuser was infamous in character and inconsistent in his evidence; that Lord Albemarle, the English ambassador, had told him that he was as convinced of his innocence as he was of his own. Montagu protested that the whole thing was a conspiracy "against his Honor and Person," at the head of which was the so-called Roberts, whom he had discovered to be a fraudulent bankrupt Jew, Payba by name, who had fled from England to avoid the gallows. Montagu acknowledged that he had invited this "infamous bankrupt" to dinner, but that,

instead of winning 120 louis d'ors of him, he had formerly lent that sum to the Jew, who had "trumped up this story in order to evade payment." He had made the first call on the *soi-disant* Mr. Roberts, taking him for a man of fashion, and it was the custom for the last comer to make such calls in his neighborhood, and not to wait to be called upon; and the visit having been returned the invitation to dinner naturally followed. As to playing after dinner, Montagu does not deny it; but he says that the imputation of playing with loaded dice filled him with horror. The conclusion of the so-named defence is that, as the judgment of the court was so completely in favor of Montagu and Taafe, the innocence of those two gentlemen was perfectly established.

Before we see if this was exactly the case, let us see what was thought of the affair in England. The public press barely alluded to the scandal, and were not at all grieved at the locking up of a couple of British senators in a French prison. Private individuals noticed the scandal in their letters.

In October, 1751, Mrs. Montagu wrote to Gilbert West some details of the gambling affair and its consequences. She described the offence of Montagu and Taafe as "playing with a Jew at Pharaoh, with too much *finesse*."

"*Finesse*," she adds, "is a pretty improvement in modern life and modern language. It is something people may do without being hanged, and speak of without being challenged. It is a point just beyond fair skill and just short of downright knavery; but as the medium is ever hard to hit, the very professors of *finesse* do sometimes deviate into paths that lead to prisons and the galleys, and such is the case of those unhappy heroes. The Speaker of the House of Commons will be grieved to see two illustrious senators chained at the ignoble oar. The King of France has been applied to, but says he does not interpose in private matters. So how it will go with them no one can tell. In the meantime, poor Miss Ashe weeps like the forsaken Ariadne on a foreign shore."

The conduct of Edward Wortley in England was noticed by his father, in a letter to Lady Mary, who, replying to it in a letter from Louveres (November 10, 1751), when the Paris scandal was known, says: "I will not make any reflections on the conduct of the person you mention; 'tis a subject too melancholy to us both. I am of opinion that tallying at bassette is

a certain revenue (even without cheating) to those who can get constant punters and are able to submit to the drudgery of it; but I never knew any one pursue it long and preserve a tolerable reputation." Therewith, the mother dismissed further notice of her wayward son, to talk of an old woman at the baths of Louveres, who in her hundredth year had recovered sight, teeth, and hair, and who had died ten years later, not of age, but of tumbling down a stone staircase; something like the apocryphal Countess of Desmond—

"Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

Even after the son had escaped the galleys, the mother made no reference to the circumstance in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute (February, 1752), but was full of 'Peregrine Pickle' and of the rather lively sayings and doings of Lady Vane.

As the maternal susceptibilities were not much ruffled, the sympathy of the public was not to be expected. We learn more from Walpole than from Lady Mary. In November, 1751, Walpole, writing to Mann, remarks that all the letters from Paris were very "cautious of relating the circumstances." He styles Montagu and Taafe as the "two *gentlemen* who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix" in England, and "who had travelled to France to exercise the same profession." Walpole adds that they had "been released on excessive bail, are still to be tried, and may be sent to the galleys or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for," says Walpole, "I suppose nobody else will converse with them." The letter-writer describes Montagu as having been a "perfect Gil Blas," and as having added "the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives." Walpole says of Taafe, "He is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel, as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword." But as Taafe was M.P. for Arundel when Catholics could not sit in Parliament, it is quite as probable that Taafe changed, or professed to change, his religion—if he had any religion—that he might become a borough member. "He is," writes Walpole, "a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Ma-

dame de Pompadour; travelling with turtles and pineapples in post-chaises to the latter, flying back to the former for Lewes races and smuggling burgundy at the same time." The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's apropos to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied: "Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's."

While "society" was discussing this matter, Miss Ashe reappeared in England and reassumed her former distinguished position. In December, 1751, the town witnessed the happy reconciliation of Miss Ashe with the gay Lady Petersham, who had been offended at the indiscretion of the younger nymph. Lady Petersham's principles were very elastic; she pardoned the Pollard Ashe on her own assurances that she was "as good as married" to Mr. Wortley Montagu, who, according to Lord Chesterfield, seemed "so puzzled between the *châtelet* in France and his wife in England, that it is not yet known in favor of which he will determine."

Soon after Lord Chesterfield's flying comment on the Ariadne who had really abandoned her Theseus, "society" received her to its arms as readily as Lady Petersham. The example of both was followed by one individual. A certain naval officer, named Falconer, made an honest woman of the Pollard Ashe; and with this marriage ends our interest in one of the many "wives" of the English Gil Blas.

If some surprise was raised by the judgment given in favor of Montagu and Taafe, none need exist at present. The two gentlemen who were such useful friends at the pharaoh tables of Madame de Mirepoix, the French ambassadress in England, and one of whom supplied Madame de Pompadour, the French king's mistress, with turtle and pineapples, could dispense with the good offices of Louis the Fifteenth, or perhaps obtained them through the mistress and the ambassadress. But Abraham Payba, *alias* James Roberts, possessed as influential friends as Taafe and Montagu. Payba appealed against the judgment, his appeal was successful, and the two English members of Parliament stood very much in danger of the galleys. In their turn, however, they appealed against the legality of quashing the judgment given in their

favor. The question came once or twice before the courts, and then it ceased to be argued. It would seem as if powerful friends on both sides had interfered. Each party could claim a decision in his favor and could boast of honor being saved, but the public feeling was that they were all rogues alike.

After the lapse of a few years, Wortley Montagu came into the possession of a fixed income after the death of his father in 1755. He had sold a reversion of £800 a year. His father now left him an annuity of £1000. The disgrace of the Paris adventure was not altogether forgotten, but Taafe was in favor at Versailles (by what lucky chance nobody could tell), and Montagu, after a few years of pleasure, took to better ways than of old. There seems to have come over the half-outcast a determination to show the better side of his nature and his ability. In 1759 he published his 'Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics; adapted to the present State of Great Britain.' In this work—an able and spirited review of the republics of Greece, Rome, and Carthage—the author probably stated his own idea of religion in the words, "To search out and adore the Creator in all his works is our primary duty, and claims the first place in every rational mind." Two years subsequent to the publication of this most creditable work, certain Cornish men thought that Edward Wortley would be their most fitting representative. In 1761 he was elected member for the borough of Bossiney. But he was weary of England and the legislature, and he resolved to leave both for ever.

Before Mr. Montagu left England "for good" in 1762 he made necessary preparations for at least a long residence abroad. Among those preparations, the most curious may be said to be indicated in the following copy of a bill of articles purchased at an optician's. Moses's gross of green spectacles sinks into insignificance by the side of the assortment of spectacles, reading-glasses, pocket telescopes, &c., with which Mr. Montagu provided himself to meet the exigencies of foreign travel. The bill is now in the possession of Lord Wharnccliffe, as are some of the articles enumerated. I am greatly indebted to his lordship for a sight of both, and to the prompt courtesy of his permission to copy and reproduce this very singular bill.

"EDWD. WORTLEY MONTAGU, Esq.

Dr. to G. ADAMS.

1761		£	s.	d.
Dec. 23	Six Ellis's Microscopes at £2 in the Box marked A.	12	1	0
—	12 Reading Glasses, in horn boxes, at 4s. each, in the Box marked B.	2	8	0
—	24 Reading Glasses, Ruff Shell and Silver, at 18s. in the Box C.	22	16	0 ⁷
—	The large Reading glass in Ruff Shell and Silver, in the Box C.	2	2	0
—	12 Concave glasses in Ruff Shell and Silver, at 9s. in the Box C.	5	8	0
—	A Silver case inlaid with pearl,	2	2	0
—	With a pair of Silver Temple Spectacles, in the Box C.	0	13	0
—	12 Pocket Telescopes, Nurse Cases, 4 glasses mounted in Brass, at 16s., in the Box D	9	12	0
—	24 Dozen of Concaves in horn boxes at 18s. per Doz ⁿ , in the Box E	21	12	0
—	10 Doz ⁿ of Steel Temple Spectacles, at 2s. each, in the Box F	12	0	0
—	10 Doz ⁿ of paper cases to D ^o at 4s. per Doz., in the Box G	2	0	0
—	6 pair of the best Steel Temple Spectacles, in Black Fish Cases, at 7s., in the Box H	2	2	0
—	6 pair D ^o in Nurse Cases, at 7s. = 20s., in the Box H	6	0	0
—	Six pair of Silver Temple Spectacles in the best Nurse Cases, at 4s. = 29s., in the Box marked H	8	16	0
—	Six pair Steel Temple Spec., at 2s.	0	12	0
—	Six paper cases to D ^o , Box H	0	2	0
—	12 Camp Telescopes at 16s., in the Box marked K	9	12	0
—	6 Two foot Achromatic Telescopes, at £2., in the Box L	12	0	0
—	12 Ring Dials, at 10s. 6d. in the Box M	6	6	0
—	2 12-inch Reflecting Telescopes	9	9	0
—	Six metallic Cones with Six Setts of Deformed pictures, at £2 2 0, in the Box N	12	12	0
—	Six pair of goglers, Box	1	10	0
—	12 Reading glasses in Mahogany frames with handles, in the Box marked, at 14s.	8	8	0
—	12 Leather purses to D ^o	0	4	0
—	6 Treble Magnifiers in Ruff Shell and Silver, at 25s., in the Box marked H	7	10	0
—	24 Black Skin prospects, at 1s. 6d.	1	16	0
—	24 D ^o , at 2s.	2	8	0
—	Two thermometers to Boiling Water	3	0	0
—	Two Brass Box Steering Compasses with Muscovy Tale Cards, 11 Inch	1	10	0
—	One D ^o 10 Inches	0	13	6
		187	1	6
—	14 Small Deal Boxes	0	12	0
—	2 Strong Packing Cases	0	14	0
		188	7	6

"Dec. 30, 1761. Rec^d of Edw^d Wortley Montagu, Esq., the full contents of this Bill and all Demands.
J. GEO. ADAMS & Co."

The bill being duly discharged, Edward Wortley took, as it proved, a final farewell of England. But his friends there soon heard of his whereabouts. He proved that he was not a mere ignorant traveller, by addressing to the Earl of Macclesfield two letters on an ancient bust at Turin, the quality of which is warranted by the fact that they were thought of sufficient importance to be read before the Royal Society. Wortley Montagu was in a fair way to be a votary of science, but he might have said with Southwell,

"Tho' Wisdom woo me to the saint,
Yet Sense would win me to the shrine."

He had some reason, perhaps, to feel careless and embittered, for in this year, 1762, his mother died, showing her cruel

contempt for him by leaving him a guinea, which he gave to Mr. Davison, a friend and companion in his wayfaring. It was from his mother, said Mr. Piozzi, that the "learned" and accomplished Edward Wortley Montagu inherited all his "tastes and talents for sensual delights."

In the same year, 1762, the English consul at Alexandria was a Scandinavian, a native either of Denmark or Sweden, named Feroe. His wife was a beautiful young woman, born at Leghorn in 1741. Her father (sometimes said to be an innkeeper) was English, or of English descent. His name was Dormer, the name of a family that had once given a duchess to one of the Italian states, and that has given a line of barons to the English peerage since the year 1615 to the present

day. The mother of the lady in question was an Italian; her maiden name was Maria Sciale. There were several children of this marriage, but we have only to notice the beautiful Caroline Dormer, who married Consul Feroe, of Alexandria. This Caroline is said to have been as much distinguished for her virtue as for her beauty. The Dormer family record (in Lord Wharcliffe's possession), in which this double distinction is chronicled, perhaps "doth protest too much" with respect to the virtue, as that quality would now be understood; but of this the reader may judge for himself.

The consul and his wife were happily settled at Alexandria, when Wortley Montagu was sojourning in that city. Her beauty, as the Scripture phrase expresses it, took his mind prisoner. The object he had in view—that of carrying her off from her husband—seemed unattainable; but Montagu did not allow himself to be deterred by difficulties, and he found a way to surmount them. It was the way of a very unscrupulous man, but he had few scruples in compassing any end. He appeared as the friend of the family. He made no advances to the lady, but he manifested great interest in the welfare of her husband. Egypt was too dull a place for a man of such abilities. Montagu succeeded in inducing Feroe to leave it for a while on some pretended mission to Europe, which was to prove very lucrative to the poor consul, who took men and things for what they seemed to be. After Feroe's departure there came news of his sudden illness. A little additional time elapsed, and then came intelligence of his death. The decease of the consul in Holland was officially attested, and in 1763 Montagu presented the mournful document to the beautiful young widow. After she had made herself mistress of its contents, and saw herself left alone in a strange land, he took pity on her exquisite grief, made love to her at once, and proposed a remedy for her loneliness by her taking him for husband. The fair young widow was not hard to woo. She did not indeed yield at once. She suggested some becoming objections. She, a Roman Catholic, had erred, she thought, in marrying Mr. Feroe, who was a Protestant. She could not bring herself to repeat the error, but she intimated that she might be won if her handsome lover would turn

from his heretical ways and become a true son of the true church. As nothing more than this trifle stood as an obstacle to his success, Montagu resolved to become Roman Catholic. Perhaps he reflected long enough on the matter to persuade himself that he had a true call to that church. At all events, he professed to be somewhat divinely driven. He repaired to Jerusalem, and made his profession at the fountain-head of Christianity. In October, 1764, Montagu presented himself in the Holy City to Father Paul, prefect of the missions in Egypt and Cyprus. The traveller said that he had come to Jerusalem rather out of curiosity than devotion, but that the hand of God had fallen upon him. From his youth up, he stated (truly enough) that he had been the dupe of the devil. He made the statement with manifestations of grief, especially as he had obstinately resisted the impulses of the Holy Spirit, for which he now expressed penitence and humbly sought pardon. Father Paul gave heed to the repentant sinner's statement, and finding him cleansed from all heretical depravity, freed him from all pains and penalties decreed by the church against heretics, gave him plenary absolution, and received him into communion with Rome. Father Paul thought much of his convert, whom he styles, in the official certificate of Montagu's conversion, "Dominus Comes de Montagu" (as every Englishman abroad in those days used to be called "mi lord,") and the good father bids all the faithful to refrain from snubbing the convert, but on the contrary, to rejoice and be merry over him, as they would be over the unexpected finding of a treasure. A copy of the original document, which still sparkles with the silver dust showered over the finely written Italian letters, was printed in *Notes and Queries*, 4th of January, 1873.

There is no reason to doubt that soon after this act was accomplished Mr. Wortley Montagu and Madame Feroe *née* Dormer were duly married. Their conjugal felicity, however, was slightly disturbed by the reappearance of the consul Feroe, who very naturally expressed the greatest surprise at the household arrangements which had taken place in his absence, and he laid claim to his beautiful wife. The Catholic lady was persuaded that her first marriage with the Protestant consul was null and

void, the validity of such a union not being recognised by her church. At the same time she looked with some doubt, or she affected so to look, on the contract with her second husband. Appeal was made to the law tribunals of Tuscany, and pending the appeal, the wife of two husbands retired to a religious house at Antoura, in Syria. Montagu solaced himself with travel: he possibly knew that Italian judges were tardy in coming to conclusions. Whither he wended is quite easy to tell, for in 1765 Mr. Montagu was encountered at Venice. Mr. Sharp, in his *Letters from Italy*, has one dated Venice, September, 1765, in which he gives the following account:

"One of the most curious sights we saw among these curiosities, was the famous Mr. Montagu, who was performing quarantine at the Lazaretto. All the English made a point of paying him their compliments in that place, and he seemed not a little pleased with their attention. It may be supposed that visitors are not suffered to approach the person of any who is performing quarantine. They are divided by a passage of about seven or eight feet wide. Mr. Montagu was just arrived from the East; he had travelled through the Holy Land, Egypt, Armenia, &c., with the Old and New Testaments in his hands for his direction, which, he told us, had proved unerring guides. He had particularly taken the road of the Israelites through the Wilderness, and had observed that part of the Red Sea which they had passed through. He had visited Mount Sinai, and flattered himself he had been on the very part of the rock where Moses spake face to face with God Almighty. His beard reached down to his breast, being of two years and a half growth; and the dress of his head was Armenian. He was in the most enthusiastic raptures with Arabia and the Arabs. Like theirs, his bed was the ground, his food rice, his beverage water, his luxury a pipe and coffee. His purpose was to return once more among that virtuous people, whose morals and hospitality, he said, were such, that were you to drop your cloak in the highway, you would find it there six months afterwards, an Arab being too honest a man to pick up what he knows belongs to another; and, were you to offer money for the provision you meet with, he would ask you, with concern, why you had so mean an opinion of his benevolence, to suppose him capable of accepting a gratification. 'Therefore, money,' said he, 'in that country, is of very little use, as it is only necessary for the purchase of garments, which, in so warm a climate, are very few and of very little value.' He distinguishes, however, between the wild and the civilized Arab, and proposes to publish an account of all that I have written."

In 1765, Wortley Montagu (while sojourning at Pisa) wrote his well-known account of his journey to 'The Written Mountains' in the East. It is a clever and modest record; his conclusion being

that the rock inscriptions were undecipherable, and probably would not, if interpreted, be worth the outlay of means. This account was read before the Royal Society. In March, 1766, he was still at Pisa, whence he wrote to M. Varsy, a merchant from Marseilles, established at Rosetta, and married to a sister of Mrs. Feroe, or Mrs. Montagu, as the Tuscan judges might decide. The letter in French (now, with others quoted below, in Lord Wharcliffe's possession) contains the following personal matter:

"... "On my way back I shall go through Alexandria and Rosetta to see you, and also to see whether I cannot establish myself at Rosetta, rather than in Syria. As my father-in-law sets out for Syria next week, I shall not be obliged to take the shortest road; my wife will be at ease, and I shall have at least time to assure you how charmed I shall be to find opportunities of testifying to you my gratitude, and of renewing our old and dear friendship—a friendship which will always be dear to me, and with which I shall never cease to be, &c. &c. DE MONTAGU."

I have before me the original 'dispensation,' to enable him to neglect keeping Lent in the usual abstinent way. That he should take the trouble to procure such a power would seem to be warrant for a sincerity for which we can hardly credit him. It is dated '6 March, 1767,' and he is styled 'Excellentissimus Dominus Eduardus de Comitibus Montagu.' Meanwhile the question of the marriage was still undecided. The ecclesiastical and civil judges were perhaps not long in forming, but they were very slow in delivering judgment. Mrs. Montagu, however, or 'the Countess,' as she was sometimes called, seems to have formed a judgment of her own; or, at all events, to have accepted that of her second husband. They lived together at Smyrna, where for two years both applied themselves to the study of Turkish, in which language, as in others of the East, Montagu became a proficient scholar. On New Year's day, 1769, he addressed a joyous letter to his brother-in-law Varsy. The Tuscan and the Roman tribunals had at length pronounced on the great question. The rich and orthodox second husband was declared to be the legal possessor of the lady, and her previous marriage with the poor heretical consul was decreed to be no marriage at all.

"You cannot imagine," thus runs the letter, "the great joy I feel at being able to tell you that Mr. Feroe has the final decree of the Court of the

Nuncio at Florence. Accordingly, as Madame is already here" (Smyrna), "we reckon on being as soon as possible at Rosetta. But prudence requires that we should first write to you to beg you to find us a suitable house. That in which we were before would be good enough, but I think and fear that the consul may have it. Without the servants there are myself, my wife, and her father" (*mon-sieur son père*). "We live more in the Turkish fashion than ever. Accordingly, the women's apartments must be comfortable and convenient for the *salamlike* (*sic*), and there must be a chamber for my father-in-law. You know what is necessary. The quarter in which we live must be free from disturbance, from plague, and from robbers. Have the kindness to inform me if the country is tranquil, and if you believe that there is no danger from the government; for here no end of stories is being circulated. Write by the first ship. Be convinced of the constant friendship with which I am, my very dear friend, entirely yours,
DE MONTAIGU."

There seems to have been some obstruction to impede the desired settlement in Egypt. In a letter, dated 'Antoura' (Syria), 'January, 1771,' there is the following passage:

"Many accidents have prevented me from following my design and my inclination for Rosetta; and indeed it seems more prudent to wait till the government (in Egypt) is authorized (*affirmé*) by the consent of the Ottoman Porte before we establish ourselves in Egypt. However, here I am nearer to you, and I shall not fail to follow my first plan as soon as circumstances will allow. Madame thanks you for your *souvenir*, and sends many compliments. Keep yourself well, continue to love me, and be assured of the constant and perfect friendship of your very humble servant,
"CHEV. DE MONTAIGU."

It may be mentioned by the way, that Wortley Montagu reckoned among his friends men not at all likely to entertain respect for worthless individuals. "My learned friend, the Bishop of Ossory," is a phrase which bears one of these indications. It was written at Cairo. Meanwhile, here is another characteristic note from Cyprus. The writer speaks of his wife, as if the laundress of old no longer existed.

"CYPRUS, June 24th, 1771.

"JOSEPH VARSY, French merchant at Rosetta:
"SIR:—At last, my very dear friend, the time draws nigh for me to embrace you. This letter will be forwarded to you from Alexandria by my wife, who goes to Rosetta with M. her father, and Mademoiselle her sister. I beg of you to procure them a suitable house or sufficiently large apartment in the ouqel (?), where they will remain until I write to them from Cairo, where I am going by the way of Damietta.

"CHEV. DE MONTAIGU."

In July he writes thus from Damietta:

"DAMIETTA, July 14th, 1771.

"JOSEPH VARSY, French merchant at Rosetta:

"Here I am, my very dear friend, close to you. I flatter myself that I shall shortly have the honor of embracing you. My wife must have arrived at Alexandria, and will await me at Rosetta. Have the kindness to find her an apartment, or two, if necessary, and to assist her in all matters relating thereto. The friendship existing between us assures me that you will not refuse me this kindness. I will write to you from Cairo the moment I arrive. Meanwhile, rest assured that I shall always be as you have ever known me,

"Your most humble servant and true friend,
"CHEV. DE MONTAIGU."

Five days later, he acknowledges, from Alexandria, the arrival of a box of pipes from Constantinople. Soon after, the Egyptian home was established. It was on a thoroughly Eastern footing, and the two chief inmates seem to have devoted themselves to the study of Eastern languages and literature. But in August, 1772, the home seems to have been abandoned by Montagu. There was a report that he had embraced Mohammedanism, in order to visit Mecca in safety, and that his wife having refused to follow his example, or to recognize a negro boy who was with him as his heir, he separated from her. The following note shows that he was again roaming, but also that he was careful for his wife's comforts and on friendly terms with her family.

"ALEXANDRETTA, August 4, 1772.

"To VARSY:

"Here we are, my very dear friend, after a safe voyage of three days, in Alexandretta. It is a village resembling precisely Tor. We found there the horses and a servant of M. Belleville. So we start this evening for Aleppo, without waiting for the escort. The people who are said to infest the roads do not number more than five or six; and we are three, well armed, not counting M. Belleville, so that we have nothing to fear. There is no plague, nothing like it. The Pasha is at Aleppo and not at Damascus; far enough from your house. I beg of you to show all possible attentions to my wife. My compliments to the one that is dearest to you. M. Raymond will send you . . . a new pelisse; he will also tell you the price; should my wife think it pretty and the price a fair one, she will keep it, and M. Raymond will charge the same to me; if not, you will dispose of it in accordance with the orders of M. R. Adieu. I am riding on horseback."

Similar notes tell of his progress, of certain inconveniences from being too long in the saddle, exposed to the sun; and in the autumn, of his approaching return home. In September, he writes to Varsy:

"I am well persuaded of the care you take of our house, and I beg you to hurry on the workmen, and that everything be done absolutely in accordance with my wife's inclinations. Let the men put up the paper as she orders it, but let no one touch my room below, unless he can paint it perfectly in the Arab fashion."

"After expressing surprise that Mohammed Kiaja, a supposed friend, is intriguing against him, and stating that if his return to Rosetta should create any difficulties or perils, it would be better to have them smoothed away while he is at a distance, he writes:

"I spent here 800 piastres; it is true that I laid them out for things that are dearer with us, and when the ladies have helped themselves to what suits them, we can make money out of what is left, but meanwhile that will be inconvenient to you. You must, in that event, borrow money for me on interest, and do not say that it is for me as it will not do to use my name too freely. When the kitchen is ready, you must see to it that the whole of the old kitchen is freshly whitewashed, as well as other places on a level with it."

In a letter from Latakia, 1st October, 1772, he speaks of projects promising great results; 'broad rivers' (he says) 'are the sum of narrow streams.' In a still later letter the project seems to refer to pearls and rich stuffs. The letter concludes thus:

"Let me request you to direct Schieck Ali to make me out a catalogue of all my Turkish, Arabic, and Persian books, which are in manuscript, and to place opposite to each the price he estimates them at."

This indicates an approaching break-up. The cause of it does not appear, except as far as can be made out in a letter from

"ALEXANDRIA, October 13, 1772.

"I see that M. Dormer will remain at Rosetta, and in that case I will not stay there. I have so written to Madame, in order to give her time to leave Alexandria before my arrival. I will sleep to-morrow at Raimhé, Sunday at Aboukir, Monday at Etikon, and Tuesday, God willing, I will be at Rosetta, and if I find M. Dormer there, I will not stay there longer than will be necessary to pack up some books, for I am determined not to stay in the same place with M. Dormer. I would have been delighted to have seen him here, but I do not care to see him at Rosetta; therefore, my dear friend, persuade him to leave immediately; for if I meet him, I will not be able to sleep; that is certain."

What the ground of dissension was that induced Montagu to declare that he would not remain in the same city with Dormer is not known. Whatever it was, the Egyptian home was broken up. The wife and her sister subsequently established

themselves, temporarily, at Marseilles, definitively at Nancy. Montagu moved about the Continent in moody restlessness. In 1773 and the following year he settled for awhile in Venice. He lived in frequent retirement, and to all outward appearance in as truly a Turkish fashion as if he were a faithful child of Islam.

While Mr. Montagu was residing at Venice an illustrious traveller, the Duke of Hamilton, arrived in that city, under the care of his physician, Dr. John Moore, afterwards the author of 'Zeluco,' and the father of a glorious son, Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. The doctor had probably talked with his patron or ward about the more eccentric traveller, of whom he had more to say than most people as to the affair between Montagu and the Jew Payba, Moore having been official medical man at the English Embassy in France, when Lord Albemarle was ambassador, and Montagu was appealing to him for aid and protection. At Venice, the duke, according to Moore, "had the curiosity" (he does not say the *courtesy*) "to wait on this extraordinary man." "Montagu," says the Doctor, in his published letters,

"met his Grace at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room in quite a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sofa, whilst he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, served us with coffee. After this collation some aromatic gums were brought, and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montagu held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and sniffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavored to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. . . . We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable looking person, who is, to the last degree, acute, communicative, and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk."

Moore does not say that Montagu had assumed the Mohammedan faith, but simply that he considered the Turkish way of life to surpass that of all other nations. Indeed they deserved to be "the happiest of mankind," if they were, as Montagu held them to be, distinguished for integrity, hospitality, and most other virtues. Egypt was, in his eyes, "a perfect paradise," to which he was longing to return; and he was convinced that if the Israelites of old could

have had their own way they would have stuck to the land and the flesh-pots and driven the Egyptians into Canaan. But he added, with a fine sense of what the occasion required, that "it had been otherwise ordered, for wise purposes, of which it did not become us to judge."

Subsequently, Montagu returned the visit of the duke and his medical guardian. He seated himself on a sofa with his legs drawn up under him, as the most natural and convenient position that a gentleman could take. Moore, in the course of the conversation which ensued, slyly adverted to the Mohammedan views with regard to women. The quasi Turk became Oriental to the very ends of his fingers, and grew eloquent on this delicate question. Of course, he defended polygamy and concubinage, even as Solomon had wisely observed it. Women liked neither, and but for this foolish objection they would have had influence enough to have spread Islam as one religion throughout Europe. The men hated Christianity on more valid ground. Auricular confession they abhorred. "No Turk of any delicacy would ever allow his wife (particularly if he had but one) to hold private conference with a man on any pretext whatever." When the Doctor (for the Duke seems to have been generally silent) insinuated that the Turks had not the same grounds to hate Protestantism, Montagu remarked that the Turks could not tolerate the Christian idea of the equality of women and men, nor accept the Christian view of an exceedingly dull heaven, where the souls of ordinary women were to be assembled, instead of the graceful bodies of Houris, who were to welcome the sons of Islam to a joyous paradise.

The self-exile continued to be the observed of all curious travellers; but he directed his steps at last in the direction of home, if with no decided resolution to return thither. The cause, perhaps, is found in a phrase of a letter from Mrs. Delany, written in February, 1776: "Mr. Wortley Montagu's wife is dead." This was the laundress, his only legitimate wife, who had married him in his youthful time. Her husband had recently been entertaining Romney, and Romney had painted the portrait of his friend in Turkish costume, which bespeaks the talent of the artist and the sad yet manly beauty of the friend. The latter had been the victim of more lies

and jests than any man of his time, and these were multiplied now, but they are not worth repeating. The wanderer himself was near the end of his course. Two months subsequent to his lawful wife's decease he died, after a brief illness, at Padua. He is said to have expressed a hope that he should die as a good Moslem; but that he was held to have died in the Roman Catholic faith is best proved by the fact that he lies beneath a church roof in Padua, and with a Latin inscription over him which describes him as "*ubique civis*," and which credits him with nearly all the qualities that can dignify humanity. If much eccentricity has been ascribed to him by the world, it is because his acts and words gave some warrant for it. There was scarcely any condition in life but in some country or another he had assumed it. He used to boast that he had never committed a *small* folly; and his gambling was certainly at one time of gigantic proportions. A memoir of him, published in Dublin, two years after his death, reckoned among his boyish assumptions those of link-boy, chimney-sweep, and shoe-black! The same veracious volume numbered among his wives, with the English laundress, a Dutch Jewess, a Turkish lady, a Greek girl, a Circassian damsel, and an Arabian maiden. Even to the English laundress he is said to have been married by an official of the Fleet prison. His old tutor, Forster, claimed the merit of having written the work on Ancient Republics; but this claim, made when the author could not answer it, was universally scouted, as was the contemptible pretender. Lady Louisa Stuart, referring to the various ladies who assumed a right to bear his name, remarks:

"More than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not scruple to go through any number of times, if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore, she at least could not complain of deception."

The above lady was the *ci-devant* Miss Dormer. She appeared in London soon after Edward Wortley Montagu's death; and in her family papers it is stated that she received one hundred pounds annually from Coutts's out of her alleged husband's estate.

For a long period she resided at Nancy, and she may yet live in the recollection of not very old persons, English and others, who dwelt in that pleasant city in their youth, for the last of the wives of Wortley Montagu survived till January,

1821. She lived and died as Countess of Montagu, and her death finally closed a romance of real life, the unfortunate hero of which would probably have won honorable fame if he had been blessed with a mother of a different quality.—*Temple Bar.*

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

THERE are parts of our earth of which we know less than of the moon, or even of some of the planets. The eyes of the astronomer have looked upon the unattainable summits of the lunar mountains; he has studied the arid wastes which lie within the lunar craters; he has measured the light which these regions reflect—nay, even the degree to which they are warmed under the blazing sun of the long lunar day. Passing beyond the moon, the astronomer has studied the lands and seas of a world which has justly been termed a miniature of our earth; he has watched the clouds which form over the continents and oceans of the planet Mars, and are dissipated even like our own by the solar rays; he has determined the very constituents of that planet's atmosphere. But more than this, the astronomer has actually studied the condition of parts of Mars, where (if analogy can be trusted) the very inhabitants of that world are unable to penetrate. The ruddy orb (which when these lines appear will be shining conspicuously in our skies after a long absence from the earth's neighborhood) presents to the astronomer its Arctic and Antarctic wastes. He is able to watch the gradual increase of either region as winter prevails alternately over the northern and southern hemisphere of Mars; he can measure their gradual reduction with the progress of the Martial summer: and he can infer from their aspect that even in the height of summer there still remain ice-covered regions so wide in their range as doubtless to defy the efforts of the Martialists to penetrate to the poles of the globe on which they live. So that where most probably no living creature on Mars has ever penetrated the astronomer can direct his survey; and questions which no Martial geographer can pretend to answer, the terrestrial astronomer can discuss with a considerable degree of confidence. It is the

same even with the more distant planets Jupiter and Saturn. Despite the vast spaces which separate us from these orbs, we yet know much respecting their physical habitudes; and whereas our knowledge of our own earth is limited by certain barriers as yet unpassed, and probably impassable, there is no part of the surface of either of the giant planets which has not come under the astronomer's scrutiny.

These considerations suggest in turn the strange thought that possibly the unattained places of our earth have been viewed by beings which are not of this world. We say *possibly*, but we might almost say *probably*. It seems in no degree unreasonable to suppose not merely that the earth's sister-planet Venus is inhabited, but that some creatures on Venus possess the reasoning powers and the insight into the secrets of Nature, which have enabled the inhabitants of earth to study the orbs which circle like herself around the sun. If this be the case—if there are telescopists in Venus as skilful as those inhabiting our earth—they are able to answer questions which hitherto have baffled our geographers. They may not, indeed, have the means of ascertaining details respecting the structure of our continents and oceans. They cannot know, for instance, whether the region to which Livingstone has penetrated is, as he supposes, the head of the river we terrestrials call the Nile, or, as others suppose, is in reality the head of the Congo. For certainly no telescopic powers possessed by our astronomers could give us information on such points, if our position were interchanged with that of the inhabitants of Venus. But astronomers in Venus can, without excessive telescopic power, inform themselves whether our polar regions are like the corresponding regions in Mars—or whether, as many geographers suppose, the Arctic regions are occupied in summer by an open ocean, while in

the Antarctic regions there is a large continent.

A new interest has recently been given to enquiries respecting the condition of Arctic and Antarctic regions, by the circumstance that the expedition of the *Challenger* is expected to bring us information respecting the latter regions, while application has been made, and will probably be received, for Government assistance towards an Arctic expedition. We propose to consider, now, some of the questions which are connected with Antarctic research, and in particular to discuss the probability of the existence of great continental lands within the Antarctic circle.

Before proceeding to consider these points, however, we have a few remarks to make on the question of Government aid to this branch of geographical research.

It should be remembered by those who discuss this subject that the first explorations of the polar regions of our earth had a commercial origin. It was supposed that by finding a passage round the northern shores of the American continent, communication with China and the East Indies would be facilitated. A way had been found round Cape Horn, but the way was long, and the storms which rage in Antarctic seas rendered the route uninviting to the contemporaries of Magellan. The natural supposition in those days was, that voyagers from the great maritime northern countries—from England, from Spain and Portugal, or from the Netherlands, would find their advantage in sailing northwards rather than southwards. Hence the long and persistent efforts made to discover a north-western passage. Nor were the more directly Arctic voyages of Hudson and Richardson conducted with any other primary purposes. It is indeed manifest, as any one will perceive on examining a terrestrial globe, that a north-eastern course would avail nearly as well as a north-western, for reaching Eastern countries from Europe; and that a directly polar course would be better than either—if only (as Hudson hoped) a safe passage might be found through the Arctic seas.

Gradually, as the hope of finding a north-western passage available for commerce died out, other circumstances encouraged persistence in the efforts which had been made to penetrate the regions lying to the north of the American conti-

ment. There was much, indeed, in the desire to accomplish what had foiled so many; and it may be questioned whether this desire had not a good deal to do with the appeals which were made for Government assistance, as also with the ready response of Government to those appeals. Nevertheless, a real scientific interest had become associated with the search after a north-west passage. The magnetic pole of the earth was known to lie somewhere amid the dreary archipelago, with its ice-bound inlets, and glacier-laden shores, through which our Arctic seamen had so long attempted to penetrate. There, also, lies one of the northern poles of cold; while the configuration of the isothermal lines (or lines of equal temperature) in the neighborhood, shows how some influence is at work carrying relative warmth from the Atlantic towards the North Pole, and leaving the regions on the west of that course exposed to a degree of cold greatly more intense. To these considerations, others connected with the whaling trade were added, though we are not prepared to say that (so far as the question of Government assistance was concerned) these considerations had very great weight.

It cannot be denied, however, that at a certain stage in the history of Arctic voyaging, the mere barren ambition to attain or approach the North Pole of the earth was set in advance of more practical considerations. We find, for instance, that in the case of Parry's boat and sledge expedition from Spitzbergen polewards, certain sums of money were set as a reward for reaching such and such northern latitudes, the sum of ten thousand pounds being the prize for attaining the North Pole itself.

It appears to us that those have done well who, during their recent discussion of the subject, have laid stress upon the scientific value of the results which may be obtained during successful Arctic and Antarctic voyages. It is unworthy of a great country to appeal to the national honor on a matter so insignificant as the actual approach which has been made to either pole of the earth—to reason that because England has been thus far fortunate, in that sons of hers have made the nearest approach as well to the Arctic as to the Antarctic pole, and because Germany, Sweden, and the United States seem likely to send their ships as near or nearer to either pole, *therefore* England should send

out an expedition to forestall the seamen of those countries. A better reason should be given for expeditions into the dangerous polar regions; and such a reason has been found, we think, in the scientific interest and value of such voyages.*

This remark might have been applied with special force to Antarctic voyages if an attempt had been made, somewhat earlier, to penetrate to regions where Antarctic observing stations might have been

* We would venture, however, to speak somewhat earnestly in opposition to the attempt which has been made to attach meteorological importance to polar voyages in connection with solar observations. A persistent effort has recently been made to show that, by the study of the sun, an answer may be given to the long-veiled question whether the weather can be predicted; and assertions have been very confidently made as to successes already achieved in this inquiry. It cannot be too strongly insisted that there is nothing to encourage the hope of such success, or rather, that there is every reason to feel assured that no success can be obtained. It has been shown, indeed, that in a certain subtle way, and by no means to an important degree, rainfall is associated with the great cycle of solar spot changes. It has also been shown that probably the hurricanes of tropical regions are somewhat more numerous during the periods of great solar disturbance than at other times. Moreover, terrestrial magnetical disturbances are connected with solar disturbances, and are known to be more numerous during periods of sun-spot frequency than at other times. That a connection should thus have been traced between terrestrial phenomena and the most marked of all the cyclic changes affecting the sun's surface is not surprising. But so far is the circumstance from encouraging the hope to which we have referred, that it is altogether discouraging, and indeed seems to negative absolutely all hopes of success in forming any weather presages from the study of the sun's surface. For be it noticed, that not one of these effects gives us any absolute information as to the weather, either as respects rainfall, wind, or magnetical phenomena. We only know that probably there will be more or less rainfall with certain winds, a greater average annual number of hurricanes, and an excess of magnetical activity on the whole. Such information is all but valueless, and yet it is all we have obtained from the most striking of solar phenomena. How utterly hopeless, then, must it be to expect results of value from the study of solar details relatively quite insignificant. We venture to speak strongly on this point. It is known that Government has been singularly liberal in affording aid to researches promising results of meteorological importance. Ten thousand pounds per annum have long been paid for observations based on hopes of the sort, and, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the results have had no scientific value whatever. Neither our men of science nor our government can well afford to repeat the experiment where the chances of success are even more hopelessly chimerical.

established for watching the transit of Venus in December, 1874. This important astronomical event could have been observed with great advantage from the Antarctic regions. It is easy to show why this is the case. Regarding our earth as a globe-shaped house, whence observations can be made as from different rooms, we see that in December, when the south polar regions are enjoying their summer—or, in other words, are turned sunwards—the Antarctic regions are very suitable *lower rooms*, as it were, for observing Venus crossing the sun. It is, as seen from these lower regions, that she will seem to traverse the sun along the highest course. Now the determination of the sun's distance, by observations of Venus in transit, depends wholly on getting (i.) as *high* a view, and (ii.) as *low* a view of the planet as possible, and noting the different effects thus perceived. Astronomers are going as far north as they can—indeed, they are going to stations which, as seen from the sun at the time, would seem to be at the very top of our terrestrial house—but they are not going to occupy the lowest rooms. They will go no nearer than Kerguelen Land—if so near; for, by an unfortunate mistake, it was announced several years ago that in 1874 it would be useless, owing to certain effects depending on the earth's rotation, to visit any Antarctic stations; and, as a matter of fact, Antarctic voyages were deferred until the approach of the transit of 1882, when it was supposed that the circumstances would be more suitable. Three years ago geographers and Arctic seamen were invited to prepare for voyages in anticipation of the latter transit (for it will be understood that several years are required for suitable preparations), when, to the astonishment of the astronomical world, it was discovered, that whereas observations at Antarctic stations in 1874 would have been highly advantageous, such observations in 1882 would scarcely have the slightest chance of success. The preparations, therefore, for observing the latter transit were countermanded; but though the discovery came in good time to save England from the discredit of undertaking dangerous expeditions on the strength of erroneous calculations, it was too late for utilising Antarctic stations during the transit of 1874.

Nevertheless a considerable amount of scientific interest attaches to Antarctic ex-

ploration, especially since it has been decided that a government expedition shall devote some of its energies to researches upon the borders of the Antarctic regions. The general instructions to this effect are contained in the following passage from the Report of the Circumnavigation Committee of the Royal Society: "It is recommended . . . to pass . . . across the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope; thence by the Marian Islands, the Crozets, and Kerguelen Land, to Australia and New Zealand, going southwards, *en route*, opposite the centre of the Indian Ocean, as near as may be with convenience and safety to the southern ice-barrier. . . This route will give an opportunity of examining . . . the specially interesting fauna of the Antarctic sea. Special attention should be paid to the botany and zoology of the Marian Islands, the Crozets, Kerguelen Land, and new groups of islands which may possibly be met with in the region to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope. Probably investigations in these latitudes may be difficult: it must be remembered, however, that the marine fauna of these regions is nearly unknown; that it must bear an interesting relation to the fauna of high northern latitudes; that the region is inaccessible, except under such circumstances as the present; and that every addition to our knowledge of it will be of value." We find, also, among the suggested physical observations, the remark that "it is in the Southern Ocean that the study of ocean temperatures, at different depths, is expected to afford the most important results, and it should there be systematically prosecuted. The great ice-barrier should be approached as nearly as may be deemed suitable, in a meridian nearly corresponding to the centre of one of the three great southern oceans—say to the south of Kerguelen Land—and a line of soundings should be carried north and south as nearly as may be." And it need hardly be said that observations of meteorological and magnetic phenomena in the southern seas will not be neglected.

It will be seen that direct Antarctic exploration will not be attempted. No effort will be made to penetrate within the ice-barrier, to which these instructions refer as to some line of demarcation separating the known from the unknown. Nor would it be easy, perhaps, to assign any sufficient reason for the re-

newal, by a scientific expedition, of those arduous explorations in which Wilkes, d'Urville, and (especially) the younger Ross, discovered all that is known about the Antarctic ice-barrier. There was much, indeed, in the results obtained by Ross to invite curiosity on the one hand, and on the other to show that the Antarctic regions can be penetrated successfully in certain directions. It seems far from unlikely that other openings exist by which the southern pole may be approached, than that great bay, girt round by steep and lofty rocks, where Ross made his nearest approach to the southern magnetic pole. We shall presently indicate reasons for believing that the Antarctic, as well as the Arctic, regions are occupied by an archipelago—ice-bound, indeed, during the greater part of the year—but, nevertheless, not altogether impenetrable during the Antarctic summer. Yet there is little to encourage any attempts to explore this region otherwise than in ships specially constructed to encounter its dangers.

It is singular how confidently geographers have spoken of the great Antarctic continent, when we remember that only an inconsiderable extent of coast line has ever been seen by Antarctic voyagers in any longitudes, except where Ross made his nearest approach to the South Pole. There is absolutely not a particle of evidence for believing that the ice-barriers which have been encountered—Sabine Land, Adélie Land, Victoria Land, and Graham Land—belong to one and the same land region. It is not, indeed, certain that all the mapped coast line is correct—for it must not be forgotten that where Commodore Wilkes charted down a coast line Ross found an open (or only ice-encumbered) sea, and sailed there.

Yet Dr. Jilek, in the *Text-book of Oceanography*, in use in the Imperial Naval Academy of Vienna, writes thus confidently respecting the Antarctic continent: "There is now no doubt," he says, "that around the South Pole there is extended a great continent, mainly within the polar circle, since, although we do not know it in its full extent, yet the portions with which we have become acquainted, and the investigations made, furnish sufficient evidence to infer the existence of such with certainty. This southern or Antarctic continent advances farthest in a peninsula S.S.E. of the southern end of America, reaching in Trinity

Land almost to 62 degrees south latitude. Outwardly these lands exhibit a naked, rocky, partly volcanic desert, with high rocks destitute of vegetation, always covered with ice and snow, and so surrounded with ice that it is difficult or impossible to examine the coast very closely."

A singular, and indeed fallacious, argument has been advanced by Capt. Maury in favor of the theory that the Antarctic regions are occupied by a great continent. "It seems to be a physical necessity," he argues, "that land should not be antipodal to land. Except a small portion of South America and Asia, land is always opposite to water. Mr. Gardner has called attention to the fact that only one twenty-seventh part of the land is antipodal to land. The belief is, that on the polar side of 70 degrees north we have mostly water, not land. This law of distribution, so far as it applies, is in favor of land in the opposite zone." Surely a weaker argument has seldom been advanced on any subject of scientific speculation. Here is the syllogism: we have reason to believe (though we are by no means sure) that the arctic regions are occupied by water; land is very seldom found to be antipodal to land; therefore, probably, the Antarctic regions are occupied by land. But it is manifest that, apart from the weakness of the first premiss, the second has no bearing whatever on the subject at issue, *if the first be admitted*: for we have no observed fact tending to show that water is very seldom antipodal to water, which would be the sole law to guide us in forming an opinion as to the regions antipodal to the supposed Arctic water. On the contrary, we know that water is very commonly antipodal to water. We have only to combine what is known respecting the relative proportions of land and water on our globe, with Mr. Gardner's statement that twenty-six out of twenty-seven parts of the land are antipodal to water, to see that this must be so. There are about 51 millions of square miles of land and about 146 millions of square miles of ocean. Now about 49 millions of square miles of land are antipodal to water, accounting, therefore, for only 49 millions out of the 146 millions of square miles of ocean surface; the remaining 97 millions of square miles of ocean are, therefore, not antipodal to land, but one half (any we please) antipodal to the other half. In fact, we have this rather singular

result, that the ocean surface of the globe can be divided into three nearly equal parts, of which one is antipodal to land, while the other two parts are antipodal to each other. This obviously does not force upon us the conclusion that an unknown region must be land, because a known region opposite to it is oceanic; and still less can such a conclusion be insisted upon when the region opposite the unknown one is itself unknown.*

So far, indeed, as the geographical evidence extends, it seems probable that there exists within the Antarctic circle an elevated region bearing somewhat the same relation to the great promontories terminated by Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, as well as to the relatively elevated region indicated by the islands south and south-east of Australia, which the Hindoo Koosh bears to the great mountain ranges of Asia. We seem to have in the Antarctic high lands, the great central elevation whence three great lines of elevation extend. That the great mountain range which forms the backbone of South America, is continued under water, rising again in the South Shetland Isles and Graham's Land, would indeed seem altogether probable; and it may be remarked as a coincidence of some importance that the mountains seen by Ross on the other side of the Antarctic circle—Mounts Sabine, Crozier, Erebus, and Ross—lie in a chain tending in the same direction. But although we might thus be led to regard the Antarctic regions as forming a great central region of elevation, it by no means fol-

* Whether the relation above-mentioned respecting land regions is noteworthy may very well be questioned. It will be seen that Capt. Maury regards it as seemingly a physical law "that land should not be antipodal to land." Now this is by no means satisfactorily indicated. As a question of probabilities it is not certain that the present relation, by which twenty-six parts out of twenty-seven of the land are antipodal to water, can be regarded as antecedently an unlikely one, when nearly three-fourths of the whole surface are occupied by water, and when, also, the bulk of the land and water regions consist of such great surfaces as those we call continents and oceans. Granted these preliminary conditions, it would appear, indeed, that only by a very remarkable and, as it were, artificial arrangement of land and water could any but a small portion of the land be antipodal to land. The stress laid by Maury on the observed relation seems to us, indeed, as unwarranted as that laid by Humboldt on the fact that the great southerly projections of the land lie nearly in the same longitude as the great northerly projections.

lows that this region is of the nature of a table land.

Meteorological considerations have been urged by Maury for the theory of Antarctic lands in large masses, "relieved by high mountains and lofty peaks." He considers that it is to such mountains (performing the part of condensers) that the steady flow of "brave" winds towards the South Pole is to be ascribed. "Mountain masses," he says, "appear to perform in the chambers of the upper air the office which the jet of cold water discharges for the exhausted steam in the condenser of an engine. The presence of land, therefore, not water, about this south polar stopping-place is suggested." And he attaches considerable weight, in this connection, to the circumstance that the barometric pressure is singularly low over the whole Antarctic Ocean,*—as though there were here the vortex of a mighty but steady whirlwind. "We may contemplate the whole system of 'brave west winds,' circulating in the Antarctic regions, in the light of an everlasting cyclone on a gigantic scale—the Antarctic continent in its vortex—about which the wind in the great atmospheric ocean all round the world, from the pole to the edge of the calm belt of Capricorn, is revolving in spiral curves, continually going with the hands of a watch, and twisting from right to left." However, it would be unsafe to base the theory of an Antarctic continent on speculations such as these. And still less can we assume with Maury that Antarctic volcanoes play an important part in the economy of southern meteorological phenomena. There is no reason for supposing that active volcanoes have any special action in determining atmospheric relations. Capt. Maury suggests that we may, "without transcending the limits of legitimate speculation, invest the unexplored Antarc-

tic land with numerous and active volcanoes," and this certainly may be granted, for two volcanoes (one in action) have been seen there. But it would be unsafe to infer that such volcanoes are "sources of dynamical force sufficient to give that freshness and vigor to the atmospherical circulations, which observations have abundantly shown to be peculiar to the southern hemisphere." Volcanoes would need to be so numerous and so active, in order to produce the imagined effect, that the whole southern continent would be aglow like a gigantic furnace. A hundred Etnas would not produce the thousandth part of the indraught which Maury ascribes to Antarctic volcanoes. Assuredly, we may say with Maury, but more significantly, that "volcanoes are not a meteorological necessity." "We cannot say that they are," he proceeds, "yet the force and regularity of the winds remind us that their presence there would not be inconsistent with known laws." He believes, in fact, that the steady winds may be partly formed as an indraught feeding volcanic fires. It is as well to remember, when ideas so wild are mooted, that, as Maury himself remarks, "we know, ocularly, but little more of the topographical features of Antarctic regions than we do of those of one of the planets." "If they be continental," as he proceeds, "we may, indeed, without any unwarrantable stretch of the imagination, relieve the face of nature there with snow-clad mountains, and diversify the landscape with flaming volcanoes;" but we must not forget that this is a work of imagination, not a theory which can be insisted upon as though it represented a geographical fact.

While on this subject, however, we cannot refrain from quoting a very striking passage from a letter by Capt. Howes of the *Southern Cross*, because, although it relates in reality to the phenomena of an Aurora Australis, it presents a scene such as we might conceive to accord with the conception of an Antarctic region covered with volcanoes whose combined action made the whole continent at times as one vast furnace. Apart from fancies such as these, the description is full of interest:—"At about half-past one," he says, "on the second of last September, the rare phenomenon of the Aurora Australis manifested itself in a most magnificent manner. Our ship was off Cape Horn, in a violent gale, plunging furiously into a heavy sea,

* This curious circumstance cannot be explained, as Maury supposes, by the existence of upflowing currents of air, however occasioned. The total pressure of the air over any region is not affected by motions taking place within the air, any more than the total pressure of water upon the bottom of a tank is affected by motions taking place in the water. There are reasons for believing that the true explanation of the low Antarctic barometer lies in the fact that the ocean surface is in Antarctic regions *above*, and in Arctic regions *below*, the mean level. The excess of ocean surface in the southern hemisphere indicates an overflow, as it were, of water southwards, which must lead to such a relation.

flooding her decks, and sometimes burying her whole bows beneath the waves. The heavens were as black as death; not a star was to be seen when the brilliant spectacle first appeared. I cannot describe the awful grandeur of the scene; the heavens gradually changed from murky blackness till they became like livid fire, reflecting a lurid, glowing brilliancy over everything. The ocean appeared like a sea of vermillion lashed into fury by the storm; the waves, dashing furiously over our side, ever and anon rushed to leeward in crimson torrents. Our whole ship—sails, spars, and all—seemed to partake of the same ruddy hues. They were as if lighted up by some terrible conflagration. Taking all together, the howling, shrieking storm, the noble ship plunging fearlessly beneath the crimson-crested waves, the furious squalls of hail, snow, and sleet driving over the vessel and falling to leeward in ruddy showers, the mysterious balls of electric fire resting on our mast-heads, yard-arms, etc., and above all the awful sublimity of the heavens, through which coruscations of auroral light would often shoot in spiral streaks and with meteoric brilliancy, altogether presented a scene of grandeur and sublimity surpassing the wildest dreams of fancy."

The enormous icebergs which come from out the Antarctic seas suggest interesting conclusions respecting regions as yet unexplored. This will be understood when it is remembered that all the larger and loftier icebergs have in reality had their origin in vast glaciers. Vast masses of ice are formed, indeed, in the open sea. Each winter the seas which have been open during the summer months (December, January, and February) are covered over with ice of enormous thickness, and when summer returns the ice-fields thus formed are broken up, and the fragments, borne against each other during storms, become piled into gigantic masses. But the agglomerations thus formed, vast though they be, are far exceeded in magnitude by the true icebergs. "Among the drifting masses of flat sea-ice," says Tyndall, "vaster masses sail which spring from a totally different source. These are the icebergs of the polar seas. They rise sometimes to an elevation of hundreds of feet above the water, while the height of ice submerged is about seven times that seen above." "What is their origin?" he

proceeds, speaking of those met with in the northern seas. "The Arctic glaciers. From the mountains in the interior the indurated snows slide into the valleys, and fill them with ice. The glaciers thus formed move like the Swiss ones, incessantly downwards. But the Arctic glaciers reach the sea, and enter it, often ploughing up its bottom into submarine *moraines*. Undermined by the lapping of the waves, and unable to resist the strain imposed by their own weight, they break across, and discharge vast masses into the ocean. Some of these run aground on the adjacent shores, and often maintain themselves for years. Others escape, to be finally dissolved in the warm waters of the ocean."

Now, it is important to notice that the Antarctic icebergs are vaster and more numerous than those formed in Arctic seas. How large these last are, will be understood from the instance referred to by Tyndall, who, citing Sir Leopold McClintock, describes an Arctic iceberg 250 feet high, and aground in 500 feet of water. But Captain Maury speaks of Antarctic icebergs in the open sea, hundreds of feet high and "miles in extent." "The belt of ocean that encircles this globe on the polar side of fifty-five degrees south latitude is never free from icebergs," he adds; "they are formed in all parts of it all the year round. I have encountered them myself as high as the parallel of thirty-seven degrees, . . . and navigators on the voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne, and from Melbourne to Cape Horn, scarcely ever venture, except while passing Cape Horn, to go on the polar side of fifty-five degrees." As he justly remarks, "the nursery for the bergs to fill such a field must be an immense one; such a nursery cannot be on the sea, for icebergs require to be fastened firmly to the shore until they attain full size. They, therefore, in their mute way, are loud with evidence in favor of Antarctic shore-lines of great extent, of deep bays where they may be formed, and of lofty cliffs whence they may be launched."

It is remarkable, however, that Maury fails to notice that the evidence of these enormous icebergs is opposed to the theory of an Antarctic continent, or is, at least, by no means in favor of that theory. It might at once be objected, indeed, to the inferences derived by Maury from the

Antarctic icebergs, that similar reasoning would show the unknown parts of the Arctic regions to be mainly occupied by land-masses. But, apart from this, all that we know of glaciers teaches us to recognise the fact that they are formed only in regions where vast mountain ranges exist, and where the lower levels are reached by ravines and valleys gradually diminishing in slope as they descend. Now, wherever this is the contour of the land, we have in the surrounding regions one or other of the three following conditions:—either (i.), flat land regions around the base of the mountain ranges; or (ii.), inland seas upon which the valleys debouch; or (iii.), and lastly, open sea, in which the mountain ranges form islands or pinnacles complicated in figure. It is clear that only the third of these formations corresponds to the conditions indicated by the Antarctic icebergs. There must be a communication between Antarctic seas and the mountain-slopes of Antarctic lands, and this communication must be by long and deep valleys, descending to fiords, bays, and gulfs. It is thus as certain as such a matter can be until the eye of man has actually rested on these regions, that the Antarctic shores are extremely irregular; and it seems altogether more probable that the land-masses of Antarctic regions consist of a number of large islands like those in the seas to the north of America, than that there is a great continental region, broken along its border, like the Scandinavian peninsula, into bays and fiords.

But, strangely enough, Captain Maury actually recognises the necessity for a suitable region within which the icebergs are to be formed, but seems to feel bound (by the opinion of geographers respecting the unknown Antarctic regions) to reconcile the existence of such a region with the theory of a great Antarctic continent. "Fiords, deep bays, and capacious gulfs loom up," he tells us, "before the imagination, reminding us to ask the question, Is there not embosomed in the Antarctic continent a Mediterranean, the shores of which are favorable to the growth and the launching of icebergs of tremendous size? and is not the entrance to this sea near the meridian of Cape Horn, perhaps to the west of it?" But the condition of the Antarctic seas will not permit us to adopt such a view of the origin of southern icebergs. Even if the imagined Antarctic

Mediterranean were not icebound, it would be sufficiently difficult to conceive that the glaciers formed around its shores would pass out in stately procession through the imagined straits south and west of Cape Horn. How should currents sufficiently strong be generated to bear these glacial masses away? How could collisions, blocking up the mouth of the strait often for months together, be avoided? And when the consideration is added that an Antarctic Mediterranean would almost certainly be frozen over, the whole year through, the theory that it is within such a sea that Antarctic glaciers are formed becomes, in our opinion, altogether untenable. If such a sea exists, it must be blocked up with ice too completely for any considerable movements to take place within it. Even the glaciers on its borders must be unlike the glaciers known to us, because the downward motion of the ice-masses composing them must be so checked by the resistance of masses already accumulated, as to be scarcely perceptible even in long periods of time.

If we considered the nature of the Antarctic seas, and particularly the circumstance that the Antarctic summer is far colder than the Arctic summer, it will appear most probable that within the Antarctic regions land and water are so distributed that, while the shore-lines are of great extent, there is very free communication with the open Antarctic Ocean. In other words, it seems reasonable to conclude that there are many large islands within the Antarctic circle, that these islands are separated from each other by wide passages, and not by straits readily blocked up and encumbered with ice in such sort as to impede the outward passage of the great icebergs. And nothing which has been ascertained by Antarctic voyagers is opposed to this conclusion. It is indeed very easy to fall into the mistake of inferring otherwise from the study of an ordinary chart of the Antarctic seas. If, for example, we look at the chart in Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, we are apt to imagine that the boundary-line indicating the limits of Antarctic explorations, points to the existence of a continuous barrier of ice, the advanced line of defence, as it were, behind which lies as continuous a barrier of precipitous shore-line. But a very slight study of the records of Antarctic voyages will suffice to

show how erroneous is such an impression. We find that long before coast-lines have been seen, the hardy voyagers have found themselves impeded and often surrounded by masses of floating ice. Wilkes, Ross, and d'Urville, when struggling to advance towards the southern pole, were repeatedly compelled to retreat without seeing any signs of land. Land has not been seen, indeed, along more than one-sixth part of the circuit of the Antarctic barrier, and it has only been in the neighborhood of Victoria Land that a continuous coast-line of any considerable extent has been discovered. Wherever land has been seen, it has been mountainous and rugged—a circumstance which suggests great irregularity of outline in the land-regions, and the high probability that these regions are broken up into islands resembling those in the north-polar seas.

Certainly, there is much in what has been learned or may be inferred respecting the Antarctic regions, to suggest the wish that further explorations may one day be undertaken. When we consider what has been done with sailing ships, it seems by no means unlikely that, with steam-ships suitably constructed, the Antarctic seas might be successfully explored. We would not encourage the idle ambition to penetrate so many miles farther southward than has hitherto been found practicable. But there are many and legitimate considerations in favor of further exploration. "Within the periphery of the Antarctic circle," says Captain Maury, "is included an area equal in extent to one-sixth part of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. With the appliances of steam to aid us, with the lights of science to guide us, it would be a reproach to the world to permit such a large portion of its surface any longer to remain unexplored. For the last 200 years, the Arctic Ocean has been a theatre for exploration; but as for the Antarctic, no expedition has attempted to make any persistent exploration, or even to winter there.* England, through Cook and

Ross; Russia, through Billingshausen; France, through D'Urville; and the United States, through Wilkes, have sent expeditions to the South Sea. They sighted and

and how small was the promise of astronomical results, even under the misapprehensions to which we have referred, we see how much might have been secured (even before this present time) if the more abundant promise of the earlier transit had been recognised in due time. In 1882 there are only two Antarctic stations to be thought of for a moment, and at one of these the sun will be only four degrees or so above the horizon at the moment when Venus enters on the sun's face, while at the other the sun will only be seven degrees above the horizon at that time. The least haze near the horizon, or the existence of mountains of moderate elevation lying on the south of the selected station (and it is suspected that lofty mountains exist in that direction) would render the observations futile. In 1874, on the contrary, there will be a high sun at three or four Antarctic stations, and every circumstance would tend to make the observations successful and useful. It has even been said, by one well qualified to express an opinion—to wit, by Commander Davis, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his southern voyages, and had himself landed at one of the stations suggested—that the meteorological chances of observing the transit would be *greatly more favorable* in this Antarctic station than at Kerguelen's land. He considers, also, that there would be no difficulty whatever in again effecting a landing at the same place, viz. on Possession Island, off the coast of South Victoria, in latitude seventy-two degrees south; and that, with good huts, a party "could pass the winter very comfortably, and would have a pleasant prospect before them and plenty of penguins to live on." But to have secured the forwarding of such an expedition the attention of government should have been directed to the matter as long before the transit of 1874, as in the actual case the transit of 1882 was anticipated (that is, in 1865, or thereabouts). Unfortunately, however, even at that very time, the mistake we have referred to led to the reiterated assertion that the transit of 1882 was alone worth observing at Antarctic stations; and again in 1868 the statement was repeated, that the method for which Antarctic voyages would alone be made "fails totally for the transit of 1874" (*Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. xxix. p. 33). It is now admitted that this was an over-hasty inference, but the admission comes too late. *To observe the Transit of December 8, 1874, successfully in the Antarctic regions, Possession Island should be occupied in January, 1874, at the latest, by a party provided with the means of wintering there (the winter months being May, June, July, and August).* Unless our Australian cousins make the attempt, there is now, unfortunately, little hope of this being done. Government, at least, could scarcely be moved in time; though even now, immortal honors might be gained by any who, having adequate means, should fit out a stout steam-ship for the purpose. The instrumental means, and astronomers to use them, would be forthcoming at once.

* We cannot refrain from touching here once again on the unfortunate circumstances relative to the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, because not only astronomy but geography must suffer seriously from them. When we consider what was about to be undertaken for the transit of 1882,

sailed along the icy barrier, but none of them spent the winter, or essayed to travel across and look beyond the first impediment. The expeditions which have been sent to explore unknown seas, have contributed largely to the stock of human knowledge, and they have added renown to nations, lustre to diadems. Navies are not all for war. Peace has its conquests, science its glories; and no navy can boast of brighter honors than those which have been gathered in the fields of geographical exploration or physical research."

It does not appear that Antarctic voyages would be attended with any excessive degree of danger. No ship has hitherto been lost, we believe, in explorations beyond the Antarctic circle. It may be said, indeed, that such attempts are rather arduous than dangerous. It may even be found that the Antarctic barriers are impenetrable; but this has certainly not as yet been demonstrated. And it is far from being improbable that, if success

could be achieved, an important field of commercial enterprise would be opened. The Antarctic regions are not mere desert wastes. The seamen under Ross found Possession Island covered by penguins standing in ranks like soldiers, and too little familiar with the ways of man to attempt escape. More valuable animals live and thrive, however, in Antarctic seas. Whales and seals exist there in abundance; and, as Captain Maury has well remarked, "of all the industrial pursuits of the sea, the whale fishery is the most valuable." In Arctic fisheries, he tells us, three thousand American vessels are engaged, and "if to these we add the Dutch, French, and English, we shall have a grand total of perhaps not less than six or eight thousand, of all sizes and flags, engaged in this one pursuit." There are reasons for believing that whale fisheries in Antarctic regions would afford a richer, as they would certainly afford a far wider, field for maritime enterprise.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

GERMAN NOVELISTS.

"THE Press and Rostrum in Germany alike degraded; the stage kept alive by scraps from foreign sources; Poetry and Art utterly destitute of vigor; Music grown degenerate; Literature a sickly romanticism devoid of any originality; the national language culpably neglected, disfigured by the introduction of foreign words, and in its turn disfiguring German modes of thought and the German nature;"*—such is the picture of modern intellectual and artistic Germany presented by a German of no mean authority.

But is the picture a correct one? It is not. It is the passionate cry of an idealist wrung from him by the pangs of an over-quick and unsatisfied instinct of perfection.

For in good sooth modern German literature is the finest in the world. When the mind, worn and jaded by the wearisome stage-tricks of English sensationalism or the labored glitter of French paradox, turns to this literature for relief and refreshment, the feeling is almost as when one enters some placid haven after long buffeting by the storms of ocean. Here there is nothing forced, nothing tricky, no-

thing meretricious. The atmosphere is one of philosophic calm. There is a liberty of thought and a freshness of sentiment to which the purely English reader is a stranger.

Nor is the reason of this contrast far to seek. As every writer reflects unconsciously the spirit of his age, so does he reflect the spirit of his country and its institutions. In England life is swift, busy, practical. Amid the seething strife of political parties and the clash of a hundred religionisms, the truth, when spoken at all, must always be spoken controversially. The poet, the novelist, cannot detach himself from the influence of party and of creed. Hence anything largely objective is from the outset impossible. The author who should write for all time panders to some popular prejudice and sacrifices to the interests of party what was meant for the edification of humanity. It is the onlooker who sees most of the game of life. But the English writer has no patience to look on; he must needs mingle in the strife. His views are, as a natural consequence, narrow, prejudiced, subjective.

It is not so in Germany. There a difference in climate and in institutions has en-

* Held: *Staat und Gesellschaft*, III. 50.

gendered a habit of thought, calmer, broader, more objective. Centuries of despotism, in excluding the burgher from the arena of politics, have led him to think deeply and dispassionately. The vulgar excitement of the vestry or the polling-booth, which delights the energetic Englishman, has few attractions for his more contemplative cousin. The latter regards these things—nay life itself—as much as possible from a distance—from an outside point of observation. To him they are proper subjects for philosophic or artistic consideration, not things to flush his cheek with a sense of gratified ambition, or to turn it pale with disappointed hope. He is well content to stand with folded arms upon the bank and watch with curious eyes the stream of human life sweep by in swift effulgence.

In virtue of this artistic objectivity the German novelist writes simply and naturally, without effort and without constraint. It is true that this very freedom of motion leads him at times to write carelessly and clumsily, whilst, occasionally, from sheer excess of thought, his style becomes cloudy, tedious and turgid.

But in the main his writing comes, as all true writing must come, straight from the heart. He does not, like the Frenchman, set his invention on the rack to originate some fresh phase of quintessential vice. He does not, like the ever-practical Englishman, construct a novel as a Chinaman fabricates a puzzle, and sacrifice all else to the wearisome ingenuity of a perfect plot. Above all, he does not mutilate eternal emotions on the Procrustean couch of modern conventionality. He does not write with the fear of moral censorship before his eyes. He has no dread of Mrs. Grundy. He dares, without malice on the one hand or extenuation on the other, to reflect Nature as manifested either in virtue or in vice.

Hence the ripe glory of German belletristic literature. Hence the magic charm that it exercises over philosophic and poetic minds in all countries. To read a German novel in the original is a real and healthy recreation. Lacking, in great measure, that element of coarse excitement, which has made the reading of English novels little better than a kind of semi-intellectual dram-drinking, it regales the mind with a catholic philosophy, and holds up to Nature a mirror purged of pettiness, and prejudice, and cant. So much is this the

case that he who has once revelled in this rich banquet can scarce contemplate, without positive disgust, the superficial philosophy, the mechanical artifice, the garish transformation scenes, which too often go to compose a modern English novel.

No doubt, in point of mere mechanism, the English novel is superior to all others. What is technically called "construction" here attains its ultimate perfection. In this respect the novels of Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins leave nothing to desire. But, after all, mechanism is not Art. A chess-automaton may excite our wonder, but a Guido-head stirs, with its sweet force of ideal beauty, the most sluggish nature to its depths. Nay, it is not too much to say, that construction can be so perfect as to become unnatural, and, therefore, inartistic.

For what is Art? Is it not the simple, loyal, loving reproduction of Nature? Not necessarily the reproduction of every petty detail, but of the broad general features. And if this be so, the first aim of the artist, whether with pencil or with pen, must be to be natural.

Look at some child as on a summer afternoon, play-tired, it throws itself beneath a tree to rest. It has no self-consciousness. It cares not who may be looking. It does not study to compose its limbs into some attitude of grace; and, for this very reason, its posture is divinely graceful. It thinks of nothing. The stocks may have risen or have fallen—one nation may be minded on the morrow to fall with fire and sword upon another, and, meanwhile, may be pestering heaven for certificates of character—but the sweet child knows nothing of this guilt and turmoil. With parted lips and hair down-streaming in a mesh of tangled gold, it lies serene, unconscious, head pillowed on the rounded arm, and form relaxed in utter heedlessness of self.

Even so is it with the artist—that truest child of Nature. His function is to look on and describe or delineate, not to mingle in the strife of men. He has but to be true to himself and Nature. With a divine absence of all self-consciousness he flings himself in spirit on the great mother's lap, and all he is and does becomes transfigured with exceeding glory.

And so, to be artistic, a nation must, before all things, be natural. The more conventional a nation, the less of true art

will she and can she nourish in her midst.

Hence the low state of Art amongst the English. For where on the wide surface of this planet can we find a nation more grotesquely and pitifully conventional? Stiff, awkward, reserved, self-conscious, hypocritical, the Englishman is as far removed from the artist as earth from heaven. Place him where you will, except in the midst of practical life, and his presence seems incongruous and unnatural. Bustling in hot haste along Cornhill, or gliding, the umbrella-ed dandy, amongst the dingy purlieus of May-Fair, he seems in his place, and deserves his reputation as the best-dressed man in Europe. But on the sunny champaigns of fertile France, on the vine-clad slopes that foil the flashing Rhine, in the olive-groves of Italy and under the dark chestnuts of Spain, the Englishman is indeed a contradiction to the harmony of Nature, and a sorrow to the eyes of the artist. Always independent and self-asserting, he has a character which no difficulties can dishearten, but which no beauty can render pliant and accommodating. Proud, angular, self-sufficient, he can never be content to form a note in some vast harmony—to sacrifice himself to Beauty, and become a congruous part of some artistic cosmos.

Hence there is in England Genius, but very little Art. Against the latter all influences combine. A cheerless climate, a creed of bloodless negations,* a petty conventionalism which strives to strangle all natural instincts in the birth, above all, the degraded spirit of hucksterism—these and similar causes are more than sufficient to account for the almost utter absence of the art-instinct. I speak not of the *rari nantes*—of the little throng of warmer-blooded esoterics. I speak of the English people as a whole, and I say without fear of contradiction, that they have absolutely no relish for Art—that they are ignorant of its essential characteristics—that, through non-use or misuse during successive generations, the organ by which alone they could appreciate it has lost its power of functioning. Let Lord Lytton,† for

example, lavish the rich treasures of his ripe artistic knowledge on such a work as "The Last Days of Pompeii," and it will be read at the last, not for its art, but for its interest. All the harmony of its proportions, all the exquisite finish of its details, all the classic grace of its ornamentation, are thrown away upon the English reader. True, he plods through the book with pluck and perseverance, but it is only because he is sustained by the hope that, with luck, he may soon light on an abduction, or revel in the moist horrors of a murder.

And so it is in everything. The shop-fronts are defiled with the vulgarities of chromo-lithograph, and the hapless wayfarer, driven indoors by stress of coloring, finds too often that he has escaped this torture of the eyes, only to yield his ears to the more protracted agony of some coarse ditty, fresh-spawned of the Oxford Music Hall.

In the same way modern English novels are, with certain notable exceptions, what chromo-lithographs are to the painting of an artist, and "Champagne Charley" to the divine melodies of some great composer. The fact is the Englishman likes everything strong, vivid, high-flavored. As he consumes port and sherry specially brandied to suit the exigencies of his palate, so he likes plenty of color in his pictures and abundance of sensation in his novels. In such matters, his instincts are still untutored and savage. Anything simple, natural, life-like, is in his eyes a mere wearisome commonplace. For this reason you may witness oftentimes at some centre of human confluence, a sea of curious faces upturned in white excitement towards some hunger-driven acrobat, plying his ghastly trade 'twixt earth and heaven. And around that spot there shall be some glorious landscape, rich with the green splendor of spring or the mellow tints of autumn, offering a something to the soul which should make every true heart throb the quicker, and every true eye glance the brighter—and not one of all that throng shall vouchsafe it thought or look. No! that is something merely natural and lovely. Give us something artificial, morbid, sensational. Give us danger—by proxy!—and excitement; not nature and enjoyment. And if at the end the poor, heaven-jumping wretch chance to miss his footing and come down into their midst a crushed, bleeding mass,

* I do not, of course, mean thus to describe Protestantism in its essence, but merely certain popular perversions of it.

† Alas! since this article was written England has had to mourn the loss of this most finished and conscientious of artists.

whence all likeness of humanity is well-nigh fled, well—they pity him, of course; but the thrill of that sudden unprogrammed descent was nevertheless not without its charm of extempore sensationalism.*

What Art is possible to a nation such as this? In its place we have in England either on the one hand, sensationalism, or on the other, conventional morality. It has come to be a choice between the wild excitement of the popular novel or the twaddling sentimentality of goody story-books. The one class is as far removed from true Art as the other.

Not that Art is immoral. On the contrary, the highest art involves the highest morality. But it does so only when pursued for its own sake. The artist who attempts to make his art subservient to some moral purpose is in no true sense of the word an artist. He commits a sin against Nature. And his morality will be in consequence weak, superficial, valueless. Whilst, on the other hand, the artist who thinks of nothing but his Art, who devotes himself thereto with loving singleness of purpose, cannot fail to exercise the most beneficial influence on morality. And for this reason; that the aims of both Morality and Art are identical, viz., the True and the Beautiful. And if this be so, it is impossible for the devoted artist to sin against objective Morality, however much he may violate its conventional canons.

Of the truth of this statement Shakespeare offers the most conspicuous example. In him there is no certain trace of aught other than the artist. His religion—his professional education—are alike obscure. So obviously is this the case, that men have written labored tomes to prove on the one hand, that he was a Papist, on the other a Protestant—that he must have been trained for the Bar—that he had evidently studied medicine. The real truth is, that he was simply a consummate artist to whom, having the inspiration of Art, all other things were added. And yet where is the guardian of public morality, be he bishop or magistrate, who will dare to say that Shakespeare's influence is aught but elevating? Is not he—the man of no religion or of all religions—of no profession

or of all professions—the nocturnal poacher of venison—the loose strolling player—read and taught in every school and college in England? And if so, is there not a religion and a morality in Art itself?

And what is true of poetry is equally true of romance. To exert a beneficial influence, it must be written not to advocate a theory or point a moral, but simply to express the Beautiful. Moral and religious treatises have their own value, but they have also their own place. And that place is not in the pages of romance. Let English novelists study Art for its own sake, and they may rest assured that they will be doing more to help on the cause of true morality and catholic religion than has been done by all the novels with a purpose ever written. The art instinct is itself divine, and he who remains true to it will never be far from God.

It may seem strange, at a time when the writings of Ouida are greedily devoured, to talk of the conventionalism of English novels. But the spirit of conventionalism is bred in the very bone of English society, and must come out in the flesh of English novel-writing. As touching this matter it may do the purely English reader good to hear himself and his nation described by an outside observer, not in the columns of some heated political journal, but in the judicial pages of a calm literary periodical: "In England the intelligent seekers after truth form but a little band in the midst of a nation in whose most influential circles bigotry, prudery, and social caprice have now-a-days attained to such a pitch of authority that matters of taste are decided almost exclusively by them."*

The consequences of this spirit of conventionalism are on the one hand, sensational novels, on the other, novels with a purpose. Both are equally unnatural, equally morbid, equally inartistic. The loving reproduction of Nature, the recognition of the great truth that what form and color are to the artist of the pencil, the lights and shades of human feeling are to the artist of the pen—these are equally wanting in both. All is artificial, the product of an unnatural state of society and a morbid perversion of sentiment.

In strongest contrast to all this, stands out the better description of German novel. It does not aim at respectability. It

* I do not mean to say that this craving for the sensational is confined to the English, but certainly no other nation (except, of course, the American, which is equally destitute of the art-instinct) possesses it to the same extent.

* Literarisches Wochenblatt. Nov. 23rd, 1872.

has no thought of pandering to the spirit of conventionalism. It is independent. It lives and moves in a higher atmosphere of its own. To be the mere reflection of popular prejudice or prudery—the creature of the limited and the artificial—it holds far beneath its dignity. The eternal passions of the human heart—the inexorable facts of fate and circumstance—these it describes grandly and impartially, neither revelling in the more pitiful aspects of humanity, nor childishly seeking to conceal their nakedness beneath the flimsy veil of an over-dainty phraseology. It is moral, not because it rigidly excludes all mention of immorality, but because it aims with conscientious objectivity at delineating the True and Real, wherever found. It is not weak and prudish; keeping its hands before its eyes, lest it should see somewhat to shock its modesty. On the contrary, it is manly, self-reliant, ready to face any fact however hard, and grapple with every phase of suffering humanity; for it knows that vice and virtue are notes equally wrung from the human heart by the hand of circumstance, and that he who would worship Art, or understand his fellows, must study both alike with equal diligence.

Of this objectivity in its grandest development there is perhaps no better example than Spielhagen. True, it is not given to him, as it was to Shakespeare and to Goethe, to sit on a mountain summit and look down serene on the ferment of human passion and the turmoil of human intercourse. Such natures need centuries to produce. But still it is wonderful to notice with what breadth of sympathy Spielhagen, standing just outside the throng of men, chooses his types of character, and bids them play their several parts on the stage of his romance. Bitter against one class alone—the wretched Junkers, who in virtue of a stall-fed courage have arrogated to themselves from time immemorial a position which would be ludicrous if it were not so pernicious to the best interests of Germany—Spielhagen describes all other classes with a grand and natural impartiality. Nay, in the Graf Oldenburg who plays so important a part in his “*Problematische Naturen*,” he has, with a spirit of fairness which reflects the utmost credit on his character, striven to show that even in the class of the selfish, sensual, and silly German aristocracy it is

possible for a great heart to beat and a noble nature to energize.

I know no modern author who has laid human nature so universally under contribution and with such uniform success as Spielhagen. His canvas is crowded with figures all true to nature, but all more or less typical. The inheritor of ancestral imbecility, whose talk is of dogs and horses, and whose virtue consists in a constant readiness to stake his own valueless, against some fellow-creature's valuable life—the professor whose seething brain boils over at last in a madness replete with strange and startling wisdom—the young girl who, possessed of physical desire, tempts to a love whose fruit is bitterness of sorrow—the beauteous matron who, also loving, sheds the charm of holy self-denial over an intercourse that else had passed the bounds of friendship—above all, the poor, perplexed nature, which, full of noble impulses and lofty aspirations, is yet the thrall of self and indecision—these are but a few of the characters which, drawn with realistic hand, yet reveal to us an idealist who aims at something higher than the reproduction of mere externalism, who is ever conscious of the mystery of life and the surpassing interest of psychological development.

That Spielhagen has many faults it is impossible to gainsay. His novels are too long and too loosely put together. In this respect he might learn much from his English rivals. In spite of the flowing beauty of his style, they leave an impression of clumsiness and want of finish. His genius is in fact too robust and imperious to descend to petty technicalities. He pursues an ideal with gigantic strides, but without much attention to grace of movement. But, in spite of these and other faults, he contests at this moment the literary supremacy of Germany with Auerbach and Freytag, and in many important qualities is superior to either.

In Auerbach, again, the same strong conviction of the superiority of mind over matter, of the invisible over the visible, of psychology over incident, confronts one at every turn. Take, for example, the “*Landhaus am Rhein*.” In what does the real interest of the book consist? Not assuredly in its “action,” for of this there is but little, and that little, tame and, except at the very end, commonplace. It

is interesting solely as a study of character—as a minute analysis of psychical development; and, viewed in this way, it is a work of marvellous capacity. In almost every character in which such a development is possible, there is a gradual growth and expansion of the inner nature traced with a subtlety and a vigor positively astounding. In reading it we become at once aware that all of life which is external—its so-called adventures—the moving accidents by flood and field, are indeed, in the strictest logical sense of the term, but *accidents*—not bound up with its essence—not even endowed with the inseparability of *properties*—in no wise constituting its truest and deepest interest. It is in the region of the spirit, in the subtle play of emotion, in the gradual development of character, in the dexterous unravelling of the tangled skein of human motives, that Auerbach, like every true romancist, alone can find a congenial sphere for his abilities. And so, though Sonnenkamp, being introduced to us at an age when the character is no longer capable of fresh impressions, remains from first to last the same—a bold, bad man, despising his weaker fellow-mortals, and yet, with that apparent inconsistency which marks such natures, coveting their applause—nay, even intriguing with pitiful vanity for a patent of nobility fresh-lacked—all the other main characters grow beneath the fostering hand of circumstance into something nobler and higher than their originals. So, Roland, the spoilt darling of fortune, unfolds, under the genial influence of Erich, the virtues which from the first lay hidden, germ-like, in his nature; until at the last, without the faintest violation of the probable, this wayward child of wealth, thus trained by the hand of love, and purified in the furnace of affliction, goes forth a man of noble principles, and holy hatred of oppression, to fight the Battle of Freedom in the New World. So, too, Manna, the sweet daughter of the cloister, brought up at first under influences which tend to foster an egotism narrow as that of the world, if not so self-indulgent, ripens, in the strong sunlight of Erich's love, into the sweet maturity of sympathetic womanhood.

—That such a work should find small acceptance in England, I can well believe. In the first place, Auerbach's style is in-

imitable in its massive simplicity and child-like originality. It is the purest and most pellucid medium—with the single exception of the style of Göthe in his "*Leiden des jungen Werthers*"—through which German romancist ever transmitted the rays of human thought and feeling. And all this is lost in a translation. But there are other reasons going far deeper to account for the fact, that, whilst a sensational novel runs through manifold editions, this grand work of the German novelist has, in England, remained comparatively unread. I do not refer to the fact that there are a certain number of people in England who could and would read it in the original; this number is small indeed; for the parrot-like knowledge of German acquired by an English school-girl, and the ponderous misapprehension of it attained by the academician in the infructuous seclusion of his study, are alike insufficient for the proper understanding of such a work. The root of the matter lies far deeper. There is in the English nature of the present day a disrelish for aught but the sensational, the morbid, the artificial; and it is simply impossible that the lover of mere external incident should read such a work with interest. It is written for men and women of the nobler type, not for puling clerks and lackadaisical soubrettes.

It would be foreign to my purpose to dwell at any length on the works of Hackländer, who has been called, not without some reason, the Dickens of Germany. He has the same love for the less known phases of human life, the same power of microscopic description, the same warm philanthropic heart; but, like Dickens, he is essentially one-sided. And—as is so often the case with Dickens—he writes with a purpose, and falls short, therefore, of the highest Art and the highest influence. This is abundantly evident in his greatest and most popular romance, "*Das Europäische Schavenleben*," the moral drift of which is obvious from its very title, and in which, true to his purpose, but renegade to Art, he distorts, exaggerates, and actually weakens a cause in itself noble and deserving, by committing himself from the outset to its too partial advocacy. From the judge he degenerates into the special pleader; from the artist into the one-ideal philanthropist.

Neither, in spite of his enormous popu-

larity,* can the highest place amongst German writers of fiction be assigned to Freytag. His creations are manly and objective, but they lack those finer touches which reveal the insight into souls. This is very evident if we contrast his "Soll und Haben" with Auerbach's "Landhaus am Rhein." In each alike the interest centres in the history of two young people. But in Auerbach's work, as we have seen, the interest is internal and psychical; in Freytag's it is external and physical. The latter is true to that Horatian maxim which itself is so often untrue to Nature, that a character should remain to the end as it started at the beginning. His Anton Wohlfart and Veitel Itzig, though we are introduced to both at an age when character is seldom formed, undergo in the whole course of the story no other change than such as is inevitable to physical growth and larger intercourse with men. The fact is, Freytag has perception, but no instinct. He paints marvelously well what he sees, but he has no power to feel towards the invisible.

As to his only other romance, "Die Verlorene Handschrift," it is vastly inferior to the first. It is tedious, disconnected, improbable, and owes the chief part of the success it has achieved to the *prestige* attaching to its predecessor.

I pass over the writings of Gützkow, bold and striking as they are, because I fail to recognise in them a distinctively German element. In his earlier works, at any rate, the source of his inspiration must be sought on the left bank of the Rhine. All the daring infidelity of Voltaire, mixed with no small portion of his sparkling wit and lucid statement of objections, combined with that peculiar sensuality which sets love and suicide ever near each other—these characteristics of his earlier writings point unmistakably to Gallic influence. Of course that influence had already assumed a German garb in the "Leiden des jungen Werthers," but this wonderful piece of morbid psychology, by which Göthe purged his own mind of so much perilous nonsense, has had a precisely opposite effect upon many of his countrymen. And one at least of its victims would seem to have been Gützkow.

* "Soll und Haben" passed through six editions in two years—a success which, for a German work, must be accounted very remarkable.

Neither will I do more than mention Mühlbach, the painstaking compiler of historical romance, whose works, though betraying at times an over confidence in the truth of the literature of memoirs, are still always readable and generally instructive. But another lady deserves a longer notice: I mean the talented authoress of some of the most popular works in modern German literature—notably of "Die alte Mamsell," and "Goldelsie." Both of these are works which exhibit considerable power of construction, delicacy of perception, and graphic vigor of description. But they, too, like those of Freytag, fall short of the highest excellence. They concern themselves too much with the outside of things; they are superficial, the work of one who has no firm grasp of the problems of life. They are to the romances of Auerbach or Spielhagen what the poetry of Mrs. Hemans is to that of Shelley. There are too many flowers for the fruit. In fine, if translated, they could hardly fail to be successful in England.

There is, however, another well-known name in modern German literature which is attached to works at once distinctively German and extraordinarily beautiful. I mean, of course, Heyse. It is true that a celebrated German critic has said, comparing him with Spielhagen: "Spielhagen is like a grand antique statue lacking, perhaps, this or that inferior member, but never without that which gives expression and majesty to the whole—the head. Heyse, on the contrary, is a modern statuette, exquisitely finished in other respects, but unfortunately without the head." But I venture to think that, in passing this severe judgment, the critic has been unconsciously influenced by the fact that all Heyse's works are diminutive. They are miniatures, and possess all the elaborate grace and finish which we associate with such productions. But they are not headless and meaningless images; on the contrary, every one of them is a perfect psychological study. I know of nothing in any literature more beautiful than some of these short stories so full of a tender grace and an inimitable pathos. Alas! that it should be so impossible to convey any adequate idea of them to the English reader. Not only has Heyse's style a peculiar and delicate aroma which absolutely defies translation, but, in the whole range of English litera-

ture, there is no author with whom he could be compared in such a manner as to enable the English reader to form an intelligent estimate of his genius. He does not exclude himself from his writings—you see him ever standing in the midst of his creations, with the same pensive brow and calm deep-watching eyes, and, for the most part (for he is by nature hopeful and joyous), the same placid smile upon the lips. So he stands, the very embodiment of human sympathy, never rising to the angels or sinking to the devils, but always on the just level of average humanity; prepared to see and welcome all that there is around of good and noble; prepared to pity, yea, shocking as it may sound, even sometimes to pardon, much of error and of sin.

Such is Heyse. Perhaps, in strictest justice, one has no right to place him on the majestic elevation of Spielhagen or Auerbach. But who can be absolutely impartial in judging of such an author? He creeps into one's heart and storms it with his tender force of sympathy, whether we will or no. And few works, indeed, have such a directly softening and humanizing influence as these little tales of hapless passion or requited love. Their perfection of structure and delicacy of mental analysis are simply perfect. I have already said that it might be too much to assert that Heyse is an artist of the very highest type, but never assuredly has there breathed a human being more intimately penetrated with the art-instinct. His sensibility to artistic impressions, whether physical or psychical, is unsurpassed. He moves from land to land, and character to character, reflecting the changed scenery of the one and the altered passions of the other with equal facility and truth. In reading him, I become curious to know if there is anything in this wide earth which, to his eyes, has not in its inmost kernel some lurking soul of good; if there is any variety of man's mysterious nature, any passion of his suffering heart, with which he cannot sympathize.

In this enthusiasm of humanity, Heyse has only one rival, and that one a writer who, his superior in philosophy and originality, is decidedly his inferior in Art. I mean that wayward child of genius, Jean Paul. It is true I had meant this article to include only novelists of the present generation; but it is so impossible to write

of German romance without thinking of the author of the "Flegeljahre," that I may be pardoned if, whilst leaving unnoticed other earlier writers, such as the once popular but foolish Claurens, and even the graceful Hauff, I venture to say somewhat about this most original of geniuses.

And first a few words as to Jean Paul's style. It is verily one to drive a pedantic critic mad. For, instead of suffering himself to be the slave of words, he actually aspires to be their master. He takes not the faintest interest in the reproduction of time-honored modes of expression and licensed formulæ of falsehood. And possessing an astounding fertility of thought, he finds oftentimes no sufficiency of words to fit it, and, in consequence, there is the strangest of tussles between him and his vocabulary, he exerting all his force of will to ram home his ideas into symbols obviously too small for them, and the words writhing themselves under the process into the wildest variety of contortions. The result is a style which can be excused and accounted for, but can under no circumstances be admired. It is in the highest degree inelegant and very often obscure. It is true that when Jean Paul commenced to write, style, as such, had hardly begun to be cultivated in Germany. That sharp critic Börne, says that up to his time Germany had produced but one writer with a clearly defined style, viz. Lessing, and compares the looseness of German with the smartness and precision of French composition. But even in those days he might, but for his modesty, have added at least one other name—his own—to that of Lessing. There is no finer piece of poetic prose in the German language than Börne's "Denkrede über Jean Paul." And since then the varieties of style have received the attention they deserve. Auerbach, Spielhagen, Heyse, all write with an elegance and finish which can be paralleled amongst English novelists only by Lord Lytton.

But in spite of the harshness and Titanic wildness of Jean Paul's style, he captivates and entrances every nature whose instincts have not been worn to bluntness by a life of selfishness or profligacy. Himself born poor, and having to fight his upward way through many tedious obstacles, he has the tenderest

sympathy with his suffering fellow-mortals. He looks forth upon the world with eyes charged with a divine compassion and heart brimming over with an exhaustless love. And the minuteness of his observation is as marvellous as the catholicity of his affection. He sees God in everything, and goodness working where one might least expect it. If it be a truer sign of genius to bring out the hidden meaning of common things and thoughts—to decipher the analogies of ordinary life—than it is to “touch the heavens with front sublime” or move majestic amidst starry gods—then was Jean Paul a genius of the most exalted order. For he threw a new and precious light on everything. He had but to show himself, and lo! all surrounding space was glorious as at the descent of an archangel. He taught men

unceasingly the folly and profanity of calling things “common and unclean.” And few can read his works without at once reverencing the writer and loving his fellows more truly. The reader of English sensationalism may yawn, and the pyrrhonic worldling may smile at the commonplace adventures of Walt and Vult; but there is no true heart which will not beat the quicker with a sense of grateful sympathy at their perusal. For the joys and sorrows of fraternal friendship, its quarrels and its reconciliations, its rising hopes and breathings of despair—these are notes touched by the hand of a master, and, though the hand be vanished and the harp be broken, the strains still echo, sweet and constant, in the changeless heart of man.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

—♦♦—
A WINTER FANTASY.

(IMITATED FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER.)

YOUR veil is thick, and none would know
The pretty face it quite obscures;
But if you foot it through the snow
Distrust those little boots of yours.

The tell-tale snow, a sparkling mould,
Says where they go and whence they came,
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name.

Who runs may read! On twinkling feet]
You trip where all may soon detect you;
And where, still rosy-cold, you meet
The nested Loves—They quite expect you!

Cornhill Magazine.

—♦♦—
PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.*

BY T. HUGHES, M.P.

CIVILIZATION, for our present purpose, means the increase of the means and appliances of life—material, intellectual, social—which the accumulation of wealth, the progress of science, and the consequent growing facilities of communication of all kinds, have placed, and are placing, more

and more within the reach of men and women in our time. With reference to this civilization, I should wish to consider, so far as the limits of these addresses will allow, how far it has improved this nation; what are its shortcomings; by what influences these may be set right.

The test of improvement which I recognize is, the relations of persons, and of classes of persons, to each other; are these

* Abridged from a Lecture delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh.

better or worse? Have the family relations been strengthened? Do parents and children, husbands and wives, friends, connections, understand, respect, love each other better? Or again, have relations outside the family been strengthened? Are the various classes of the community on better terms? Do masters and servants, employers and employed, rich and poor, buyers and sellers, look more kindly upon and deal more uprightly with each other than they used to do? The opinions of one man on such subjects will of course be influenced by his education, and the standpoint from which he looks; but they may at any rate help you to check your own. The subject, however, must still be narrowed, so that I may not be straying about over the whole world, and indulging in speculations, which may be tempting, but can scarcely be profitable. I propose therefore to confine myself to our own country. These islands, besides being our own native land, and therefore more dear to us than all the rest of the globe, are undoubtedly the battle-field upon which many of the most interesting "problems of civilization" will have to be worked out. There are of these more than enough to occupy us for, not two, but a hundred nights. It is necessary, therefore, again to make a selection amongst them, and your rules supply a sifting machinery for this purpose. We may set aside at once then all those problems which have become mixed up with party politics. The loss will not be great; for the deepest and most human questions—those which affect us more as men and Englishmen than as Tories or Whigs, Radicals or Conservatives—have not yet claimed the attention of the front benches. Of those which remain we may also pass by the various speculations as to forms of government, and proposals for remodeling our institutions, which have been propounded of late with more or less noise and ability. The more violent of them have elicited no response from the nation. The moderate ones—which have for their aim in one way or another to supersede party government, to make the best brains of the nation available for the permanent administration of its affairs, and to avoid by some readjustment of details the necessity of obtaining the consent of the majority of English householders to every thing which is done in relation to public

business by their nominal rulers—might be considered to flavor of politics, and are scarcely fit subjects for treatment before a general audience.

And so at last, by the process of exhaustion, we approach those "problems of civilization" upon which I propose to speak to you. Our process of selection has reduced us, you will see, to those which are the most common; about some of which every person in this room must have been thinking in the past year, and will have to think again and again in this and future years, if they mean to do their duty as Englishmen and Englishwomen. They may be classed generically as "social" problems, and are, to my mind at least, of more vital importance than all others. For if, on the one hand, society has for certain purposes become all-powerful, and there is no fear amongst us of changes which will put in hazard law and order, life and property, yet he would be a bold man who would deny that most of the old bonds which held communities of men together are giving way, in England as elsewhere; or, as Dr. Newman puts it in his last book, that "alterations of a serious kind are taking place in the structure of society." This fact must be looked bravely and squarely in the face. The only safety for society lies in turning plenty of light on to the processes by which these structural alterations are being wrought out. Social forces, like the forces of nature, are terrible to those who will not study and understand them: but he who will may make the lightning carry his messages, and the sun paint his pictures.

Accepting then as undoubtedly true the statement, that disintegration is the danger of civilization, and that its various processes are more active than ever before in our modern English society, let us look a little at the causes which have produced this state of things. I believe that any person entering on this inquiry in earnest will find himself confronted at a very early period with the fact of the astounding increase of wealth in the country within the last few years. He will have to make up his mind about the bearings of this fact, and, unless I am mistaken, will be forced to the conclusion that most of our social problems have their root here. The rapid accumulation of material wealth is one great disintegrant, one cause of the serious alterations in the structure of modern so-

ciety. Let us first look for a moment at the bare facts. These were brought out vividly by Mr. Gladstone in his Christmas speech at Liverpool, which has drawn upon him so many, and such alarmed criticisms, from our daily and weekly instructors. "It may surprise you to hear," said the Premier, "but I believe it to be true, that more wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still amongst us—than in all the preceding ages, say from the time of Julius Cæsar. And again, at least as much wealth in the last twenty as in the preceding fifty years. If we ask where is this to end, when is this marvellous progress to be arrested, when will this great flood-tide begin to ebb? I for one know not. I am by no means sure that we are even near high water." The "leaps and bounds" of our material progress, to which Mr. Gladstone refers, are well illustrated by the reports of the Board of Trade for 1872. The people of these islands, according to Mr. Chichester Fortescue and his "Registrar-General," "Accountant and Controller General," and other returning officers, imported for their consumption between the 1st of January and 31st of December, 1872, 353,375,740*l.* worth of foreign and colonial merchandise, being an advance of nearly twenty-three millions on the previous year (330,754,359*l.*), and of more than sixty millions on the year 1870. During the same twelve months our exports of British and Irish produce amounted to 255,961,000*l.*, showing an increase of thirty-two millions over those of 1871, and of fifty-five millions over those of 1870. This is of course only one item, though the largest, in the wealth producing and accumulating powers of the country. So far from these being likely to decrease, it would seem to be much more probable that the rate will increase at least as rapidly as heretofore, in spite of the labor war which is raging so bitterly amongst us. In the past year, by the adoption of *one* invention in our iron-working districts, hand puddling is likely to be superseded, and the producing power of the country more than doubled, while thousands of workmen will be left free for other occupations. What Danks' puddling furnace is doing for the iron-master, other inventors are doing for other industries. If the past

twenty years have been equal to the previous fifty, and the two together (as Mr. Gladstone calculates) equal to the 1800 years since Julius Cæsar, it is almost certain that the next ten years will in their turn equal the past twenty.

This marvellous piling up of wealth is generally considered to afford us English a subject for unlimited self-complacency. It accounts, at the same time, we are wont to think, for the jealousy and dislike with which foreigners regard us. It *does* indicate, doubtless, great prosperity—of a kind; wealth well made and well spent being, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's words, "as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain-side"—an unmixed blessing to men, societies, nations. But then it must be "well made" and "well spent," and one or two considerations occur as to this.

It is now just thirty years ago since Mr. Carlyle startled those of us who are old enough to remember them by the opening sentences of his "Past and Present." "This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs as yet to nobody. Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In poor and rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our lives, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth, no man of us can touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give up their name."

Have thirty intervening years, during which our material progress has been such as Mr. Gladstone has pictured, improved the state of things which Mr. Carlyle was then denouncing in the tones of an old Jewish prophet? Can we honestly answer "Yes," with any confidence? Improvement in many directions all will admit, particularly that central and all-important fact, behind which we may look for all good in the end—the wakening up of the national conscience. But the connection of this with our material progress is by no means clear, and in the region of wealth, in the methods of getting and spending, I question whether we are not in most respects worse off than our fathers; whether England did not, comparatively

speaking, rule her wealth in their time, and is not ruled by it now.

Take the first test, the relations between employers and employed. Has the immensely increased production, the result of their joint work, improved these? The industrial war which has broken out afresh, and with increased bitterness, in England, is the answer. Thirty years ago the old small-master system was still strong in many trades; there was not a single amalgamated trades society in existence; the employer often worked with his men — generally had some personal knowledge of them. Now, in almost every trade the large shops have swallowed the small; the big manufacturers have shouldered the small men out of the markets. The workmen are organized in great industrial armies, while the individual scarcely knows his employer by sight; acknowledges no relationship between them, except that which is discharged weekly at the hole in the pay-office, through which the wages are thrust by a clerk.

But apart from the labor question (to which I shall have to return again), are there, in the various walks of life, more human beings who look with confidence and pleasure on the possessors of wealth because of their possessions? Are there more upon whom they look with confidence and pleasure? If not, the wealth still continues enchanted. It is not performing the one useful function in the world for which it was intended. And here again the facts of our daily lives form a sad comment on their increasing luxury and sumptuousness. Domestic service, which should be, and undoubtedly at one time was, an inheritance, a valued relationship handed down through generations, was never, so far as one can judge, in so inhuman a condition as now. As wealth increases, the number of servants is multiplied, and their wages rise; but no money can buy willing and faithful service, which is now as rare as it is precious. In London, at any rate, an evil kind of trades unionism exists among servants, which not only endeavors to exact the maximum of wage for the minimum of work, but does not discountenance customs which carry awkward names in police courts. Master and man, maid and mistress, live indeed together, but have no common life, and

would seem to be rather awaiting sullenly the time when some new arrangement will free both sides from an irksome yoke.

Outside the household the same loosening of bonds, or disintegration, is apparent on all sides. The phrase "Feudalism or business," which has almost passed into a proverb in the South of England, the movements as to game and tenant-right, show how the process is working in the upper regions of country life; while the Agricultural Laborers' Union tells the same tale below.

I am sure you will all recognize the truth of what I have been saying, and will be able to fill up the picture from your own experience, even though we may differ as to the extent to which it can be directly traced to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the last half-century.

Another set of problems are caused by the three factors of our modern civilization which are, in the opinion of many persons, even more serious than those already noticed. The chief of this group is the tendency of our population to accumulate in great cities. I do not propose to attempt an accurate estimate of the displacement which is thus going on, but, roughly speaking, more than three-fourths of our people are now dwellers in towns, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole population of the country. It would seem, indeed, from the most trustworthy returns, that there has been for some years *no* increase at all in the rural population of these islands, notwithstanding the large excess of nearly 300,000 a year of births over deaths. Our towns are thus growing not only by their natural increase, but by the absorption of the whole surplus of the agricultural districts. Put side by side with this fact the returns of the Registrar-General, which, as a general rule, prove that the death-rate varies according to the density of the population; remember, too, that in the second generation at any rate, the dwellers in towns deteriorate unmistakably in size, health, and vigor—and you will admit that there is serious cause for apprehension here. It is perfectly true that money is made in towns, not in the country; but this is a price which we cannot afford to pay even for the sake of keeping England the richest country in the world. "There are two important things," says one of the

most thoughtful writers* on the subject, "which money cannot buy—a sound mind and a sound body—without which, and compared to which, all riches and all luxury are worse than useless. Therefore, not only Christian morality but common sense says, 'Give us freedom for body and mind—air, space, life for both—perish wealth, manufactures, commercial greatness, the instant they interfere with these. Give us wealth, but let it be wealth in the old full sense of the word—wealth meaning the substance of weal; not wealth in its miserable, narrowed, perverted sense of material possessions—lucre, which may be the means of mere gluttony and enervating luxury—degradation, woe—not weal at all.'"

But as the "progress of civilization" draws more and more of our people to the great centres of population, so when it has got them there it seems inevitably to divide them more and more into separate communities. The rich and poor are further apart than ever. The larger a city grows the more sharply the line is drawn. The new quarters are occupied exclusively by the rich, the ground being too valuable to waste on any but those who can pay heavy ground-rents. To these quarters migrate, gradually but surely, the employers of labor, merchants, professional men, who used to live in the old quarters side by side with the poorer classes. At last, as in the East-end of London, there are great districts in which the only residents left above the rank of petty tradesmen, are the parson, and an occasional doctor. Their rich are the publicans, marine store dealers, and pawnbrokers, who thrive too surely in such neighborhoods.

This migration brings about inevitably the state of things which the clergy, schoolmasters, city missionaries, have been describing so vividly of late years, in Bethnal Green and other East-end districts. The life in them is utterly unnatural. Pauperism, mendicancy, drunkenness, thrive, while all manliness and womanliness dwindle and pine. The main object of the men who are left as a forlorn hope in a well-nigh hopeless struggle, is to get hold of the children; to train them in their schools to regard with fear and loathing the practices and habits which form the staple of the life

of their homes; and, at the earliest possible moment, to send them clean away from the place of their birth, and the associations of their childhood.

Again, it is in these neighborhoods that the class of "roughs" is reared and brought to perfection, which is becoming a serious menace to order in many large towns. The records of the Home Office and of Scotland Yard are scarcely needed to support the conclusion, which the most casual observer may gather from glancing at the police reports in the daily papers, that this class is growing in numbers and unruliness, and that its treatment must before long form one of the serious "problems of civilization."

I think I have now said quite enough for my purpose on this part of our subject. I am quite aware, that to many of you, indeed to all who have given serious attention to social questions, all this is quite familiar. But I do not pretend to be telling you new things, or to put old things in any startling light. I simply wish to put before you plainly, and without exaggeration, a sufficient number of well-known and admitted facts to indicate to you the grounds upon which I maintain, first, that the most marked tendency of our modern civilization is disintegration—a loosening of the old bonds of society; and secondly, although many causes have helped to bring about this state of things, some of which, such as the great advance of science, go perhaps deeper, yet that the great disintegrator has been our material progress; this unprecedented increase of wealth, not in the high and true, but in the vulgar sense of the word—exciting a feverish haste to be rich, and lowering the morality of all engaged in the pursuit; and that that increase in this half-century, during which it has equalled that of the previous 1800 years, instead of knitting together, has divided families, divided households, divided classes, and therefore must have weakened instead of strengthening the nation.

If this be so, then the first question which the student of the "problems of civilization" is bound to ask is, Why? No one seriously denies that the abundance of those things which we can see, and taste, and handle, which we use to satisfy our hungers of different kinds, *ought* to be a blessing—as pure a blessing (to use again Mr. Goldwin Smith's words) as "the mill

* J. Martineau: "Country, Cities, and Colonies." Longmans.

which runs from the mountain-side." What hinders, then? We English have to answer the question somehow at our peril. Riches have been the subject of religious and philosophic denunciation ever since the world began; and societies and nations have found them troublesome enough to deal with in many parts of the world. But never before, that I know of, was the problem placed so sharply before any time as before this time; and of all nations, ours is that one which is in most jeopardy if it cannot find the true answer. To get command of our riches instead of letting them get the command of us, is in short the great task which is set us, and will bring the solution of most other problems with it. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," says the poet, but as we can't help ourselves in this matter, as we must perforce get and spend, how are we to do it so as not to lay waste but to economize our powers, and to make both getting and spending a strength instead of a weakness?

It is, of course, a truism to say, that wealth, to be a blessing, must be well got and well spent. But truisms will often bear looking into with profit; and in our present inquiry we must be content to start from this one, and to ask, in the first place, how far our riches are "well gotten" or "well spent."

They are gotten, as we all know, by the industry of our people in producing and exchanging the products of their labor—in other words, in manufacturing and trading. And here one may at once note that if our people had not at some time worked harder, and traded more honestly, than other people, we should not be in the position which we still occupy. No doubt geography and geology count for a good deal. If we had not been born in an island; if we had not been free from foreign invasion for many generations; if we had not had iron and coal in abundance, the task would have been much more severe. But these advantages alone would not have enabled us to do what we have done, if they had not had hard work and upright trading—harder work and more upright trading than could be found elsewhere—behind them. They will disappear, slowly perhaps, but surely, when they have them no longer.

Is there any sign, then, that they are failing us? I wish I could answer "No" unhesitatingly. Of work I shall have to say

something hereafter. Of our trade I have already said something, but must here, without pretending to accurate estimates or measurements, or prying curiously into its usages, ask you to look for a moment at one or two notorious facts which lie on the surface. Our cotton trade is the greatest of our industries; we still weave and distribute over the world more fabrics of cotton than all other nations put together. The material well-being of England depends perhaps more upon the texture and durability of our cloths and sheetings than upon any other branch of commerce. And, this being so, we have allowed a large trade to grow up side by side with it, the main, if not the sole object of which is, to adulterate these cotton fabrics of ours—to introduce foreign materials into our goods, which deceive as to their texture, and injure their durability. I would gladly be convinced of my mistake if I am in error; but I have asked many cotton-spinners, both masters and workpeople, to explain to me the use and meaning of "sizing;" what it effects for the goods they produce so diligently; how it adds, not to their selling, but to their wearing value, and the answers have landed me, sorrowfully enough, in the above conclusion. They have shown me also that the "sizer's" trade has been growing more rapidly than ever of late years. The wealth which comes out of "sized" cotton, or any such product, cannot be said, I think, to be in any sense "well gotten."

I will take one other instance from the other end of our empire. The great mainstay of our Indian revenue is the Government monopoly of opium. This drug England manufactures and sells to the Chinese people chiefly, with the full knowledge that it is the cause of untold misery to the purchasers, and against the strenuous and oft-repeated protests of the Government of that country. Does it strike you that the wealth which comes from opium can be well-gotten wealth, or that this is the kind of example which the richest nation in the world should be setting to her sister nations, who are toiling after her up the great trade ladder?

I fear that the conclusions which Mr. Emerson drew some years back from the state of trade on the other side of the Atlantic, apply here with at least equal force. "I content myself," he says, "with the fact, that the general system of our trade

(apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions, denounced and unshared by all reputable men) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism; but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not what a man delights to unlock to a noble friend, which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather what he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of spending it. I do not charge the merchant or manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual; one plucks, one distributes, one eats; everybody partakes, everybody confesses—with cap and knee volunteers his confession—yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it. What is he? An obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice—that no one feels himself called upon to act for man, but only as a fraction of a man. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their natures must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year." One is glad to hear that this is so in America. It must come to be so in England; for until it is so, the national conscience will not be touched; until the national conscience is touched the abuses will not be reformed; our wealth will remain ill-gotten. As yet I fear there are more and more of our "ingenuous souls" rushing into these ways every year, with their eyes shut, impelled by the modern gad-fly of haste to make money. On the other hand, happily, we are not without signs that an awakening of the national conscience against the trade gospel is going on, at least amongst the great masses of our wealth-producers. I shall have to speak of this in connection with the labor question. Meantime, we must look for a few moments at the other branch of the present inquiry. Do we, then, atone for our manner of acquiring riches by our

manner of expending them? Are we getting better or worse in this matter?

Take first the great masses of our people. It is perhaps hardly fair for a nation which has till within the last three years given them no voice in legislation—which in legislating, in education, in administration, has followed the law of *laissez faire*; and, in theory and practice, has treated men's labor as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market with as little danger or compunction as bales of cotton or sacks of corn (ignoring steadily the fact that laborers have wills, and passions, and consciences, which bales of cotton and sacks of corn have not)—to expect wise forethought or noble thrift from its poor. Instead of finding matter for blame in their thriftlessness, I am rather inclined to wonder at, and be thankful for, the amounts, which the returns of the registrar of Industrial and Friendly societies, of the savings banks, and of the trades unions, prove to have been set aside out of their wages. At the same time I cannot honestly acquit them of thriftlessness in the face of notorious facts. The great strike in South Wales shows how few, even amongst highly-paid workmen, are more than a week or two before the world. And if they do not save, neither do they spend wisely. I am not sure that statistics which you may have seen, showing that the amount per head spent by the poor in articles of clothing and furniture has been decreasing in the last few years, can be relied on. At any rate, I have not been able to find any trustworthy evidence on this point. But there are the excise returns which *can* be relied on, and these show, that in the past year the amount of home-made spirits retained for consumption as beverages only (and which must have been consumed chiefly by them) exceeded that of 1871 by more than two millions of pounds sterling, and reached the astounding total of nineteen millions. On the other hand, it is notorious that, in England at least, even our very poor will buy nothing but the finest wheat bread, and reject Australian meat. These may be proofs of prosperity, as is often urged, and I am not going to argue the point. All I say is, that they are not proofs of wisdom. No one will call this wise spending. But if the income of our wage-earning classes cannot be said to be well

spent, how stands the case with those classes who should be an example to them? We have no concern now with that part of the national income which goes in sustaining and developing industrial enterprise. Often the investment may indeed be questioned from a national point of view, as where great districts are straining every nerve to double and quadruple their mills, and multiply their shafts and furnaces without an apparent thought of the health of the population, or of the beauties of nature which they are destroying by polluting the air and the water. But of the balance, of our superfluous income, what can be said? What do we do with it? No one can travel in these islands without noticing one chief use to which it is being put just at present. Like the rich man in Scripture, every one of us is pulling down his barns and building greater. We can't live in houses which served our fathers. If this expenditure were more on public edifices than on private dwellings—on churches, town-halls, colleges, galleries, museums—one could look on it without misgivings; but in their private dwellings classes, like men, may be overhoused. When every man who makes his fortune must have a barrack to live in as big as that of a great noble, one is driven to think of what it entails—of the multiplication of wants, and the armies of people required to minister to them—of the enervating atmosphere of great houses, and the effect on those who are bred in them. An inquiry into the antecedents of the occupants of our workhouses would bring out some startling revelations as to the proportion of paupers recruited from the ranks of domestic service in great houses.

Let us admit, however, that the difficulty of getting rid of superfluous wealth must be a very serious one; and that those who have to solve it are to a great extent the slaves of custom, and have almost no voice in the matter. A rich man of genius may sometimes strike out a new method, such as the Eglintoun tournament, which some of you may remember; but, for the most part, it must run in grooves, which are always wearing themselves deeper.

A busy professional friend of mine had lodgings some years ago in the West-end of London, opposite the house of a lady of high fashion. While thus housed, a niece from the country was entrusted to him, a bright girl of fifteen, who required

advice from London physicians. He was absent all day himself, and had no one to take charge of her. All he could do was to provide her with a good supply of books, and to suggest that she might vary her occupation and add to her knowledge by observing the afternoon arrangements of their opposite neighbor. He returned home in the evening with some misgivings, but found his little niece very bright and cheerful. He asked her how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh, very much indeed," she answered, for she had been watching all the afternoon the callers on the great lady opposite. "And what have you learnt?" was the next question. "Well, uncle, I have learnt how many men it takes to get a lady out of her carriage up to the drawing-room. It takes just five men, and, now I really understand it, I don't see how it could be done with one less." One should be thankful that some amusement may be got out of what those who suffer under it must find such a grievous infliction.

One other illustration of this part of our subject will be sufficient. A curious ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given afternoon some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-hand Club muster in Hyde Park. The coaches are built on the model of the old Tally-hos and Quicksilvers of forty years ago, and therefore entirely answer the purpose of being quite useless except for show. Each of them cost perhaps 500*l.*, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses, worth at least another 1000*l.* Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches, top-boots and coats, neither of whom stands there under from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year. When they are all mustered they start with much solemnity, and often no little difficulty, and proceed at a very moderate pace, not, I imagine, without serious interruption to the ordinary business traffic, to Greenwich, where—they dine—that is all. I am not saying, remember, that there is anything morally wrong in all this. I only quote these as some of many methods of ingenious and useless expenditure.

But do not let it be supposed that I am taking instances from one class only, or that I think any special blame attaches to that class. The grooves run, and grow

deeper and deeper, wherever property accumulates in masses. Look at our City Companies, the heirs of the old guilds. An enormous proportion of their funds, as we all know, goes in feasting with no object whatever. The best members of these companies deplore the fact. Many of the companies (at least in London) are making efforts to get out of the old groove, are for instance trying to establish schools of technical education in their particular trades. The extreme difficulty which they experience in this laudable effort only proves how deep the grooves of expenditure are in an old country and a complicated civilization. The same remark applies to our noblest institutions; for instance, to the University to which I have the honor to belong. It is commonly rumored that the Commission now inquiring into its revenues will report that they amount to upwards of 400,000*l.* annually. But the number of students educated there does not on an average of years reach 1300, and almost all of these must expend, in addition, large sums of their own, in order to avail themselves of the education offered by the University. All the best minds of Oxford are dissatisfied, and intent on the problem of how to use their revenues in the most effectual way for the higher education of the nation. But here, too, custom is fearfully strong, and the ancient grooves very deep.

But why need we travel away from home in this matter, my friends? Which of us is not the slave of custom in his own household? Who does not spend the greater part of his income for conformity? Let him who can answer "I," cast the first stone at our millionaires, our corporations, our universities. "When riches increase, they are increased that eat them; and what comfort hath a man of them, save the beholding of them with his eyes?" was said 2000 years ago, and will be true 2000 years hence.

It has often struck me that Emerson's wonderful contrast of the maker and the inheritor of riches, applies with equal force to communities as to individuals. I make no apology for quoting it at length, as I know not how I could sum up the matter so vividly or so tersely.

"Consider further the difference between the first and second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust, timber by rot,

cloth by moths, provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves, an orchard by insects, a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle, a stock of cattle by hunger, a road by rain and frost, a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a-fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected in one estate to his son—house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hardware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money—and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full—not to use these things, but to look after them, and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good-humor and sense of power, and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, and beast and fish, seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down-beds, coaches and men-servants and women-servants, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends, to the prosecution of his love, to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the enlargement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment; and he is now what is called a rich man—the menial and runner of his riches."

And what, then, is the remedy for all this? No one, I hope, who owns our name is going to sit down quietly in the belief that the English race is for the future to live on as the menial and runner of the vast riches it has accumulated. One suggestion occurs at once. "O rich man's son," says another American poet—

"O rich man's son, there is a toil
Which with all others level stands :
Large charity can never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

"O poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine
In only being rich and great :
Toil only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign."

Large charity! Well, but does not the word charity stink in our nostrils! Have not all our best social reformers been preaching for years—have they not proved to demonstration—that by far the greater part of our lavish expenditure in our vaunted charities has been mischievous, fostering the evils it was meant to cure, until we have come to doubt whether it would not have been better for the nation had all the money so applied been put in a bag and thrown into the sea? I fear that this is so; but only because we have misused the word, and perverted the idea. We have given our cheques, large or small, as a customary toll, and felt a kind of virtuous self-complacency in seeing our names printed in subscription lists, without the honest care and thought which alone could make the gift of any value. We have yet to learn the meaning of the phrase which has become cant in our mouths.

It is not so in Mr. Lowell's. The "large charity" he speaks of is "a toil"—a toil "level with all others"—a work which will tax intellect and heart as severely as the most arduous careers which the State, professions, commerce, hand labor, offer to their servants. That is what the guiding of wealth must come to if this nation is to hold her own; and the time surely presses; to-day is "the day of her visitation." Why should it not come to be so? Our highest born, our ablest, our most cultivated men, give themselves gladly to the most arduous toil for the commonwealth. Our Secretaries of State ask for no Nine Hours Bill, have no private ends to serve, leave office poorer than they

enter it; are ready, all the best of them, to sacrifice popularity, to endure obloquy, misrepresentation, the storm of angry faction, so only that they may be true to their trust. The owners of counties and of millions must come to look on their calling in the same spirit, and to work in it with like zeal. Here and there already we hear of such men—of some great landlord whose whole energies are devoted to building up a better and nobler life in the many homes which stand on his domains; of some successful merchant or manufacturer, who, like Sir Josiah Mason, pours back without stint the streams of gold which his enterprise has attracted, and watches and guides them with his own eye and word. They may be rare enough to-day. We may still have to wince under stories of men cleared off the land that game may abound; of the lust of our proprietors to add field to field that they may be alone in the land; of the ambition of our successful traders to found families and make what they call "a place"—"*Solitudinem faciant, placem appellat.*" But the signs are in the air that the end of all this is at hand.

And what openings, what careers, does England offer to the man who will hold his wealth as a trust, and work at his trust as a profession! Here is a Whitechapel, a Bethnal Green, a St. George's in the East, lying in shameful misery and squalor, almost in mid-London, preyed on by the owners of the wretched hovels which do duty for houses. Almost every great town has its own squalid and therefore dangerous end; and there are dozens of young men amongst us at this moment, any one of whom might resolve to-morrow, quietly: "This junketing, four-in-hand, dawdling life is too hard for me. By God's help I will rebuild Whitechapel." Half a million of money, ten years' work, with a strong will and a clear head, and it would be done.

There are hundreds of miles on our coasts which the bravest sailors pass with anxious brow and compressed lips in bad weather. Another of our *jeunesse dorée* might well say, "This coast, rugged though it be, is not so rugged that it cannot be mastered. If money and persistence can do it, I will make harbors of refuge here, which shall be open in all weathers to the ships of all the world."

Mines and mills are fouling and poison-

ing the streams in many a fair English vale, in which the fathers of this generation caught trout and grayling. "They shall run as pure and bright as ever if I live another ten years," would be a resolve worthy the life of a brave man to accomplish. Such undertakings as these would no doubt tax the will and the brain as severely as the purse. The man who with the money at his command could rebuild Whitechapel, or cleanse the streams of a manufacturing county, must be one of great capacity. But no one has ever denied the possession of ability or energy to our richest class, and there are besides many other more obvious outlets for work of this kind open to less ambitious millionaires. For instance, we read in the papers only the other day that the 130,000*l.*, the remains of the Lancashire Relief Fund, is to be applied to the erection of a Convalescent Hospital in that great county. Unless I misread the accounts, it would seem that there is no such institution at present in Lancashire. That one fact speaks volumes of the arrears of work. Convalescent hospitals are rare all over the kingdom, and yet they are precisely a kind of institution to which none of the hack objections apply. To build and endow one of sufficient capacity to receive the convalescent patients of a great hospital would be, one would think, well worth the expenditure of a few years' income, and would not tax too severely the brains of any man. A very moderate amount of common sense and business-like attention to detail would be all that would be required.

But whether it be in the ways suggested, or in some other, the thing must be done, unless we would see a dangerous state of things follow these years of prosperity. Respect for vested interests, for the institution of property, is strong amongst us, stronger probably than in any other nation; but there are signs, which we should do well to note, that there are strains which it will not bear. Of these I will only instance one—the aggregation of land in fewer and fewer hands. I believe you have instances of the same kind here in the North as we have in Southern England, of great capitalists—sometimes peers, sometimes new men—who are literally buying up all the land in certain districts which comes into the market. With in my own memory and observation al-

most all the yeomen, and a large proportion of the smaller squires, in the neighborhood I knew best as a boy, have been bought out in this way. The last time I was there, there were three or four squires' houses uninhabited, and tenant farmers, or bailiffs, or gamekeepers, in the old yeomen's houses. Now, the chief argument for a landed aristocracy is, that it places a highly cultivated person, a man of fortune and leisure, at the head of each small section of the community, whose own influence and the influence of his family will spread refinement, courtesy, and the highest kind of neighborly feeling into the humblest homes which surround his own. But all this vanishes when one man owns estates in half a dozen counties. If he has houses in each he can't live in them all, any more than he can eat four legs of mutton at once. More probably the houses have been first allowed to fall into decay and then pulled down; so that a great man's ownership is more likely than not, nowadays, to involve the loss of just that element of old-fashioned country life which was most valuable and humanizing. The land with us is so limited in area, so necessary to human life, so much desired, that this kind of monopoly of it, if carried much further, will prove, I am convinced, the most dangerous weakener of the respect for property, and with it of the position of the aristocracy, that has yet made itself felt. If rich men with the land fever will not limit themselves to one big house and one estate, the law will before long do it for them, and they will be lucky if it stops there. The case was pithily put the other day by a writer, arguing that absolute freedom of contract in the case of an article indispensable to the community, and of which there is a monopoly, cannot be endured:—"If John Smith owned the air, John Smith would have to sell the air on terms endurable to the majority, or John Smith would be hanged—not unjustly, for States have rights of existence—on the nearest lamp-post."

But I am straying from my subject, so, without marshalling further proofs, would only express my own conviction that there are other methods of spending, common enough amongst us, not obviously vicious and degrading (such as horse-racing, as it is now practised), but, on the contrary, held in esteem and respect, which are likely, if persevered in, to prove dangerous.

Therefore I say that those who have the deepest interest in things as they are would do well, even by way of insurance, if for no higher motive, to devote some attention and careful labor to this matter of spending well. That there is urgent need of getting in the first place clear ideas on the subject, all will allow who have glanced at a controversy in the press, raised by an expression in the recent lecture by Mr. Goldwin Smith already referred to, to the effect that unproductive expenditure—on luxurious living and superfluous servants, for instance—"consumes the income" of so many poor families. One had supposed that the distinction between productive and non-productive expenditure, and that the one benefits the community and the other does not, had been pretty clearly established for a generation or so in the minds of all who study such questions. But it has now again been maintained, by serious writers in serious journals, that this is all delusion—that the wages of the soldier, the policeman, the judge, and the valet, must all stand in the same category, and are all postulates and conditions without which production could not go on! This may be consoling doctrine for the plutocracy, for all indeed who keep valets; but I am certain it is dangerous to the community.

And, I must say, I am myself hopeful that we are on the way to a far better state of things in this respect. Whence the impulse comes is not easy to determine; from many sources, no doubt, possibly to some extent from example. Upon most social problems we have perhaps little to learn from our American cousins, but upon this particular one much. Few things struck me more in the United States than the scale upon which private citizens are undertaking and carrying out great works for the public good. Girard's College in Philadelphia, Harvard College in Massachusetts, are well-known instances of what past generations have done while the country was poor and struggling; but now that it is growing at a pace which will soon make it the richest and most populous of nations, there is every sign of a growing public sentiment, that it is disgraceful in those whom society has enabled to gather vast riches, not to return to society with an open hand.

I might multiply instances, were there need to do so. It seemed to me, I must say, that whereas with us a Sir Josiah Ma-

son is a somewhat rare phenomenon—with our cousins he is becoming quite an ordinary product of the soil. It may be that the difference of social institutions accounts in great measure for this; that while wealth is made there as rapidly as in England, the English temptation to "found a family" and "make a place" is wanting; and that the natural desire to leave a mark expends itself in Cooper Institutes and Cornell Universities. But whatever may be the cause, there is the fact, and it is a fact from which I think we may at least draw this encouragement: that extreme democratic institutions do not apparently cripple or narrow public spirit in this direction of money-spending. And I cannot but think that, as well considered and public-spirited expenditure becomes larger and more common, a good deal of the purely burthensome and conventional part of luxurious expenditure will drop off. When it becomes the correct thing for our rich men to build harbors and endow colleges, it won't take five men-servants to get their wives out of their carriages and up to their drawing-rooms. But again let me repeat that the richest class are no more sinners than the rest of us. To live simply, to master and control our expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround us, the ideas in which we have been brought up, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the lecture to which I have already referred more than once, the best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing indeed which will give themselves any comfort or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbor on the right spends on carriages, or their neighbor on the left in upholstery, they will find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth, that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-creams. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We cannot sweep our whole street. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep

his own doorstep, and, if he will do it quietly and regularly, anon his right and left hand neighbors follow, and before 'long the whole street is swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all those social tangles which we have been glancing at casually this evening be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the *Nation* the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget (the Irish servant girl, or help) against her numerous accusers. "My good friends," he argued, "what else have you any right to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mind-

edness, faithfulness, diligence, and honesty; but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment;" and the words come home, I fear, with singular force to us islanders also in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true for us also, "Whenever the sound of the new Gospel which is to win the nations back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE NATURE AND AUTHORITY OF MIRACLE.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

EVERY age of the world has its own special sins, and special simplicities; and among our own most particular humors in both kinds must be reckoned the tendency to parade our discoveries of the laws of Nature, as if nobody had ever heard of a law of Nature before.

The most curious result of this extremely absurd condition of mind is perhaps the alarm of religious persons on subjects of which one would have fancied most of the palpable difficulties had been settled before the nineteenth century. The theory of prayer, for instance, and of Miracles. I noticed a lengthy discussion in the newspapers a month or two ago, on the propriety of praying for or against rain. It had suddenly, it seems, occurred to the public mind, and to that of the gentlemen who write the theology of the breakfast-table, that rain was owing to natural causes; and that it must be unreasonable to expect God to supply on our immediate demand what could not be provided but by previous evaporation. I noticed farther that this alarming difficulty was at least softened to some of our Metropolitan congregations by the assurances of their ministers that although since the last lecture by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution, it had

become impossible to think of asking God for any temporal blessing, they might still hope their applications for spiritual advantages would occasionally be successful;—thus implying that though material processes were necessarily slow, and the laws of Heaven respecting matter inviolable, mental processes might be instantaneous, and mental laws at any moment disregarded by their Institutor: so that the spirit of a man might be brought to maturity in a moment, though the resources of Omnipotence would be overtaxed, or its consistency abandoned, in the endeavor to produce the same result on a greengage.

More logically, though not more wisely, other divines have asserted that prayer is medicinally beneficial to ourselves, whether we obtain what we ask for or not; and that our moral state is gradually elevated by the habit of praying daily that the Kingdom of God may come,—though nothing would more astonish us than its coming.

With these doubts respecting the possibility or propriety of miracle, a more immediate difficulty occurs as to its actual nature or definition. What is the quality of any event which may be properly called "miraculous"? What are the degrees of

wonderfulness?—what the surpassing degree of it, which changes the wonder into the sign, or may be positively recognised by human intelligence as an interruption, instead of a new operation, of those laws of Nature with which, of late, we have become so exhaustively acquainted? For my own part, I can only say that I am so haunted by doubt of the security of our best knowledge, and by discontent in the range of it, that it seems to me contrary to modesty, whether in a religious or scientific point of view, to regard *anything* as miraculous. I know so little, and this little I know is so inexplicable, that I dare not say anything is wonderful because it is strange to me, or not wonderful because it is familiar. I have not the slightest idea how I compel my hand to write these words, or my lips to read them: and the question which was the thesis of Mr. Ward's very interesting paper, "Can Experience prove the Uniformity of Nature?"* is, in my mind, so assuredly answerable with the negative which the writer appeared to desire, that, precisely on that ground, the performance of any so-called miracle whatever would be morally unimpressive to me. If a second Joshua to-morrow commanded the sun to stand still, and it obeyed him; and he therefore claimed deference as a miracle-worker, I am afraid I should answer, "What! a miracle that the sun stands still?—not at all. I was always expecting it would. The only wonder to me was its going on."

But even assuming the demonstrable uniformity of the laws or customs of Nature which are known to us, it remains a difficult question, what manner of interference with such law or custom we might logically hold miraculous, and what, on the contrary, we should treat only as proof of the existence of some other law, hitherto undiscovered.

For instance, there is a case authenticated by the signatures of several leading physicists in Paris, in which a peasant girl, under certain conditions of morbid excitement, was able to move objects at some distance from her without touching them. Taking the evidence for what it may be worth, the discovery of such a faculty would only, I suppose, justify us in con-

cluding that some new vital energy was developing itself under the conditions of modern bodily health; and not that any interference with the laws of Nature had taken place. Yet the generally obstinate refusal of men of science to receive any verbal witness of such facts is a proof that they believe them contrary to a code of law which is more or less complete in their experience, and altogether complete in their conception; and I think it is therefore their province to lay down for us the true principle by which we may distinguish the miraculous violation of a known law from the sudden manifestation of an unknown one.

In the meantime, supposing ourselves ever so incapable of defining law, or discerning its interruption, we need not therefore lose our conception of the one, nor our faith in the other. Some of us may no more be able to know a genuine miracle, when we see it, than others to know a genuine picture; but the ordinary impulse to regard, therefore, all claim to miraculous power as imposture, or self-deception, reminds me always of the speech of a French lady to me, whose husband's collection of old pictures had brought unexpectedly low prices in the auction-room,—“How can you be so senseless,” she said, “as to attach yourself to the study of an art in which you see that all excellence is a mere matter of opinion?” Some of us have thus come to imagine that the laws of Nature, as well as those of Art, may be matters of opinion; and I recollect an ingenious paper by Mr. Frederick Harrison, some two years ago, on the “Subjective Synthesis,” which, after proving, what does not seem to stand in need of so elaborate proof, that we can only know, of the universe, what we can see and understand, went on to state that the laws of Nature “were not objective realities, any more than they were absolute truths.”* Which decision, it seems to me, is as if some modest and rational gnat, who had submitted to the humiliating conviction that it could know no more of the world than might be traversed by flight, or tasted by puncture, yet in the course of an experiment on a philosopher with its proboscis, hearing him speak of the Institutes of Justinian,

* Read at the November meeting of the Metaphysical Society.

* I quote from memory, but am sure of the purport of the sentence, though not of its expressions.

should observe, on its return to the society of gnats, that the Institutes of Justinian were not objective realities, any more than they were absolute truths. And, indeed, the careless use of the word "Truth" itself often misleads even the most accurate thinkers. A law cannot be spoken of as a truth, either absolute or concrete. It is a law of nature, that is to say, of my own particular nature, that I fall asleep after dinner, and my confession of this fact is a truth; but the bad habit is no more a truth than the statement of it is a bad habit.

Nevertheless, in spite of the treachery of our conceptions and language, and in just conclusion even from our narrow experience, the conviction is fastened in our hearts that the habits or laws of Nature are more constant than our own, and sustained by a firmer Intelligence: so that without, in the least, claiming the faculty of recognition of miracle, we may securely define its essence. The phenomena of the universe with which we are acquainted are assumed to be, under general conditions, constant, but to be maintained in that constancy by a supreme personal Mind; and it is farther supposed that, under particular conditions, this ruling Person interrupts the constancy of these phenomena, in order to establish a particular relation with inferior creatures.

It is, indeed, singular how ready the inferior creatures are to imagine such a relation, without any very decisive evidence of its establishment. The entire question of miracle is involved with that of the special providences which are supposed, in some theories of religion, sometimes to confound the enemies, and always to protect the darlings of God: and in the minds of amiable persons, the natural and very justifiable sense of their own importance to the well-being of the world may often encourage the pleasant supposition that the Deity, however improvident for others, will be provident for *them*. I recollect a paper on this subject by Dr. Guthrie, published not long ago in some religious periodical, in which the writer mentioned as a strikingly Providential circumstance the catching of his foot on a ledge of rock which averted what might otherwise have been a fatal fall. Under the sense of the loss to the cause of religion and the society of Edinburgh, which might have been the consequence of the accident, it is na-

tural that Dr. Guthrie should refer to it with strongly excited devotional feelings; yet, perhaps, with better reason, a junior member of the Alpine Club, less secure of the value of his life, would have been likely on the same occasion rather to be provoked by his own awkwardness, than impressed by the providential structure of the rock. At the root of every error on these subjects we may trace either an imperfect conception of the universality of Deity, or an exaggerated sense of individual importance: and yet it is no less certain that every train of thought likely to lead us in a right direction must be founded on the acknowledgment that the personality of a Deity who has commanded the doing of Justice and the showing of Mercy can be no otherwise manifested than in the signal support of causes which are just, and favor of persons who are kind. The beautiful tradition of the deaths of Cleobis and Bito, indeed, expresses the sense proper to the wisest men, that we are unable either to discern or decide for ourselves in what the favor of God consists; but the promises of the Christian religion imply that its true disciples will be enabled to ask with prudence what is to be infallibly granted.

And, indeed, the relations between God and His creatures which it is the function of miracle to establish, depend far more on the correspondence of events with human volition than on the marvellous character of the events themselves. These relations are, in the main, twofold. Miracles are either to convince, or to assist. We are apt to think of them as meant only to establish faith, but many are for mere convenience of life. Elisha's making the axe-head swim, and the poisoned soup wholesome, were not to convince anybody, but merely to give help in the quickest way. Conviction is, indeed, in many of the most interesting miracles, quite a secondary end, and often an unattained one. The hungry multitude are fed, the ship in danger relieved by sudden calm. The disciples disregard the multiplying of the loaves, yet are strongly affected by the change in the weather.

But whether for conviction aid (or aid in the terrific form of punishment), the essence of miracle is as the manifestation of a Power which can direct or modify the otherwise constant phenomena of Nature; and it is, I think, by attaching no great importance to what may be

termed the missionary work of miracle, instead of what may in distinction be called its pastoral work, that many pious persons, no less than infidels, are apt to despise, and therefore to deny miraculous power altogether.

"We do not need to be convinced," they say, "of the existence of God by the capricious exertion of His power. We are satisfied in the normal exertion of it; and it is contrary to the idea of his Excellent Majesty that there should be any other."

But all arguments and feelings must be distrusted which are founded on our own ideas of what it is proper for Deity to do. Nor can I, even according to our human modes of judgment, find any impropriety in the thought that an energy may be natural without being normal, and Divine without being constant. The wise missionary may indeed require no miracle to confirm his authority; but the despised pastor may need miracle to enforce it, or the compassionate governor to make it beneficial. And it is quite possible to conceive of Pastoral Miracle as resulting from a power as natural as any other, though not as perpetual. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and some of the energies granted to men born of the Spirit may be manifested only on certain conditions and on rare occasions; and therefore be always wonderful or miraculous, though neither disorderly nor unnatural.

Thus St. Paul's argument to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought with you a thing impossible that God should raise the dead?" would be suicidal, if he meant to appeal to the miracle as a proof of the authority of his mission. But, claiming no authority, he announces as a probable and acceptable fact the opening of a dispensation in which it was as natural for the dead to be raised as for the Gospel to be preached to the poor, though both the one and the other were miraculous signs that the Master of Nature had come down to be Emmanuel among men, and that no prophet was in future to look for another.

We have indeed fallen into a careless habit of using the words supernatural and superhuman, as if equivalent. A human act may be super-doggish, and a Divine act super-human, yet all three acts absolutely Natural. It is, perhaps, as much the virtue of a Spirit to be inconstant as of a poison to be sure, and therefore always impossible to weigh the elements

of moral force in the balance of an apothecary.

It is true that, in any abstract reflection on these things, one is instantly brought to pause by questions of the reasonableness, the necessity, or the expedient degree of miracle. Christ walks on the water, overcoming gravity to that extent. Why not have flown, and overcome it altogether? He feeds the multitude by breaking existent loaves; why not have commanded the stones into bread? Or, instead of miraculously feeding either an assembly or a nation, why not enable them, like himself, miraculously to fast for the needful time? And in generally admitting the theories of pastoral miracle, the instant question submits itself,—Supposing a nation wisely obedient to divinely appointed ministers of a sensible Theocracy, how much would its government be miraculously assisted, and how many of its affairs brought to miraculous prosperity of issue? Would its enemies be destroyed by angels, and its food poured down upon it from the skies, or would the supernatural aid be limited to diminishing the numbers of its slain in battle,* or to conducting its merchant ships safely, or instantaneously, to the land whither they would go?

But no progress can be made, and much may be prevented, in the examination of any really difficult human problem, by thus approaching it on the hypothetical side. Such approach is easy to the foolish, pleasant to the proud, and convenient to the malicious, but absolutely fruitless of practical result. Our modesty and wisdom consist alike in the simple registry of the facts cognizable by us, and our duty, in making active use of the for them present, without concerning ourselves as to the possibilities of the future. And the two main facts we have to deal with are that the historical record of miracle is always of inconstant power, and that our own actual energies are inconstant almost in exact proportion to their worthiness.

First, I say, the history of miracle is of inconstant power. St. Paul raises Eutychus from death, and his garments effect miraculous cure; yet he leaves Trophimus sick at Miletum, recognizes only the mercy of God in the recovery of Epaphroditus, and, like any uninspired physician, recom-

* "And be it death proclaimed through our host to boast of this."—Henry V.

mends Timothy wine for his infirmities. And in the second place, our own energies are inconstant almost in proportion to their nobleness. We breathe with regularity, and can calculate upon the strength necessary for common tasks. But the record of our best work, and of our happiest moments, is always one of success which we did not expect, and of enthusiasm which we could not prolong.

And therefore we can only look for an imperfect and interrupted, but may surely insist on an occasional, manifestation of miraculous credentials by every minister of religion. There is no practical difficulty in the discernment of marvel properly to be held superhuman. It is indeed frequently alleged by the admirers of scientific discovery that many things which were wonderful fifty years ago, have ceased to be so now; and I am perfectly ready to concede to them that what they now themselves imagine to be admirable, will not in the future be admired. But the petty sign, said to have been wrought by the augur Attus before Tarquin, would be as impressive at this instant as it was then; while the utmost achievements of recent scientific miracle have scarcely yet achieved the feeding of Lazarus their beggar, still less the resurrection of Lazarus their friend.

Our Christian faith, at all events, stands or falls by this test. "These signs shall follow them that believe," are words which admit neither of qualification nor misunderstanding; and it is far less arrogant in any man to look for such divine attestation of his authority as a teacher, than to claim, without it, any authority to teach. And assuredly it is no proof of any unfitness or unwisdom in such expectations, that, for the last thousand years, miraculous powers seem to have been withdrawn from, or at least indemonstrably possessed, by a Church which, having been again and again warned by its Master that Riches were deadly to Religion, and Love essential to it, has nevertheless made wealth the reward of Theological learning, and controversy its occupation. There are states of moral death no less amazing than physical resurrection; and a church which permits its clergy to preach what they have ceased to believe, and its people to trust what they refuse to obey, is perhaps more truly miraculous in impotence, than it would be miraculous in power, if it could move the fatal rocks of California to the Pole, and plant the sycamore and the vine between the ridges of the sea.—*Contemporary Review*.

"BRING ME WORD HOW TALL SHE IS."

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

"How tall is your Rosalind?"

"Just as high as my heart."

As You Like It.

I.

WITHIN a garden shade,
A garden sweet and dim,
Two happy children played
Together; he was made
For God, and she for him.

II.

Beyond the garden's shade,
In deserts drear and dim,
Two outcast children strayed
Together, he betrayed
By her, and she by him.

III.

Together, girl and boy,
They wandered, ne'er apart;
Each wrought to each annoy,
Yet each knew never joy
Save in the other's heart.

IV.

By her so oft deceived,
By him so sore opprest;
They each the other grieved,
Yet each of each was best
Beloved, and still caressed.

V.

And she was in his sight
Found fairest, still his prize,
His constant chief delight;
She raised to him her eyes
That led her not aright,

VI.

And ever by his side
A patient huntress ran
Through forests dark and wide,
And still the woman's pride
And glory, was the Man.

VII.

When her he would despise,
She kept him captive bound;
Forbidding her to rise,

By many cords and ties
She held him to the ground.

VIII.

At length, in stature grown,
He stands erect and free;
Yet stands he not alone,
For his beloved would be
Like him she loveth wise, like him
she loveth free.

IX.

So wins she her desire,
Yet stand they not apart;
For as *she* doth aspire
He grows, nor stands she higher
Than her Beloved's heart.

1872.

DORA GREENWELL.

St. Paul's.

THE ARYAN RACES OF PERU.*

BY ANDREW LANG.

THERE is an attraction in the study of American antiquities something like that presented by travel in Central America. There are hopeless jungles of tradition and mythology, and mazes of barbarous names; but there is also the hope of results which will be startling and strange as the vision of that ancient city beyond the mountains, where, according to Mr. Stephens, a primeval civilization still exists. How often these hopes have proved illusory need not be told. Investigators have started from some crude hypothesis, have sought the lost tribes of Israel, or tried to prove that civilization began in the western hemisphere and travelled eastward; they have been the slaves of slight analogies, and, above all, have treated the evidence of language in the free and easy manner of philology, before Sanscrit was an open book. It was probably not so much want of curiosity as dread of some such hypothesis which prevented Mr. Prescott from entering into the question of the origin of the Inca civilization in Peru. He had no wish to be confused with speculators like Lord Kingsborough, who looked for the Israelites in America; or like Mr. Ranking, who supposed that the new world was

conquered by descendants of Kubla Khan leaving Xanadu at the head of a force of Mongols and elephants.

The title of a book published by Señor Vincente Lopez, a Spanish gentleman of Monte Video, seems at first sight as absurd as any of these guesses. That an Aryan race, speaking an Aryan language, possessing a system of castes, worshipping in temples of Cyclopean architecture, should be found on the west coast of South America seems a theory hardly worthy of serious attention. It appears, indeed, to have met with no attention at all, and yet the work is a sober one, *sérieuse et de bonne foi*, as the author says, who deserves the credit, at least, of patient and untiring labor in a land where the works of Bopp, Max Müller, and others, are only with very great difficulty to be obtained.

Señor Lopez's view, that the Peruvians were Aryans who left the parent stock long before the Teutonic or Hellenic races entered Europe, is supported by arguments drawn from language, from the traces of institutions, from religious beliefs, from legendary records, and artistic remains. The evidence from language is treated scientifically, and not as a kind of ingenious guessing. Señor Lopez first combats the idea that the living dialect of Peru is barbarous and fluctuating. It is not one of the

* Les Races Aryennes de Pérou. Par Vincente Lopez, 1872.

casual and shifting forms of speech produced by nomad races, for the centralizing empire of the Incas imposed on all its provinces the language called Quichua, which is still full of vitality. To which of the stages of language does this belong—the Agglutinative, in which one root is fastened on to another, and a word is formed in which the constitutive elements are obviously distinct; or the Inflexional, where the auxiliary roots get worn down and are only distinguishable by the philologist? As all known Aryan tongues are inflexional, Señor Lopez may appear to contradict himself when he says that Quichua is an *agglutinative Aryan language*. But he quotes Mr. Max Müller's opinion that there must have been a time when the germs of Aryan tongues had not yet reached the inflexional stage, and shows that while the form of Quichua is agglutinative, as in Turanian, the *roots of words* are Aryan. If this be so, Quichua may be a linguistic missing link.

When we first look at Quichua, with its multitudes of words beginning with *Hu*, and its great preponderance of *q's*, it seems almost as odd as Mexican. But many of these forms are due to a scanty alphabet, and really express familiar sounds; and many, again, result from the casual spelling of the Spaniards. We must now examine some of the forms which Aryan roots are supposed to take in Quichua. In the first place, Quichua abhors the shock of two consonants. Thus, a word like πλέω in Greek would be unpleasant to the Peruvian's ear, and he says *pillui*, "I sail." The *plu* again, in *pluma*, a feather, is said to be found in *pillu*, "to fly." Quichua has no *v*, any more than Greek has, and just as the Greeks had to spell Roman words beginning with *V*, with *Ou*, like *Valerius*, Ουαλέριος; so where Sanscrit has *v*, Quichua has sometimes *hu*. Here is a list of words in *hu* :—

QUICHUA.
Huakia, to call.
Huasi, a house.
Huayra, air, *atpa*.
Huasa, the back.

SANSKRIT.
Vac, to speak.
Vas, to inhabit.
Vā, to breathe.
Vas, to be able
(*pouvoir*).

There is a Sanscrit root, *Kr*, to act, to do,—this root is found in more than three hundred names of peoples and places in Southern America. Thus, there are the Caribs, whose name may have the same origin as that of our old friends the Carians,

and mean the Braves, and their land the home of the braves, like *Kaleva-la*, in Finnish. The same root gives *kara*, the hand, the Greek *χεῖρ*, and *kkalli*, brave, which a person of fancy may connect with *καλός*. Again, Quichua has an "alpha privative," thus, *A-stani*, means "I change a thing's place;" for *ni*, or *mi*, is the first person singular, and, added to the root of a verb, is the sign of the first person of the present indicative. For instance, *can* means being, and *Can-mi*, or *Cani*, is "I am." In the same way *Munanmi* or *Munani*, is "I love," and *Apanmi*, or *Apani*, "I carry." So Lord Strangford was wrong when he supposed that the last verb in *mi* lived with the last patriot in Lithuania. Peru has stores of a grammatical form which has happily perished in Europe. It is impossible to do more than refer to the supposed Aryan roots contained in the glossary, but it may be noticed that the future of the Quichuan verb is formed in *s*,—I love, *Munani*; I shall love, *Munasa*; and that the affixes denoting cases in the noun are curiously like the Greek prepositions. After his philological labors, of which we have only given the merest sample, Señor Lopez examines the calendar. Unfortunately, all we know of this is contained in a few lines of the Père Acosta, who wrote to "point out the ridiculous prejudices of idolaters." It may be made out, that the Peruvians had a zodiac, of which the name, *Sukanga*, means the "luminous animals;" and for the tropic of Cancer, they had the Horned Stag, and for Capricorn, the Sleeping Lizard. If they came from Asia to a land of converse seasons, this change is explicable and indeed natural.*

In his speculations on the Peruvian religion, Señor Lopez cannot escape the charge of being fanciful. There are two wholly inconsistent traditions of the origin of the Peruvians. The most generally known is that told by Garcilazo de la Vega, the son of a Spanish conqueror and an Inca princess; born shortly after the invasion, and repeating the legend told to him by his Inca relatives. According to this the Peruvians, four hundred years before the Spanish conquest, were in the lowest condition of savage life. Marriage was unknown, and the people were Totemists,

* Among the Australian blacks the constellations have animal names, and the Lizard is a great power, or Kobong.

that is, believed themselves to be descended from plants and animals, as for instance lions, serpents, crabs, bats, and sardines, and they worshipped these creatures. The Sun took pity upon men, and sent two of his own children, Manco Capac, and Manca Huaccho, to introduce sun-worship, agriculture, art.* These two beings, with their descendants, created the complicated civilization which the Spaniards found in Peru. Now this tradition is intelligible enough, and obviously means that a barbarous and fetichistic race came into contact with a people who had attained to a worship of the highest forces of Nature. Just in the same manner, the sons of Zeus and of Apollo were once a conquering race in Greece, and so the Solar race overran India. But Garcilazo's tradition does not allow time enough for the development of the communistic despotism of Peru, and he himself admits that the great ruins on lake Titicaca belong to a time when the Incas as yet were not. Garcilazo is obviously giving the court version of the royal pedigree, and must be corrected by the legends current among the people. These were collected by Montesinos, who visited the country about one hundred years after the Spanish conquest.

From them it appears that the Peruvian civilization was not an affair of four hundred years, but that it had a chronology as long and as confused as that of the Egyptian priests. According to Montesinos, at some date near that of the deluge, America was invaded by a people with four leaders, named Ayar-manco-topa, Ayar-chaki, Ayaraucca, Ayar-Uyssu. Now Ayar, says Señor Lopez, is the Sanscrit *Ajar*, or *aje*, and means primitive chief; and *manco*, *chaki*, *aucca*, and *uyssu*, mean believers, wanderers, soldiers, husbandmen. We have here a tradition of castes, like that preserved in the four tribal names of ancient Athens. The laboring class obtained the supremacy, and its leader was named Pirhua-Manco, revealer of *pir* (*πῑρ*, Umbrian, *pir*), light. Oh the death of Pirhua, Manco Capac succeeded, and after him, a very long list of kings before Sinchi-Roka, whom Garcilazo makes the second Inca after Manco Capac. Now, this tradition "seems a deal more likely," as one of George Eliot's characters says,

* Manco is of course Mannus, Manu, and the Santhal Maniko.

because it corresponds with the legends of such civilizations as the Egyptian, and allows time for the rise, decadence, and recovery of a civilization. Let us see how it fits with the established religion of Peru. Besides the Sun, there are four great gods, Ati, to whom we find no reference in Garcilazo,—the setting moon; Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha; Pacha-Camac, and Kon-tiksi Huira-kocha. Ati is useful to Señor Lopez in this way. She is the goddess of the setting moon, and she came into Pirhuan or Peruvian religion through the Atumrunas, or people of Ati. These, according to the legends in Montesinos, were a powerful tribe, the builders of the enormous cities of lake Titicaca; were driven by savages from their homes, and were allowed *sedes quiete* in the north of the empire. If this be true, and if Ati be one with Hecaté, and if Hecaté be the goddess of a Pelasgian people, who regulated their years by the moon and yielded to a stronger solar tribe in Greece, then we have another analogy between Peruvian and Pelasgian affairs. It is chiefly interesting as part of a theory that much—Señor Lopez says *all*—mythology is a mystery thrown by the priests over the calendar of early peoples. It is obvious that the sect which has the calendar in its hands possesses the very secret of a primitive race, can alone say when seed shall be sown, and at what time the god must be appeased with sacrifice. When in a decadent age this is forgotten, not only do famines ensue, but prodigies in the heavens, and the sun really almost appears, as in the Egyptian legend, to set where he should rise, and rise where he should set. It is through such forgetfulness and decadence that Señor Lopez explains the breaks in the long line of Peruvian kings. It was after one such period of decadence that the founder of the race, Pirhua, received the name Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha, which is, being interpreted, "spirit of the abyss, giver of celestial light," a myth, says our author, of the sun rising from the sea, and therefore the myth of a nation which originally had the sun rising from the sea on the east, and consequently was not indigenous on the western coast of America. The god Pacha-Camac again, whom Garcilazo declares to be the unknown god, the Jehovah of Israel, was introduced by the Chimuas, a wild race, said by Montesinos to have come from the sea. With them began the dark ages of Peru, a

period of barbarism. The art of the Quipus was lost, as Plato says writing was in prehistoric times by the Athenians. The priestly class, averse to education, burned one of the Amautas, or instructed order, who invented a new kind of characters. Civilization was restored by Sinchi Roka, who was not so much the Prometheus of the race, as Garcilazo would have him to be, as the Charles, the reconstructor of society.

Señor Lopez deserves the credit of having applied the comparative method to traditions which Mr. Prescott, perhaps, too hastily rejects. We may doubt if Ati be Hecaté and Pacha-Camac Bacchus or Ptah. But when we read in Popol Vuh of how the fourth creation of men "worsipped not yet before stocks or stones, and remembered the word of the Creator and meditated on the meaning of the dawn," how they fasted in terror through the night, and greeted the morning with a hymn, we cannot but admire, among American peoples, the elements of the religion of the Vedas. Moreover, if, like Mr. Max Müller, we cannot fathom the meaning of the title Boar applied to the Creator in the relics of the American sacred book, it does not seem much stranger than the same term "heavenly Boar" applied to Vishnu in a letter from a Hindu quoted by Mr. Müller.*

Senor Lopez' weakest proofs are those derived from religion, his strongest are from language, intermediate comes the argument from architecture. It is almost enough to quote Mr. Fergusson's words, that the coincidence between the buildings of the Incas, and the Cyclopean remains attributed to the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece, "is the most remarkable in the history of architecture."

"The sloping jambs, the window cornice, the polygonal masonry, and other forms so closely resemble what is found in the old Pelasgic cities of Greece and Italy, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them."†

* Chips from a German Workshop, i. 333, ii. 312. Popol Vuh, pp. 211, 213.

† History of Architecture, ii. 781.

Mr. Fergusson concludes, however, that the *Amayra*, apparently meaning the *Atumrunas*, style of building is opposed to this conclusion. Senor Lopez probably would explain the Atumruna remains as relics of a Pelasgic art even earlier than that which framed the treasure-house of Atreus.

We may end by observing, what seems to have escaped Senor Lopez, that the interior of an Inca palace, with its walls covered with gold, as described by Spaniards, with its artificial golden flowers, and golden beasts, must have been exactly like the interior of the house of Alkinoos or Menelaus.

"The doors were framed of gold,
Where underneath the brazen floor doth glass
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished
gold,
And dogs on each side of the door there stand,
Silver and golden."

One word on the subject of institutions. Senor Lopez discovers no analogies between Peru and Persia, and yet there is that tempting fact to the philological eye, a *Pr* in both. Under the Inca and Achaemenid dynasties, we find subject peoples, beneath the rule of their own chieftains. Over these again are Satraps, or, in America, members of the Inca class. This class, like the Persian nobles, consists of men of the same blood as their king, and immeasurably superior to the subdued peoples. But, both in Persia and Peru, Incas and nobles show the same absolute and religious devotion to the head of the royal family, die for Atahualpa, or cast themselves overboard to lighten the ship of Xerxes. The state of society in Peru was at least as advanced as under the Aryans of Persia. Perhaps the most definite conclusion that can be attained is this: If the language and institutions of the Peruvians had not been, as in Japan, first too quickly developed, and then stereotyped, by the absolute power of a sacred dynasty, they would probably have attained forms which are generally considered peculiar to the races speaking Aryan languages.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

* Worsley's "Odyssey," i 159.

IN THESE HARD TIMES.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

It is not often that the general public, counted by thousands, get as *direct* a glimpse of the small emotions which go on behind the respectable window-blinds in good streets as it is in my power to open up to the readers of this Magazine. We all of us know, in a more or less vague, more or less picturesque shape, the actual seamy side of the respectabilities; we read plenty about it in novels and newspaper articles; and we hear it rebuked, though usually in a false and feeble way, in homilies, lectures, and essays, but here is a bit of it, all alive and piping hot,—if the metaphor will hold. About ten years ago I picked up in the streets the lady's letter I am now going to copy, word for word, except as to names of persons and places and certain descriptive phrases which would let the cat out of the bag. These I have more than altered, I have totally departed from them; because even such quasi-equivalents as a novelist uses when he says Darkshire for Lancashire, Hopshire for Kent, Loamshire for Warwickshire, or Stonyshire for Oxfordshire, might furnish a clue to the persons concerned. And of course the finder of a letter dropped by accident must treat it as tenderly. In only one other respect have I altered this unpleasantly instructive, though in some respects pathetic letter,—I have punctuated it, and corrected the spelling of one word. In the original there is not a stop, great or small, from beginning to end, not a dash, nor a gap, nor the ghost of one—in fact the letter is absolutely without grammatical rhythm. It was no doubt dropped by the lady to whom it was addressed, or her husband, and it had been a good deal thumbed and read:—

"THE HURST, HARROW-ON-THE-HILL,
MIDDLESEX, May 31.

"MY DEAREST JANE:

"I have been unable to get to you to tell you of the change that has come o'er the spirit of my dream, for my time has been all taken up by disagreeables. In the first place, we felt we were going smash, and fearing all our things would be taken from us, we have left our house, and sold most of our things. I really know not what we should have done had it not

been for Mr. Johnson. I went down to him almost heart-broken, for I thought there would be no hope for us, being so much involved. We had determined to sell our things, and when we had paid we should have been left without a penny, and without a home. Poor Mr. Johnson gave me *ool*, and has given us one of his houses in Blank Blank, rent free. We cannot go there until the end of June, as there is some one in it at present. I am only going to keep one servant, and, therefore, I hope in time we shall get one" (get on?) "How I wish, darling, you had chanced to have gone to the Blank District" (*i.e.*, where the rent-free house is) "I shall be so lonely! Algernon" (evidently the writer's husband) "has taken an office at Blank's, No. 00, Blank Street, Blank, and they give him a great deal of business. Give my affectionate love to Charles" (the husband of the lady addressed; no doubt), "and tell him to go and see him, but perhaps he had better not say I have written you so fully. I need not tell you not to mention anything about us to any one, as I suppose no one will be much aware of our come-down. I shall never see any one, and you may be sure Algernon will keep up appearances. Karl and Lizzy have taken us all in, and are very kind. I think before we go to our new house I shall get you to take Algernon, baby, and me, for a week, darling, if you think you can manage for us, but not to make you uncomfortable. How are all your darlings? Kiss them and give them their poor aunty's love. How are you getting on with money affairs? Better, dearest, I hope. Do write and tell me all about yourself! And now, God bless you, darling Jane, and, with fond love, Believe me, your affectionately attached sister, Caroline Johnson." (This looks as if the Mr. Johnson, who gave the money and the house rent-free, were the writer's father-in-law,—Algernon's father.) "Don't give any one Algernon's address. I am going to write to Papa, but I shall make out that we have left our house because Algernon has got an appointment as . . . to (Blank's) and they wished him to have an office in the house, and therefore I should prefer having a cottage

a little way from town. I say this, darling, as I don't want the Chattertons to know anything about it, and in this way they will think we have got *up* in the world instead of *down*; for I shall never go near them when I am at Blank" (in the rent-free house). "I suppose you know they have *bought* a house in *Blank Terrace*."

Here ends the letter, and how thoroughly characteristic it is of the ordinary middle-class Englishwoman! How truly feminine in its ellipses! "I need not tell you not to mention anything about us to any one—" here, you must, in order to make sense, supply a lot of words,—for if *you* hold *your* tongue, we shall keep our misfortune secret; "as I suppose no one will be much aware of our come-down." We may perhaps look leniently upon the small deception practised by the lady upon her father—because she so readily assumes her sister's assent to it that we may suppose he was ill or overdone with anxieties of his own; or perhaps he had opposed Caroline's marriage, and Jane did not choose to let down her lord a single peg in *his* eyes. But what empty-headedness and empty-heartedness there seems to be in the reference to the Chattertons. As they have been actually buying a house in a nice neighborhood, they must be made to think Algernon and Caroline have gone up instead coming down. "I shall never go near them when I am at Blank." Now the rent-free house was, I may inform the reader, twenty odd miles nearer to the Chattertons' place than the one from which Algernon and the lady had fled—so there was no apparent reason of distance for breaking the connection. Either Jane cared for the Chattertons before, or she did not. If she did not, why visit them? If she did, nothing but false pride would stand in the way now. The probability is that here was a visiting friendship founded on false pride in the first instance, and now broken off for a similar reason. There are other touches in the letter which are less agreeable still. "Karl and Lizzy have taken us all in and are very kind"—and then comes the request to dearest Jane to take them in too. This looks like a woman's indirect way of putting on the moral screw, *q. d.*; "So-and-so have been very kind, and therefore *you* can't in decency refuse us." Again, I

don't quite like Caroline's question about James' money matters. That also has a sort of moral-screw look with it, *q. d.*; "How about *your* troubles? you know *you* may want a bit of help some day." All this, and much more, which occurs to me and will perhaps occur to the reader, especially if a woman—may be judging harsh judgment; but it certainly looks as if it would be difficult to judge too harshly (in these particulars) of a sister who, on so serious an occasion, could write so empty-headed a letter,—a letter with nothing but respectability and respectable self-pity in it from beginning to end. Not one word of strong emotion—not a hint of regret for the position in which any of the creditors were placed—not a glimpse of the moral sensibility proper to such a situation. Here, however, we may give the lady the benefit of a doubt—it is possible that Algernon's misconduct may have been at the bottom of the "smash," and a lady whose mental resources did not enable her to write a better letter than that may have been at a loss how to express collateral regrets in such a way as to avoid oblique reflections upon her husband. I confess, however, it reads to me like simply an empty letter; such as Amelia Osborn might have written if you had taken two-thirds of her heart away.

It is an old story. Mr. Walter Bagehot, a writer who is far more in harmony with the more recent forms of progress than the writer of these lines can pretend to be, has lately quoted, and without answering it in the affirmative, the dreary question whether all that human invention has accomplished has yet lightened by one half-hour the labor of a single human being. And we might well ask whether the woman who can write a letter like this has got one half-hour in advance of the savage mentioned by Sir John Lubbock, who burst into tears because some one threw a little flour over his cloak. It has been said that the Englishman who has come to the end of his ledger is the most abject being on the face of the earth. But even if he is, let us be just: to him and to his squaw. In a commercial country, for a man to be at the end of his ledger is to be on the brink of starvation, unless he is to depend upon others for food and shelter. So he may well look sad for a while. And for a woman to be compelled suddenly to put off her ornaments and part with the

elegancies to which she has been accustomed, is like a queen's having to abdicate; or, worse, like a beauty's losing her eyelashes or having to sell her hair. That is to say, it is so in proportion to her capacity of feeling it so. But, unfortunately for the force of these suggestions towards palliating the cowardice of Respectability, we find that where there is any such capacity as we have spoken of, there is another capacity also. The man who, having come to the end of his ledger, feels it for what it really is, is sure to be capable of falling back upon the essential morality of the situation and getting out of that the means of conquering all vulgar shame. And the woman who, being obliged to give up any of the minor elegancies of life, is capable of regretting them for what they really are, is sure to be capable of supplying their place out of her own resources, and she, too, is above all vulgar shame. A sense of pain, often bringing blushes with it no doubt, must accompany what this poor lady calls a "come-down" in life, and, in such case, a certain degree of reserve is natural. But the meaner forms of the regrets of respectability are among the things which tend to make us, according to an old formula, "ashamed of our species." Indeed, if what some naturalists told us were true, there would be reason for this shame; for they say that the base instinct which leads so many of us to persecute those who are different, and the cowardice which is the counterpart of this shame, are remnants of a time when we were four-footed beasts of prey; when every act of originality on the part of any member of the herd was a danger-signal, and every weak member a burden as well as a danger.

There are natural reasons for some degree of social reserve and bashfulness in the case of a reverse of fortune,—whether we are to blame for it or not. Some degree of retirement is natural to misfortune; because, among other reasons, all pain wants a little nursing; because reticence is favorable to that husbanding of the strength which misfortune makes necessary; and because self-respect teaches us to avoid insult by drawing back a little till we see how others take things. But nothing can be more abject than the position taken up by many persons who have been beaten in the race of respectability. That they valued any elegancies which

they now have to give up simply as things of show, and not as helps to a sweeter life, they soon make clear by exhibiting more regret for the loss of the fine things than of the beautiful ones, and above all, by showing an utter incapacity to make an elegant life for themselves. True, these things have been said so often that it is almost tedious to say them over again; but in these times, if ever, a repetition of them may be tolerated. A life need not immediately become sordid because it is stripped of much of such ornament as the upholsterer and dress-maker can provide for it. A person of an elegant mind can put suggestions of culture and refinement into what are called "poor surroundings." A woman who has learnt—as every woman should learn—to make her own dresses can get on wonderfully well without the dress-maker. And a man who can put up wall-paper, make picture-frames, and do other things that belong to the ornamenting of life, can do without much help from the upholsterer and his myrmidons. And both the lady and the gentleman will find a keen pleasure in being free from trade tyranny. Dress-makers, tailors, furniture-folk, paper-hangers, and the workingman in general, are as tyrannical as they are usually ignorant; and they all think it scorn to make the best of small and poor materials. In fact, they deliberately and contemptuously "scamp" the workmanship, if the material and the occasion altogether are not up to their notions of the dignity of their craft.

Domestic servants, as a rule, are still worse. Except in very rare cases, it is they who are among the first and worst hindrances to economy in the household. A housemaid now-a-days will almost give notice on the spot if you go about to show her how to save coals; or if you retrench in any article as to which she regards a certain standard as essential to respectability. True, the majority of the mistresses are, in proportion to their lights and opportunities, just as bad; but that does not mend matters. In a recent talk which I had with a lady of high culture and faculties, she expressed a hope that the present dearth of good or even tolerable female servants would have at least the one good effect of driving some mistresses to occupy themselves in household work, which would be a fine thing for their health and otherwise. This would not hold in all cases. Where

there are young children, and the parents are wise enough to educate them at home, their training must occupy so much of the mother's time that she can do little but superintend in the household. Besides, in order to teach the children properly she must keep up her own culture, which implies a good deal of reading. And then, again, in a case where the children were taught at home, the head of the household would, probably, be a man of culture, and for his sake the mistress must keep pace with him in certain matters, as far as possible. Indeed, for more than his sake, as we shall see in a moment. But that mistresses would find it conducive to economy and genuine respectability if they were to do more of the household work themselves is certain. Only it must be begun in good time: that is, the mistress must be distinctly *before-hand* with the maid, or there will be a struggle for empire, in which, in these days, the maid will probably get the best of it;—to say nothing of the unpleasantness of struggles in general. And, madame, a word in your ear. You do not like a lady to have coarse red hands? Nor do I. So be sure to wear gloves. But the shape and fulness of the arm and shoulder, and even of the bust, are, as a rule, improved by much more active use of the upper limbs than most ladies indulge in. I am not making out a case, I am speaking well-known facts: and, madame, even if your hand should a little increase in size, as in the course of years it no doubt would, yet if you ask artists and men of genius in general what they have to say about the hand, you will find that the change is nothing to regret; while if it were, you would have much to set off against it,—a firm-fleshed, well-rounded shoulder, and a well-opened bust.

But the truth is, something remains behind. No scheme of household economy can be effectually carried out unless the husband and wife do, in old-fashioned phrase, pull together. And how often do they? Why, on the contrary, they have usually quite separate "spheres;" and this, also, is a part of that regimen of imitation which is a stronghold of many mischiefs. The husband is to be the "winner," the wife the spender: and that is too often supposed to settle the matter. A city missionary once told me, what I well knew, that among the very poor a husband

who beats his wife a little is better thought of than one who dares to interfere with her spending of the money; and, among all classes, there is a superstitious division of "spheres," even where there are not separate purses or an "allowance" to the wife for housekeeping. But economy, and certainly economy with kindly and tasteful management, cannot be had upon these terms. Monsieur and madame must pull together, and no division of "spheres" must be known in the family council. The husband will do certain things, and the wife certain other things, and these will inevitably follow certain old-world lines. But we *must* break the tradition which dates from the times when the wife's sticking the knife into an empty trencher at breakfast was the signal for the men to take horse and hunt the boar and deer. If Omphale wants help, and Hercules can do her work, let him, whatever the work may be. In point of fact, women servants now do a great many things that no woman ought to do: scrubbing, the hard part of the washing, shoe-cleaning, and worse. Leigh Hunt at sixty-five told Hawthorne that, not being able to keep a boy servant, he cleaned his own boots. And why should not a man make beds? It is of the very utmost consequence that boys, as well as girls, though not in the same degree, should have the training which comes of being made "handy" in the house; and there is something so utterly ridiculous in the idea of a woman having an inalienable right to make tea (whether she makes it weak or strong, well or ill), or to apportion all the minor expenses without concert, that if we were not the slaves of use and wont, we should laugh at it. No: husband and wife must pull together. Of course certain conditions are essential to their doing so. First, they must love each other, and second, they must have brains. If you can first catch your hare in these particulars, you may proceed to cook it. As a rule, the man is more inventive than the woman; at the least, he has seen more and read more; and he can often suggest economies that never would occur to a woman. But a woman must have brains before she will allow him to do much in "the woman's sphere," and perhaps nine out of ten wives, or a larger proportion still, would sneer to see a man, drawing-pencil in hands, elaborately suggesting the cut of an article of

female dress, or pointing out a way of economising the stuff; or discussing how a poor material could be made to yield a good and pretty result.

There are many more things to say; but they naturally connect themselves with larger topics. Thus much may perhaps be excused in times when "the unprecedented and astonishing prosperity of the country" means increased dearness of living to nearly all of us; when, under a "liberal" government, the powers that be do their best to increase our burdens by insolent arbitrariness in assessing the household duties and other taxes, and still more insolent harshness in getting in taxes of all

kinds,—and when, besides, the "astonishing prosperity" which has the astonishing effect of making us poorer, is attended with circumstances that promise an early and awful collapse. Certainly, all literary men are concerned in the matter. To my questions as to the sale of certain periodicals—the new edition of Messrs. Chambers's admirable "Information" was one of them—the bookseller answered gloomily, "It's a bad trade now, sir, mine is—books are luxuries, and they're the first thing people knock off when it goes hard with 'em." At least those with whom they are about the last may have their grumble.—*St. Paul's.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, poet, novelist, lecturer, wit, and humorist, was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, where his father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, was a man of some eminence. He attended Harvard College, and graduated in 1829, entering immediately upon the study of law, which, however, he soon abandoned for medicine. In 1832 he went to Europe in order to prosecute his studies, and passed several years abroad in attendance upon the hospitals of Paris and other large continental cities. He received the degree of M.D. in 1836, and two years later was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. Upon the resignation of Dr. Warren in 1847, he was elected to fill the same chair in the medical college of Harvard University, a position which he has held without interruption to the present time.

During the early part of his career at college, Dr. Holmes began to attract attention as a writer—contributing some characteristic poems to the "Collegian," to the "Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," and to the "Harbinger." In 1836 he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," which also appeared in the collected edition of his "Poems" published in the same year. "Terpsichore" was read by him at a dinner of the same society in 1843; "Urania" was published in 1843; and in 1850 he delivered his well-known poem "Astræa" before the Yale chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Most of his

best verses have been prepared in this way for public dinners, social meetings and festivities, he being in great demand on such occasions. His poems have passed through many editions since they first appeared in collected form, and have been regularly republished in England, where they met with as much favor and as warm praise as in this country.

The best known and most characteristic works of Dr. Holmes, however, are the remarkable series initiated by "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which first appeared in the various issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1857. This was followed in the same way by a kindred volume entitled "The Professor at the Breakfast Table;" and the series was brought to a close last year by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," which is Dr. Holmes' latest work, and which is fresh in the minds doubtless of many of our readers. This series is conceded by competent critics to be among the most original and characteristic productions of our literature; and they mark perhaps the highest level which American humor has yet attained.

Dr. Holmes has also distinguished himself in literature related more closely to his professional work, and has made some creditable researches in auscultation and microscopy. In 1861 he published "Elsie Venner," a novel which failed to make a mark; and besides being a popular lyceum lecturer, he has been a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other literary magazines.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FOREIGNER IN FAR CATHAY. By W. H. Medhurst. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The responsible official position of Mr. Medhurst, who for twenty years has been British Consul at Shanghai, and the ample experience from which he speaks, give a value to his little volume which can not be conceded to the ordinary books about the Chinese. It is very slight—we read it through easily at one sitting; "it does not pretend," as the author warns us, "to the importance of a work on China," and it is confined almost entirely to an explanation of the position of the foreigners in China, who form the chief connecting link between that Empire and the nations of the West; yet we feel no hesitation in saying that it gives a clearer, more vivid, and more consistent impression of the character and customs of the Chinese than any book which has yet been published. Mr. Medhurst seems to see intuitively what points are really important, and he elucidates them with admirable clearness and force of expression, and in the briefest possible space. His impartiality, and his evident desire to be entirely just, notwithstanding his very decided opinions on certain points, are especially striking; and it can not be denied that he gives us a higher estimate of Chinese character than that to which the European and American public have long been accustomed. He also gives us a more kindly and doubtless a fairer impression of the foreigners resident in China, and the difficulties of their position. The whole book in fact is a correction of misapprehensions and misrepresentations on a multitude of questions which are of vital importance both to China and the Western powers, and we sincerely hope that no one who proposes hereafter to write, speak, or act on the subject will fail to give it careful study.

Among the topics discussed are "Missionaries in China," "Character and Habits of Foreign Residents in China," "Character of the Chinese," "Customs of the Chinese"—including shop-signs, advertising, opium-smoking, infanticide, modes of sepulture, etc.—"Chinese Proper Names," and "The Chinese Language." All the chapters are just short enough to tempt us to quote, and yet too long to find place here. We should especially like to reproduce the chapter on "Missionaries in China," in which the respective policies of the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries, the mistakes which both have made, and the causes of their comparative failure, are pointed out. It is almost the first time that we have had any discussion of this subject which combined common sense and impartiality with thorough information; but though the whole paper is exceptionally valuable, we think the following paragraph is most important as showing the attitude of the Chinese people toward Christianity itself:

"The whole missionary question is a perplexing one. As has been already observed, the proceedings of the Romanists, although founded upon treaty rights, have tended to rouse the hitherto dormant jealousy of the Chinese Government and influential classes, and this has led to the prevalence for the moment of a state of feeling thoroughly hostile to foreigners, and which the merest accident at any point may so excite or intensify as to bring about a dangerous outbreak when least expected. It is a mistake, however, to assert, as some do, that this is but a phase of the natural antipathy with which the Chinese regard the foreigner; or to argue, as others do, that it is his faith alone which is objected to, and that all hostility would cease with the retraction of the treaty rights of toleration, and consequently of foreign intervention in support of missionaries and their adherents. To the mass of the people the position of foreigners in the country is a matter of indifference, and a foreigner may usually pass through their most crowded haunts with immunity from personal risk, save where an impression prevails that the local authorities would wink at his being interfered with. But with the mandarins, and the class to which they belong, the case is different. They have never been cordial, and some of them do not care to conceal their dislike, or even hostility. This feeling, nevertheless, as far as they are concerned, has been merely personal to the foreigner and the progress he represents, and until lately has had little to do with his religion. On the contrary, it is my belief, based upon the statements of those competent to judge, that in the negotiations which immediately preceded the conclusion of the British treaty, the toleration clause was found to be one of those most easily pressed upon the acceptance of the Chinese Commissioners."

The conclusion which Mr. Medhurst reaches after reviewing the entire question of the relations between China and the foreign powers, is hopeful, though recognizing many obstacles and mistakes. He says: "Let the commercial enterprise of the people be taken advantage of to introduce the thin end of the wedge of progress wherever and whenever the opportunity offers itself; let knowledge be sown broadcast throughout the land by means of suitable and instructive publications in the native language; and let foreign powers combine to treat China justly, and at the same time see to it that she acts as justly by them, and not only will progress be possible, but no long time need elapse before a regeneration ensues, which shall at once satisfy the longings of the diplomatist, the merchant, and the missionary." The means by which these things are to be brought about and the materials to be used, were never shown so satisfactorily and concisely as in "The Foreigner in Far Cathay."

THE HANDBOOK OF SOCIAL ECONOMY; OR, THE WORKER'S A B C. By Edmund About. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

No other writers can compete with the French

in their peculiar and admirable faculty of making the most difficult and abstruse questions plain to the meanest understanding; and no living Frenchman equals M. About in the exercise of this special faculty. All, or nearly all, of his best known works partake of the character of exposition; and of these, this "Handbook of Social Economy" is perhaps the most useful and important. It grew out of a request from certain Paris workmen that he would explain to them in a series of letters the essential and elementary principles of political economy; and its special value lies in this, that it brings home to the understanding of the most uncultured laborer many things on which it is extremely difficult to fix his attention, but which are of the most vital importance to him in his struggle for life. The difficulty of doing this would seem insuperable when we reflect on the subtle, complex, and elusive laws which make up the "dismal science;" yet the "Handbook," though it discusses Production, Exchange, Money, Wages, Strikes, Savings and Capital, Coöperation, and similar abstruse topics, can be apprehended easily by any one who knows the multiplication table; and it is, literally, as interesting as one of Dumas' novels. It is even more interesting, in fact, for while Dumas' novels only repel some readers, the "Handbook" may be read with equal pleasure by the most cultivated and the most ignorant. Even those who have spent years in studying political economy will get from this little volume a more lucid, tangible, and dramatic conception than they ever had before of those vast, multitudinous inter-relations of which the science is made up.

And all this comes more from the manner than the matter, for M. About is not an original thinker in this field, and borrows most of his doctrines from leading and recognized authorities. With a Frenchman's logic, however, he carries his arguments to their ultimate conclusions, the acceptance of which commits him now and then to statements which, to say the least, are not yet incorporated with the science. He maintains, for instance, that all men are necessarily both producers and consumers, that every man is a producer except a thief or a beggar, that the lackey who sits in the great man's hall is a producer in precisely the same way as the raiser of wheat or of oxen. "To contribute to utility is to produce."

Despite his eccentricities, however, M. About is sound and clear on all important points, and the general circulation of his book would work incalculable good. If a copy could be put into the hands of every workman in the country, we should soon see an end of their suicidal and hopeless battlings with social laws, and an intelligent effort to use those laws for the bettering of their own condition. We should also see a healthier sentiment pervading the nation at large on social and economical questions.

THE STUDENT'S HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By William Smith, LL.D. New-York: *Harper & Bros.*

Hallam's History is well known as the standard work on the English Constitution, and its value and authority have never been impaired by any subsequent publication. It is entirely worthy of a place, therefore, in the excellent "Student Series," which already includes the same author's "History of the Middle Ages;" and in its present form it can hardly fail of reaching that much wider and more general audience which its merits unquestionably deserve. Of course the scholar, and the reader possessed of ample leisure, will prefer to consult the original work; but for the vast majority of readers, who are limited both in time and purse, this students' version will commend itself, not only on account of its great cheapness but also for its manageable shape. Nor will he who confines himself to it lose anything corresponding in value with the advantages gained. The work has been reduced to its present dimensions by simply omitting most of the footnotes of Hallam's pages, and by abbreviating some of the less important remarks; but, as Mr. Smith claims, "the great bulk of the book remains unchanged, and nothing of importance has been omitted." The present work, moreover, incorporates Hallam's latest additions and corrections, and gives at length the Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights, of which the original work gave only an abstract.

The whole of the volumes of the "Students' Series" are thoroughly admirable, and we embrace this opportunity of urging them upon the attention of our readers. They should be among the first books placed upon the shelves of any family which proposes to acquire more than the Bible and the dictionary; and they are much more likely to be taken down and used than the multitudinous and corpulent volumes in which most of our histories are interred.

BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS. By H. H. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

Talk is not generally wise—indeed, if common report is to be believed, it is exactly the reverse; but Mrs. Hunt's "Bits of Talk" might, without over-praise, be called "Bits of Wisdom." Nearly every word—and there are many of them—in her little book is sensible and sound; and if they are tinged with a certain spirit of aggressiveness, this is not inexcusable in one who does battle so valiantly against the manifold social wrongs of which Home is the arena.

It would be hard to enumerate the various subjects on which Mrs. Hunt touches, but children are her theme and of children is her talk, and she champions them with a vigor and ability entirely worthy of the cause. The chapters on the "Inhumanities of Parents" are especially sug-

gestive, and should be formed into a catechism for the benefit of all young persons who have neglected Punch's advice about marrying. No doubt they are over-radical, and, so to speak, go a little too far—even the staunchest advocate of "moral influence" will concede that some children, like some men, can only be controlled by physical fear, and can be very effectually controlled by that; but the arguments are, in the main, vitally truthful, and in the good time coming, when children get their rights, they should elect Mrs. Hunt their patron saint and give her a noisy apotheosis.

Mrs. Hunt's talk—in this volume at least—is not very original or very profound; but it is lively, stimulating, and fresh, and exhibits a wonderful faculty of treading on the reader's own personal toes, and, as it were, bringing to bear upon him the *argumentum ad hominem*—which makes her statements the more effective.

LARS: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

An hour or two of quiet pleasure may be obtained from the reading of this latest of Mr. Bayard Taylor's poems, and a few suggestive glimpses of life and scenery in Norway a couple of centuries ago; further than this, it hardly calls for special notice. It proves, no doubt, (what it was probably written to prove,) that Mr. Taylor can attain a very fair success in constructing a pastoral as well as in other branches of the poetic art; but it is far below the level of the "Masque of the Gods," the last of his works reviewed in our pages, and suffers by challenging too direct a comparison with Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim." The blank verse in which it is written is very ingenious, and furnishes another example of the author's striking faculty of versification. The difficulties of this most trying of meters are not overcome, however, and the careful reader is conscious of an artificiality and effort in many parts which all the resources of his dexterous art were not sufficient to conceal.

All the same, as we said at the start, "Lars" will insure the reader an hour or two of pleasant and not too exacting entertainment.

THE TRUE METHOD OF REPRESENTATION IN LARGE CONSTITUENCIES," is the title of a pamphlet written by Dr. C. C. P. Clarke, of Oswego, and recommended to the attention of his countrymen by Peter Cooper. It treats of topics which are especially prominent in the public mind at the present time, and proposes a reform, radical in its nature, and going to the very root of the democratic principle, which, if it is not the method, certainly points out the direction we have got to tread if we would overthrow the despotism of parties and politicians. The essay is able, temperate, logical, and brief; and, though it is not likely to meet with favor from the "men inside

politics," every intelligent citizen who has the good of his country at heart should give it careful consideration.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. HIPPEAU, of Caen, has just completed his Old French Glossary, of which the first part was published in 1866.

MR. FROUDE will reply, in a Preface to the second volume of 'The English in Ireland,' to the critics of the first volume.

We are informed that the Rig Veda, Sanhita and Pada texts, as edited by Prof. Max Müller, will shortly appear, in four octavo volumes, of 400 pages each.

We have reason to believe that the work which M. Victor Hugo is now completing, at Guernsey, is a novel, called 'Quatrevingt-treize,' the scene of which is laid in the second period of the French Revolution.

THE Comte de Ségur has, it is said, left behind him eight volumes of Memoirs, which contain certain interesting facts relating to the First Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July. They are to be published.

A LITERARY curiosity, 'The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots,' is in preparation. The verses of this queen, collected from original and obscure sources, will be prefaced with an Introduction by Mr. Julian Sharman.

A NOVEL by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled 'La Dame à la Rubine,' will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Mérimée some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

ENGLISH and German translations are promised of 'Akbar,' a novel by Dr. P. A. S. van Limburg-Brouwer, which, as its title indicates, deals with the Mongolian dynasty in the sixteenth century. The English version will appear in London shortly. The German is by Mdlle. Lina Schneider, and has just been issued at Cologne.

WE understand that Canon Dalton, of Norwich, is preparing for publication a volume entitled 'A Pilgrimage to the Shrines of St. Teresa, at Avila and Alba de Tormes, in Spain,' with sketches of the historic towns of Medina del Campo, Avila, Salamanca, including a visit to the Escorial.

DR. GEORGE SCHWEINFURTH, the celebrated traveller, will shortly bring out his new work, the result of three years' travel and adventure in Central Africa. The work will be issued simultaneously in English, French, Russian, German, and Italian. It will form two volumes, and will be illustrated by about 130 wood-cuts, from drawings by the author. The English publishers are Messrs. Low & Co.

M. HIRSCHÉ, the incumbent of the St. Nicholas Church, Hamburg, is engaged on an elaborate edition of the 'Imitatio Christi,' with a critically revised and copious prolegomena. He is an ardent champion of the theory that Thomas à Kempis is the author, and of course the MS. in Thomas's autograph will be chief authority in settling his reason.

SOME papers, written by Mr. Smiles, which appeared in *Good Words*, under the title of 'The Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' are to be reprinted. As the papers have proved of sufficient interest to justify the publication in France of a French edition, Mr. Smiles has undertaken to re-edit the volume for English readers.

THE veteran historian, Leopold Ranke, of Berlin, announces as nearly ready for publication a selection of the correspondence between Bunsen and the late King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., from their earliest acquaintance in Rome to near the end of the life of the King. Another work by the same author, 'The Genesis of the Prussian State,' is advertised as in the press.

WE are glad to hear that the Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum intends to issue a catalogue of the oldest manuscripts in the national collection, with autotype fac-similes of the choicest early illuminations and texts. The copies are wonderfully successful, and give the effect of the involved Anglo-Saxon patterns and colors with great softness and delicacy, while the often faded texts are even clearer in the autotypes than in the originals.

THE ninth and concluding volume of the Bohemian translation of Shakespeare, which has been produced at the expense of the Bohemian Museum, has appeared at Prague. It contains 'Pericles,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'The Tempest,' and it also contains an elaborate essay, by J. Maly, 'On Shakespeare and his Works.' This translation, which is considered by good judges to be an excellent one, was commenced in 1856, and among those who have taken part in the work are the following writers, all of them highly esteemed by their countrymen: MM. J. G. Kolár, F. R. Doucha, L. Celakovsky, and J. B. Maly.

THE *Figaro* points out that M. Victor Hugo, in one of his Prefaces, declared that he never made any alterations in his works; doubtless, because he never made a mistake. How is it, then, that in the first editions of 'Marion de Lorme,' in the first act, M. Victor Hugo placed the following hemistich in the mouth of Saverny:—"C'est du Segrain tout pur," while now, at the Théâtre Français, Saverny says, "C'est du Racan tout pur"? The explanation, according to

the *Figaro*, is, that some one must have remarked to M. Hugo that Segrain, born in 1624, could not have published anything in 1638, the date of the story of 'Marion de Lorme,' and that for once the great poet has condescended to correction.

THE Spanish Academy is about to issue two works of importance, one 'El Acta de la Junta Ordinaria,' to contain an address read on the occasion of the presence of the Emperor of Brazil, by Don Antonio Maria Segovia, a speech by the Marqués de Molina, a translation of the third canto of 'Os Lusíadas' of Camoens, by the Conde de Cheste, an extended study upon Hispano-Portuguese Literature, by Señor Cueto, and a critical examination of the Cantigas of King Alfonso el Sabio, by Don Juan Valera. The second volume promised has for title 'Roma,' by the late Don Severo Catalina. This work upon Rome is highly spoken of, and "will be welcomed by the antiquarian, the philosopher, the poet, the artist, the historian, the politician, and the Catholic," so says Señor Catalina's biographer, Señor Cutanda.

MR. W. DAVIES is preparing a book which, if well done, should prove not only interesting, but valuable. It is called 'The Pilgrimage of the Tiber, from its Mouth to its Source,' and it will be accompanied by several woodcuts and a map. The course of the Tiber has never been completely explored, and Mr. Davies believes no account has been given of it in its entirety either in Italian or English. Mr. Davies has tracked the stream in company with Mr. C. Hemans, and in his Preface the author says:—"We were both of us familiar with a good part of the river previously to the journey here described, yet on this occasion we conscientiously made the whole tour of it, from its mouth to its source. We were accompanied by two artist friends, both of whom lent the aid of their pencils to illustrate our progress. . . . The pictures given from local historians of the mediæval condition of some of the Tiberine towns and country, I believe, will be new to most English readers. The chapter upon the Popular Songs of Central Italy will also probably afford an insight into a quite fresh field of literature, as I do not know that any of them have been brought forward before in the English language."

BEFORE the war, America received in thought from Europe more than she gave; the gain is now the other way. It is, indeed, curious to note that the continuance of our mental leadership of the English race seems to depend on that of an injustice to our writers. However unfair may be the absence of copyright with America, the recognition of it would be a crushing blow to our intellectual supremacy. London and Edinburgh, our only publishing cities, could not long hold their own in America against the free competition of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, of every village in the States, indeed, for there are signs that Ame-

rica will possess that which has been wanting in England since the Revolution—a literature of the land, wholly free from the centralizing influence of great towns. For the present, no American poet, no philosopher, can stand against the competition of “all Tennyson for fifty cents,” and Mill for the price of ink and paper. As long as there is no copyright, London and Edinburgh write for America, without, indeed, being paid for it in money, but not without helping to preserve the unity of the race. Copyright, however just, however necessary, however certain, will reduce London from the rank of capital of a world-wide England to that of capital of Great Britain.—*Athenæum*.

WE have lately seen a manuscript book of prayers which belonged to John Evelyn. The handwriting, which is as clear as print, is that of Richard Hoare, whom Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions as “My servant, Ri. Hoare, an incomparable writer of several hands.” The title is, ‘*Officium Sanctæ Individuæ Trinitatis; or Privat Deotions and Offices*, composed and collected by John Evelyn, for his *Annual and Quotidian Use*, with *Calendar Table, &c.*’ The date is 1650. The book is bound in old crimson morocco, with John Evelyn’s crest and monogram on the back, and on the eight corners of the sides of the binding. The Prayers were composed by Evelyn, and presented to Mrs. Godolphin, his “most excellent and estimable friend.” At the bottom of the title are a motto and device, in his autograph. On the first fly-leaf is written, in his handwriting, “Remember with what importunity you desired this Booke of your Friend, Remember me for it in your prayers;” then follows, “An Act of Love: when y^e spirit’s sad.” “Breathings:” “An Act of Remorse vpon a deepe consideration of my sinns,” seven pages; and at the end of the volume are a Morning and an Evening Prayer, filling ten pages, all in his autograph. Throughout the book are MS. emendations by Mrs. Godolphin: those on pages 188, 288–90, are curious, as relating to the duties of a wife towards her husband.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE CAUSE OF BAD WEATHER.—A question often asked: Why is the weather good or bad? has never yet been satisfactorily answered. Millions of people would be glad if it could be answered; but meteorologists tell us that nothing is more difficult to make out than the laws of wind, rain, and sunshine. A learned American doctor has undertaken to clear up the mystery, and he states in a scientific periodical, that bad weather at least is occasioned by planetary influence. He cites a long list of famines and meteorological casualties, and shows that they took place when the two large planets Jupiter and Saturn were nearest to the sun. It is allowed that the

moon when nearest the earth makes earthquakes frequent, and that she exerts great influence in producing the tides; and so the doctor says: “I charge the malign cosmical influences of continued bad weather, and extraordinary vicissitudes, excessive cold, excessive heat, and other malign meteorological inharmonies that destroy the crops and fruits, and inaugurate blights, famines, and epidemics, to periodical excess of planetary attraction.” But he takes care to add that he does not mean planetary influence in the degraded sense in which it was understood by the old astrologers.

STONE WALLS AND THE ATMOSPHERE.—Dr. Angus Smith, of Manchester, having observed that stone walls in the atmosphere of a town, much exposed to rain, are the most liable to decay, and believing the acid in the air to be the occasion of the decay, has made experiments with a view to ascertain the amount of resistance to acids of different kinds of stone. Lumps of stone, one inch cube, were soaked in acid solutions, for different periods of time, and were then tested by the fall of a hammer, the number of blows being taken as the measure of the resistance. Some of the specimens gave way at once and crumbled into sand; others resisted long; and some siliceous stones had scarcely been affected by the acids. These trials are preliminary to an extended series, in which Dr. Angus Smith hopes to discover the kinds of stone that can be depended on to resist for the longest time the destructive effects of a town atmosphere.

WROUGHT-IRON RAILS.—The question as to the strength of wrought-iron, and the effect produced on the structure of the metal by wear and tear, is one that has been much discussed since railways came into operation, and is not yet settled. Experiments made recently in France gave results which are worthy of notice. A wrought-iron axle, two-and-a-half inches diameter, was twisted 10,800 times, and subjected to 32,400 shocks without changing the texture of the iron. Another, after 129,000 twists, showed no alteration to the naked eye, but when examined by a microscope, was found to be a mass of fibres resembling a bundle of fine wires. And so it went on, the change in the structure of the iron becoming more and more marked the more the iron was twisted. In the concluding experiment, the axle went through ten months of twisting, and more than a hundred and twenty thousand turns, and was converted into a mass of crystals, and had completely lost the appearance of wrought-iron. This confirms what has been often demonstrated, that, after long use, iron becomes unsafe.

AN IMPROVED FURNACE.—A firm, Whelpley & Storer, at Boston, have invented a puddling furnace which burns pulverized fuel, producing a flame of intense quality, and with such complete combustion that no smoke, nothing but a cloud

of fine white ashes, escapes from the chimney. With some modifications a furnace of this kind has been used at one of the monster slaughter-houses in Chicago, where thousands of pigs are every year converted into pork, for the consumption and deodorization of refuse animal matter. Formerly the establishment paid seventy-five dollars a day for the carting away of the refuse. Now, a portion is burnt in the furnace, and the remainder is dried, deodorized, and converted into a valuable fertilizer, by means of a high temperature, and a small admixture of pulverized coke or coal. So effectual is the process that, however offensive the refuse, not the slightest "effluvious odor" is perceptible; and as a ton of the fertilizer, worth from sixteen to twenty dollars, can be produced in an hour, the profit is worth consideration. Of course the result depends on proper construction of the furnace; but from the foregoing description, it would appear easy to carry on without offence certain trades which are now nuisances, and with the greater certainty because vapors and exhalations from all parts of the works may be led to the furnace and there rendered harmless.

ELECTRO-TINNING.—There is nothing like a name. The Electro-stannus Company which has been formed at Birmingham would, perhaps, not have attracted attention if called the Electro-tinning Company. A little mystery provokes curiosity; but the Company nevertheless undertake to do work meritorious of its kind. They dip old dish-covers and shabby tin things of all sorts into a bath, and they (that is, the utensils, not the Company) come out looking bright and beautiful, and equal to new. Other things besides tin can be treated by the same process, with equal effect. For example: light steel toys, harness-fittings, spurs, springs for upholsterers, bedsteads, gas fittings, locks, keys, hinges; in short, any metallic article may be made bright as silver by a dip into the Company's wonderful bath. It is easy to understand that the applications of such a process are almost unlimited; while it may prove useful for scientific purposes, and for the protection or beautifying of some parts of philosophical apparatus. It may also be abused, as other good things are, and dealers in sham half-crowns may turn it to profit. To insure a perfect result, whatever is dipped must first be made "chemically clean" by proper washing; but once bright, the articles, to quote the Company's words, "possess entire freedom from oxidation," which means that they won't become rusty. If this be an absolute fact, the invention and the application are the more valuable.

EXPLOSIVES.—The committee appointed by the British War Office to investigate the question of gun-cotton and torpedoes have made experiments in the British Channel with important results. They have ascertained that gun-cotton, though saturated with water, can be exploded by electri-

cally with a detonating fuse, and with but little loss of power: that nitrated gun-cotton is somewhat more powerful than the ordinary kind: that picric powder is nearly, if not quite, equal to gun-cotton in explosive power, and that gun-cotton and picric powder are far superior to gunpowder.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATIONS.—The completion of the telegraph, and establishment of a thoroughfare all across Australia from north to south, inspire the colonists with a desire to explore the western half of the country. Of that half scarcely any thing is known; and two expeditions have been organized to start from Adelaide, travel up the central line for a certain distance, when one of the two will turn south-west and make for Perth, the port of Western Australia. The other party will push on two degrees farther to the north; then diverge to the north-west, through an entirely unknown country, whence a course will be laid also for Perth. In addition to drays and horses, these parties are provided with camels and Afghan drivers; and they expect to accomplish their task in about eight months. We may therefore anticipate that by next autumn large additions will have been made to our knowledge of Australia. Hitherto, the colonists have been well rewarded for their endeavors, for they have discovered broad and fertile regions, and have proved that the interior is not a desert, as was for so many years imagined.

PLANTS AS WEATHER-GUIDES.—It is well known that certain plants are very sensitive to changes in the atmosphere, and by their behavior, the opening and closing of their leaves and flowers, etc., serve as natural barometers to indicate the coming weather. A Prussian horticulturist—Mr. Hanneman, of Proskau—gives the signs he has found reliable with respect to the following plants. The small bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*) and the corn pimpnel or poor man's weatherglass (*Anagallis arvensis*) expand their flowers at the approach of wet weather, whilst on the other hand the different varieties of clover contract their leaves before rain. If fine bright weather is in prospect, the leaves of the chickweed (*Stellaria media*) unfold and its flowers remain awake and erect until mid-day. When the plant droops and its flowers do not expand, rain may be expected. The half-opening of the flowers is a sign that the wet will not last long. The Burnet saxifrage (*Pimpinella saxifraga*) indicates the coming weather in the same manner. As to the small Cape marigold, (*Calendula pluvialis*), should it open at six or seven A.M. and not close till four P.M., we may reckon on settled weather; if the flower continues sleeping after seven, it betokens rains. In the case of the corn and common sow thistle, (*Sonchus arvensis* and *oleraceus*), the non-closing of the flower-heads warns us that it will rain next day; whilst the closing of them denotes fine weather. Respecting the weather indications

of bladder-ketmir, (*Hibiscus trionum*,) the stemless ground thistle, (*Carduus acaulis*,) marsh marigold, (*Caltha palustris*,) creeping crowfoot, (*Ranunculus repens*,) wood sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*,) and other species of the *Oxalis* genus, rain may confidently be expected when the flowers of the first do not open, when the calyx of the second close, and when the rest fold their leaves. We may also look for wet weather if the leaves of the whitlow grass (*Draba verna*) droop, and lady's bedstraw (*Galium verum*) becomes inflated and gives out a strong odor. Finally the approach of rain is indicated in the case of the yellow wood anemone (*Anemone ranunculoides*) by the closing of the flowers, and in that of the windflower (*Anemone nemorosa*) by their drooping.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT GREECE AND MEDIEVAL ITALY.—As the Greek nation was the first which developed for itself anything worthy of the name of civilisation, Greece and the Greek colonies naturally formed the whole extent of their own civilised world. Other nations were simply outside barbarians. In the best days of Greece the interference of a foreign power in her internal quarrels would have seemed as if the sovereign of Morocco or China should claim the presidency of a modern European congress. In later times indeed Sparta and Thebes and Athens, each in turn, found it convenient to contract political alliance with the Great King at Ekbatana, or with their more dangerous neighbor at Pella. But the Medæ always remained a purely external enemy or a purely external paymaster; the Macedonian had himself to become a Greek before his turn came to be the dominant power of Greece. But in mediæval Italy the case was widely different. She affected, indeed, to apply the name barbarian to all nations beyond her mountain bulwark. Nor did the assumption want some show of justification in her palpable pre-eminence in wealth, in refinement, in literature, in many branches of art; above all, in political knowledge and progress. But, notwithstanding this, it was impossible to place mediæval Italy so far above contemporary France or Spain or Germany, as ancient Greece stood above the rest of her contemporary world. All the states of Western Christendom were fragments of a single Empire, whose laws and language and general civilisation had left traces among them all. A common religion, too, united them against the paynim of Cordova or Bagdad, too often against the schismatic who filled the throne of Constantine. Italy for ages saw the lawful successor of her Kings and Cæsars in a Barbarian of the race most alien to her feelings and language. Most of her highest nobility drew their origin from the same foreign stock. No wonder then if nations less alien to her tongue and manners played a part in her internal politics which differ-

ed widely from any interference of barbarians in the affairs of Greece. Italian parties ranged themselves under the German watchwords of Guelph and Ghibelin, and fought under the standards of Angevin, Provençal, and Aragonese invaders. Florence looked to France—lily to lily—as her natural ally and her chosen protector. Sicily sought for her deliverer from French oppression in the rival power of a Spanish King. French and Spanish princes had been so often welcomed into Italy, they had so often filled Italian thrones and guided Italian politics, that men perhaps hardly understood the change or foresaw the consequences, when for the first time a King of France entered Italy in arms as the claimant of an Italian kingdom. Gradually, but only gradually, the strife which had once been a mere disputed succession between an Angevin and an Aragonese pretender grew into a strife between the mightiest potentates of the West for the mastery of Italy and of Europe.—From "*Historical Essays*," *Second Series*, by Edward A. Freeman, M.A.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

GAUNT Winter flinging flakes of snow,
Deep burdening field and wood and hill;
Dim days, dark nights, slow trailing fogs,
And bleakened air severe and chill,
And swift the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Young Spring with promise in her eyes,
And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,
And magic touches for the nooks
Of budding flowers when wind is south.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Then Summer stands erect and tall,
With early sunrise for the lawn,
Thick foliaged woods and glittering seas,
And loud bird chirpings in the dawn.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Brown Autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,
And haggards stacked with harvest gold,
And fiery flushes for the leaves,
And silent cloud-skies soft outrolled.
And so the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Swift speeds our Life from less to more.
The child, the man, the work, the rest,
The sobering mind, the ripening soul,
Till yonder all is bright and blest.
For so the seasons circling run—
And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder—if indeed the orb
Of life revolves round central Light,
For ever true to central force
And steadfast, come the balm or blight.
And so indeed the seasons run—
And last is best when all is done.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.—Novels are supposed to be the embodiment of the authors' knowledge of human nature; a supposition to which there is the trifling objection that very few novelists know anything of human nature, and that at most

they are familiar with particular instances and not with general principles. They of course go upon the general assumption that their hero and heroine are to be as attractive as possible; and they lay particular stress upon the merit most easily described—that of personal beauty. *Jane Eyre* for a time set the fashion of ugly heroines, but we have long since reverted to the old system. Accordingly an exaggerated estimate is placed upon the charms of beauty and upon the amiable qualities of mind and person which form part of the ordinary ideal of feminine merit. The error involved in this doctrine is that it lays far too much stress on the objective as distinguished from the subjective causes of falling in love. It assumes that the passion is determined by the external rather than by the internal impulses; that a person falls in love because an attractive object is presented to him or her, and not because he or she is prepared for a passion of some kind. When the true principle is firmly grasped, it is obvious that the most successful match-makers must be those who adopt a different line of attack. Amongst the passions, for example, which go to form the aggregate is the desire for sympathy. Suppose, then, that a young gentleman has a taste for political economy or pigeon-shooting. He may be assailed more effectively by a plain young woman who will submit to hear him lecturing on the theory of rent and the incidence of taxation, or who will applaud his successful slaughter of birds, than by the most beautiful girl who will not condescend to take an interest in his pursuits. The great art of flattery provides the most efficient instruments for bringing down game of this kind. A clever man often prefers a fool to a clever woman, because the fool has the one talent of listening, and the clever woman may have the vanity to keep opinions of her own. The brilliant man of fashion is attracted by the apparently uninteresting old maid, because nothing is more flattering than that humble adoration which other women are too proud to bestow. Almost all cases of perverse matches may be explained after the event by the skill or the accidental felicity with which a commerce of reciprocal flattery has been established.

Once put two people in that relation, and all the associated emotions may easily be introduced. It is as easy to produce an æsthetic admiration by working upon the desire for sympathy as to proceed in the inverse method; and the assumption that we should always begin with what is supposed to be the natural beginning is the cause of half our perplexities. But though these seem to be the first principles of the science, we admit that its complexity baffles all attempts at a systematic deduction of its remoter doctrines. Luckily or otherwise, some people have developed so much practical skill in applying the most efficient methods that a philosophy of the art seems to be superfluous as well as chimerical.—*Saturday Review*.

AMERICAN HUMOR.—We are inclined to think American humor the most genuine in the world. Its chief characteristic is undoubtedly tremendous power in exaggeration accompanied by a sort of innocent air of truth. As an instance of this inimitable exaggeration, nothing can be better than the war story which tells how a showman, from his constant travelling about, had his name enrolled in thousands of places, and was actually drafted in so many hundred spots, that he formed himself into a brigade, held a brigade meeting, and elected himself brigadier-general by acclamation. Take, too, the story of the steamer on the Mississippi that sailed from Baton Rouge for New Orleans, a long way down the river, and went so slow that, after two days' steaming, she found herself ten miles higher up the stream than when she started! This species of humor is not confined to the West. It was in New England that the fog was so thick, that a man engaged in shingling a roof shingled a hundred yards right out on to the fog before he found his mistake.

On the other hand, underlying the love for general ideas, and for that exaggeration of speech that naturally follows it, there is in Americans a deep stratum of shrewd common-sense, that continually breaks out as a check upon bunkum in all its shapes, and has itself created the ludicrous ideas conveyed by the words bunkum, spread-eagleism, and highfalutin. America, it must be remembered, changes so fast, that general statements as to American literature and thought that might have been true a few years since, are not true now. Mr. Lincoln was the most thoroughly American man that America has shown to the world. Everything about him—from his dress to the attributes of his mind, from his appearance to his jokes and stories,—was essentially American and of the latest type. Mr. Lincoln would have been impossible thirty years ago. But Mr. Bret Harte's miners seem to belong to a new race, which knows not even Lincoln. They are Far-Western,—Lincoln was a Central-valley American. The men of the Mississippi valley seem all alike. Lincoln and Parson Brownlow are two representative heads. The hollow cheek, sunken eye, large nose, high forehead, square chin, jet hair, are alike in all the men of Southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. These men have not square jaws for nothing. When Parson Brownlow was asked if he was coming out as a democrat, his answer was, "When I join Democracy the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church." That there was a tinge of melancholy in Lincoln's disposition is well known; that it is general among Americans is a less accepted theory, but not the less true. It runs through all their humor, and seems to extend to California, for there is pathos even in Mr. Bret Harte's jests. Downrightness, melancholy, and odd expression, all color American humor, and distinguish it from that of other countries.—*The Athenæum*.

